THE MAKERS OF AUSTRALASIA

EDITED BY

JAMES HIGHT, M.A., LITT.D.,

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ECONOMICS,
CANTERBURY COLLEGE.

THE MAKERS OF AUSTRALASIA.

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(IN PREPARATION)

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EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, by THE EDITOR.

From a photo., 1908.

PATARA TE TUHI, a celebrated Waikato chief, and one-time Editor of the Kingite "Hokioi."

THE

Maoris of New Zealand.

BY

JAMES COWAN.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

The inclusion of a "Life of Grey" and a "History of the Explorers of Australia" in a "Makers of Australasia Series" required no explanation: the pertinency of this, the third volume, on "The Maoris of New Zealand" may not be so readily acknowledged, but is nevertheless real, founded, as it is, on the firmly established principle of the sequence and continuity of History.

The British colonisation of New Zealand involved a violent change in the conditions of life in these Islands; but it did not break all connection and interplay between the Maori era and the *Pakeha* age that was then beginning: the dispossessed people had a distinctive native culture, the product of centuries of evolution, and they were not decimated by the process of settlement and conquest. The life we live to-day is coloured, it may be faintly in some of its forms, but still undeniably tinged, by the light streaming fitfully out upon us from the past when the Maori possessed the land. And it is worthy of remark that this influence is strongest, not on the lower planes of existence, but in the higher stages of our thought and feeling. The Maori had done little to shape the country so as to satisfy the *Pakeha's* economic needs: still a barbarian, he had not learnt how to re-act upon Nature and to modify his environment with the skill of the Englishman, "heir of all the ages"; and, therefore, for the roading, bridging, deforesting, prospecting, and even the cultivating that were the *Pakeha's* first tasks, he had laid but a slight foundation; though his centuries-old experience was freely drawn upon by the colonist in learning the natural resources—the economic value of the plants, fishes, etc., and the weather cycles.

But in other domains the influence of the Maori, always sensible, has of late increased rapidly in volume, and will extend until much of the art and poetry and science and

philosophy of the Dominion will find inspiration in the faithful pictures of the old Maori community drawn by diligent, truthful, and sympathetic students and historians of the race, such as Mr. James Cowan, the author of this book. And when the conditions of life in New Zealand have been raised to that degree which will ensure that more leisure shall be available for the satisfaction of our higher needs; when the people, through their rich men, their Government, and their University, will provide adequate means for the growth of culture and of that knowledge which has no obvious immediate or direct practical utility, but which may nevertheless be of immense ultimate significance for the well-being of the nation, then attention will be much more firmly fixed upon the achievements, customs, and habits of the Maori as presenting a store of facts illuminating vividly certain important stages in the history of religion, of language, of human institutions, and indeed the general development of the human mind.

It is a just reproach against most New Zealand students of the political, economic, and general social development of mankind that they are content to take their illustrations of the principles of the social sciences—sociology, economics, ethnology, etc.,—from the experience of other races in other lands, with no thought of the valuable data awaiting research in the records of the native civilization. The reason, therefore, for including this volume in the Series is not only because New Zealand and the New Zealanders of to-day would have been different from what they are, if there had been no Maori occupation of the country, but also because it is hoped that a book, such as this is, adding greatly to the authenticated facts relating to Maori culture may help to turn the thoughts of those who wish to know the Story of Man in all his manifestations towards the treasures that may be unlocked at the touch of the investigator of human evolution in the traditions and annals of the Maori-Polynesian.

Mr. Cowan's book embodies the results of observations and enquiries made during a life-long intimacy with the Maori people. From his earliest years, he has known the Maori, and the work of collecting, translating, and interpreting the history, traditions, folk-lore, and poetry of the race has occupied

whatever time he has been able to spare from journalistic work during a period of many years.

Even if we accept one of the narrowest definitions of History, we must acknowledge that the presence of the Maori bestows on New Zealand, as contrasted with Australia, great historical interest. The early trading adventures, and the wars—particularly those of 1860-70—have given us much picturesque material and a military record, at times creditable to both *Pakeha* and Maori—which Australia entirely lacks. Disastrous though these wars seem from most points of view, they are not altogether to be regretted, for they brought out some of the best qualities of both races; and some of the most striking examples of the exercise of these, Mr. Cowan now records for the first time.

JAMES HIGHT.

Canterbury College,
Christchurch, N.Z.
November 23rd, 1909.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In this study of the Maori race an endeavour has been made to show something of the history, religion and mythology, customs, and social life and institutions of the people. Many an interesting survival of ancient faiths and ancient ways is to be noticed amongst the Maoris of to-day, and the stories illustrating these beliefs are now published for the first time, as also are those dealing with the intertribal wars of old. Amongst the other matter new to print are numerous folk-stories and examples of nature-lore and forest-craft, specimens of *karakia* or ritual and incantations for the various needs of life, and examples of the beautiful Maori poetry. Students of New Zealand history will find an entirely new version of the Wairau "massacre" of 1843, as narrated by a Maori warrior. The story of the battle of Orakau, by Tupotahi and others, contains much that has not been given in previous narratives, and throws a new light on certain episodes in that heroic last stand of the Kingites. The life of the Maori of to-day is dealt with in several chapters.

The notes used in this book have been gathered at first hand from the *kaumatuas*, the old and learned men, of many tribes, but chiefly those of the Waikato, Ngati-Maniapoto, Arawa, Ngati-Tuwharetoa, Urewera, and Taranaki. Whatever new matter is here presented is offered as a small contribution to the great work of Maori research done in the past and still being done by Mr. S. Percy Smith, Colonel W. E. Gudgeon, Mr. Haré Hongi, Mr. Elsdon Best, Mr. Edward Tregear, the Rev. T. G. Hammond, and other Maori-Polynesian scholars.

The traditions, folk-stories, and songs given were gathered in all sorts of places and under varied circumstances from the elders of the race—around the camp fire on summer nights on the shores of one or other of the beautiful lakes in the Rotorua

country, in the Taranaki bush, in the settlements of the King Country and Taupo, in the homes of the Waikato canoe-men, in the bark-roofed *wharepunis* of the Urewera forest-dwellers. Many of the fine old men who were my tutors in things Maori have passed to the Reinga; amongst them Tamati Hapimana, of Mokoia Island; Te Araki, of Owhatiura, Rotorua; Waharoa, of Rotorua; Paora Tuhaere, of Orakei, Auckland; Honana Maioha, of Manukau. To these and to many men who are still in this Land of Light, such as the venerable Patara te Tuhi, of the Ngati-Mahuta tribe; Taua Tutanekai Haerehuka, Te Matehaere, and Rangiriri, of the Arawa; and Tupotahi, of Ngati-Maniapoto, I have a deep sense of gratitude for my initiation into some of the mysteries of the Maori mind, and for stories and songs without end.

Those who really know the Maori, know his good points as well as his failings, cannot but have a liking for the race, particularly the men of the old generation, such as the chief described in the opening chapter. Those who, like the writer, have seen the Maori at his best and at his worst, have shared with him in his pleasures and sorrows, and have seen him when the old savage blood surged up again and he rushed for his gun in defence of what he considered to be his rights, have a lively sympathy with his aspirations and a hope that he will regain his ancient vigour and vitality, if not the ancient fire, and live to develop the best that is in him on level terms, social and political, with his white fellow-countryman.

Most of the illustrations used in this book, over sixty in number, from photographs and drawings, are now reproduced for the first time. Amongst them are some of historical value. One of these is a sketch of the famous Hongi Hika, drawn recently by Major-General Robley from the oil-painting of Hongi and Waikato in England in 1820; this is the only authentic picture of Hongi in existence. Two smaller sketches are also from General Robley's pencil. The frontispiece to the book is a new portrait of the celebrated Kingite chief Patara te Tuhi, the one-time editor of the "Hokioi," and Sir John Gorst's old antagonist and friend. Another full-page illustration is a pen-and-ink drawing of a remarkable Maori shrine, the stone carved image of the goddess Horoirangi, at the Tihi-o-Tonga, which,

though within a few miles of Rotorua town, has been kept secluded from all *pakeha* eyes till quite recently. For the drawing of Ahumai, the heroine of Orakau, and several photos of old fighting-men of the Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribe, I have to thank Captain T. Ryan, of Taupo; and for several pictures of canoeing on the Waikato River, Mr. L. Hinge, of Christchurch. The two sketches depicting fights in the Waikato War of 1863-4 are from water-colour drawings by the celebrated Major Von Tempsky, who was killed at Te Ngutu-o-te-Manu, Taranaki, in 1868; these pictures are in the possession of Von Tempsky's daughter, Mrs. Kettle, of Napier, who kindly permitted photos to be taken of them.

JAMES COWAN.

Wellington, New Zealand,
November 10th, 1909.

NOTE ON MAORI PRONUNCIATION.

The system of writing to which the early missionaries reduced Maori has a phonetic basis, and once the vowel sounds are learned pronunciation is not difficult. The learner should remember that there are no silent vowels in Maori. Every syllable ends with a vowel, and every vowel must be sounded. The vowel sounds are much the same as in Italian.

There are fifteen letter-sounds in the Maori alphabet, viz.:

a, e, h, i, k, m, n, o, p, r, t, u, w, ng, wh.

Each vowel has a long and a short value, which can be exactly indicated only by accent marks.

A has one sound, Italian *a*, but with long and short values. The long sound is much the same as in the English words "father." "part," "path." The short *a* is pronounced as in the English words "pat," "matter." "cat." Examples:—Long sound: *pā* (fort); *hāngi* (oven)=hā-ngee; *tāne* (husband)=tāh-nay; *tuāhu* (altar)=too-āh-hoo; *tāpere* (mirth)=tāh-perray; *karā* (a stone). Short sound: *pâtu* (club); *tâtâ* (near); *tângi* (to cry).

E is pronounced as *a*, as in English "pate"; not like "ee" in "eel." Examples:—*pehea* (how)=pay-hay-ah; *koe* (thou)=ko-ay; *tena* (that)=tay-nah. Short *e* as in "pet," "send," "ferry." Examples: *mere* (club)=merray; *kerikeri* (gravel)=kerrykerry; *peke* (jump)=pekkay.

I is pronounced as *ee* in "keep," or "sheep": *Ariki* (chief)=a-ree-kee; *miere* (honey)=mee-eh-ray. Short *i*: as *piri* (to cling); *kiri* (skin).

O is pronounced as *o* in the English word "note":—*tōrori* (tobacco)=tōh-roh-ree (this shows both the long and the short sounds); *Rotorua*=Ro-to-rua, not Rot-er-rua, as often mispronounced.

U is pronounced like *oo* in "cool," and *u* in "pull"; *puta* (opening)=poo-tah; *pure* (a religious ceremony)=poo-ray; *puke* (hill)=poo-kay; *hue* (vegetable gourd)=hoo-ay.

There is no arbitrary rule in regard to the accenting of vowels, and the long and short vowel sounds must be ascertained by practice. Generally, however, words of two syllables are accented on the first syllable, as in *tāne*; *pâru*; *mâru*; *mōkai*; *pâtu*; etc. There are exceptions, as *karā*; *matā*; *parā*. Words of three syllables are accented sometimes on the first, sometimes on the last syllable, as in *tāpere*, and *matatā*.

The diphthongal sounds require careful pronunciation. The diphthongs are:—

ae; ai; ao; au; ei; ou;

besides those which are simply doublings of the letters as *aa; ee; oo; ii; uu*; which are given a fuller and stronger sound in consequence.

Ae, as in such words as *waewae* (feet), is pronounced broad and full, as in the English word "aye," and should not be given the more slender sound of *i* in "shine."

Ai is pronounced much as *i* in "strike." Examples: *tai* (sea), *kai* (food), *mai* (hither).

Ao is distinct from *au*, which has a shorter, sharper sound. The *o* should be sounded, but not abruptly separated from the *a*. *Ao* is often mispronounced as "ay-oh," as in the name of New Zealand, *Aotea-roa*. The proper pronunciation is, deliberately, Ah-oh-tay-ah-ro-ah, or, more quickly, Ow-tay-ah-roa.

Au, as in *hau* (wind), and *maumau* (waste), is sounded much as "how" and "count" in English.

The exact sound of *ei* and *ou* can be perfected only by practice; the best rule for the learner's guidance is to remember that the second letter of the diphthong must not be suppressed, but must be distinctly indicated in pronouncing the syllable, as *ou* in *koutou* (you).

The consonant *ng* must be pronounced as one letter and given somewhat the sound of the nasal in the French word "encore." The English words "singing" or "bringing" divided thus:—"si-nging," "bri-nging" will be some guide to the pronunciation of the Maori "*ng*." There is no *g* alone sounded in Maori. For instance the word *tângata* (man) is divided into syllables thus:—Tâ-nga-ta, not tan-gata. *Tângi* (weep) is pronounced Tâh-ngee; *rangi* (sky), rah-ngee. *Tauranga* is pronounced Täü-ra-nga, not Tau-rāng-ga, as is often done. *Tongariro*, Tô-nga-ree-ro. *Rūnanga*, Roo-nah-nga.

J.C.

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The Maoris of New Zealand.

Chapter I.

THE MAORI: PAST AND PRESENT.

Hau-auru—"The West-Wind"—is a picturesque figure who, in my memories of the past, personifies much of the departed savage glory of the Maori race. He typified the splendid dying manhood of his people. Born in the New Zealander's Stone Age, he survived to near the end of the miracle-working white man's nineteenth century, flotsam of the primitive world stranded on the shores of modern progress—"like an old canoe," to use his own image. Well I remember that tattooed patriarch, the head-chief of his little clan, the Ngati-Matakore, though it is more than twenty years since I last saw him. It is long since he joined the shades of his warrior fathers in the Reinga, the Maori Ghost Land, but he was of those bold characters that one never forgets. His home-*kainga*, the little reed-thatched village of Araikōtore, with its surrounding cultivations, stood on a sunny northward-looking sweep of hill-slope in the King Country, on the old road which wound over the fern-lands from the frontier township of Kihikihi to the then purely Maori settlement of Otorohanga. To the north you saw the triple parapeted round hills of Tokanui, which the white settlers called the Three Sisters; southwards over many a mile of flax and fern and forest rose the misty blue mountains of the Rangitoto Range. Hau-auru and his tribe cultivated industriously, and their fields of wheat and oats and potatoes and maize made a pleasant oasis in the wastes

of rank green fern and *tutu* scrub. Here the stray *pakeha* traveller, riding past, would receive a hospitable call to join the *hapu* at their meal, a welcome with shawl-waving and long-drawn out cries of "*Haere-mai, e te pakeha! Hae-ere mai-i! Haere-mai ki te kai-i-i!*"

And when the steaming pork and potatoes, fresh from the earth-oven were placed before the *pakeha*—whose long breezy ride had put a handsome edge on his appetite—and were followed by a bush dessert of tender boiled cobs of *kaanga*—maize—or a basket of peaches, he would say to himself that there were worse things in the way of food than a *hāngi*-cooked Maori meal. For drink there was a calabash of cold water, for the *hue* gourd from which calabashes or *taha* were made were still grown here, and this was the last *kainga* at which I ever saw a *taha* used; later there was perhaps a "billy" of hot tea. And old Hau-auru, after his two wives had fed his youthful *pakeha* guest, would squat there on his flax mat smoking his *torori*—the mighty odour whereof has been compared to old boots burning—with a beaming grin of huge kindliness wrinkling his corrugated old face, and enquire the news of the frontier township.

There was something grimly grand about that ancient man, as he sat there in the sun in front of his *raupo* hut. He was of broad strong frame, square-shouldered, with a pugilistic depth of chest. His head, high in forehead, was uncommonly massive and powerful; his great brows overhung deep keen old eyes, and his face was closely tattooed in deep-chiselled lines and spirals, so completely tattooed that he seemed blue-black of visage. His white hair, cut short, had a combatant wiriness; his face had been divested of every hair. One ear-lobe was enormously distended, with a hole in it several inches long, in which he wore on special occasions a large bunch of white downy albatross feathers; from the other ear hung by a ribbon a heavy greenstone pendant. A shirt and a long blanket were all the clothes he wore when at home. A Homeric personality was that of this old cannibal warrior, a savage but a gentleman, full of

courteous friendly feeling for the whites whom he had once fought and bitterly hated, and full of the hospitable generosity of the true Maori *rangatira*, who would share his last basket of potatoes with the stranger without expecting anything in return.

Hau-auru was born early in the second decade of the last century, a period when the interior of New Zealand knew almost nothing of *pakeha* manufactures. He was a big strong youth before he ever saw a white-skin. The son of a fighting-chief of *Ariki* rank, he was soon after birth dedicated to the service of the war-god Tu with priestly sprinklings and incantations, and a *ti*-palm—which the white man calls "cabbage-tree"—was planted to mark the *tapu* spot where he was born, within the stockade of the hill-fort Te Paiti. When he grew to manhood and followed his elders on his first war-path, the white man had not much voice in New Zealand affairs, save as a coast-trader and purveyor of muskets and ammunition. The Maori would give all he possessed in those days of almost constant warfare to obtain the new weapons in which his heart delighted most, the bright-barrelled flintlock musket, with a keg of powder and a bag of bullets. The musket was a necessary of life, and the Maori's desire for it rose to frenzy. Young Hau-auru and his comrades, with their slaves and women, toiled like madmen in the manufacture of hemp or *muka* from the flax-plant for barter to the traders at Kawhia, the nearest port frequented by the two or three trading brigs and schooners from Sydney that ventured in over the West Coast bars; they even bore their loads of flax—or made their slaves bear them—as far away as Tauranga, on the opposite coast, in search of arms and powder. Every tribe lived in strongly stockaded villages on terraced hill-tops; you may count these ancient ruined parapeted forts, now covered with fern, by the score in Hau-auru's old tribal territory. Long war-canoes swept with flashing paddles up and down the rivers. The people were beginning to add the blanket to their woven flax mats, but refused the restraint of

other *pakeha* garments. The law of *tapu* was the supreme Criminal Code Act, enforced not by musket and tomahawk but by dreadful malevolent spirits; the *tohungas* or sorcerers plied their occult trade, and performed the thousand religious rites necessary for the preservation of life and of tribal *mana*. Slain enemies were not wasted, for they went into the oven, and the young warrior Hau-auru many a time ate human flesh.

From a sketch by Major General Robley, at Matata, Bay of Plenty, in 1865.

The Tutu-ngarahu or Perupern (War-Dance).

His first raid with gun and war-axe was about the year 1830, when Waikato and Ngati-Maniapoto made almost yearly war-expeditions to Taranaki, and marched home again with long strings of wretched slaves bending under back-loads of "man-meat"—the bodies of their own tribesmen and relatives. "We fought for slaves and for women," he would say, "we did not want the land." About 1835 he marched with his black-tattooed soldiers of Ngati-Matakoré and Ngati-Maniapoto in the army led by Te Waharoa against the Arawa tribe of the Hot Lakes, and fought a battle at Mataipuku, near the present town of Rotorua; here the Lakes-men were heavily defeated, and after a great cannibal feast the savage army returned to their Waikato homes with many *pikaus* or back-loads of cooked Arawa flesh in flax baskets and in calabashes. A calabash of preserved man-meat was in those days often sent as a thoughtful present to a friend, a dainty dish that was as welcome as a tin of salmon is to-day to a South Sea Islander.

The Hau-auru could tell of many a wild ceremony of the war-path, of the strange *tapu* laid upon the warriors when they marched away to battle, and of the rites observed upon their victorious return—the high chant of the home-dwelling *tohunga*, the high-priest, as he went forth to greet the returning men of blood, naked save for the *maro-taua*, the war-girdle:

"I haere mai Tu i whea?"
("Whence comes the war-god Tu?")

and the air-shaking response of the war-party as they waved their brightly-polished guns and quivered their tomahawks and stone *patus* on high, and roared their chorus of reply:

"I haere mai i te kimihanga.
I te hahaunga
I a Tu!
Te-ere, tere, tere-nui na Tu!

("We have come from the seeking-out,
From the searching
Of Tu!
Travellers, great travellers of Tu!")

Raid and foray, massacre and pillage. The wild inland tribes carried fire and tomahawk as far away as Maketu, on the Bay of Plenty coast, and not until the general adoption of Christianity by Waikato and Ngati-Maniapoto about 1840, did these terrible wars of extermination cease. Later, Hau-auru, now leader of his *hapu*, threw himself with savage energy into the national movement for the establishment of the Maori Kingdom, together with Te Heuheu, Rewi Maniapoto, Patara te Tuhi, Taonui, Te Rangi-ka-haruru ("The Thundering-Heavens") and many another patriot chief. He fought the *pakeha* in the Waikato War which followed, and survived to see the garden-lands of his people covered with the redoubts and farm-houses of the conquering race, and for many a year he camped sullenly with his fellow Kingites behind the border-line of the Puniu, planning the re-conquest of the Waikato, a scheme that was never carried into effect, for the Kingite cause was lost for good and all.

The Hau-auru, diving back into the days of pure savagedom, could tell of strange men and stranger happenings; of his ancestral canoe, the Tainui, and the wizard chief who sat in her bows; of wondrous star-myths, and of the rainbow-god Uenuku, who guided Tainui over the stormy Ocean-of-Kiwa, to this country; of the ancient tribal wars of the Waikato, when every bend of that great river, in Maori proverb, had its *taniwha,* its powerful chief—"*he piko he taniwha, he piko he taniwha*"—of the priestly powers of the *Whanwhau-Harakeke,* that tribe, gifted by the gods, whose members were able to "charm" a school of whales ashore for a chieftain's funeral feast: of the murderous wiles of the *Tohunga Makutu,* the dreadful sorcerer, who could kill men by the mere projection of the will, or strike them with insanity or the living death of *ngerengere,* the Maori leprosy. But more wonderful than any of the miraculous works of the medicine-men of his nation was the transformation which had taken place in Aotea-roa before his living eyes—the passing away of old Maoridom like a tale that is told, and the enthroning of the white man with his cities and railroads, his steamers and telegraphs.

Photo by Capt. T. Ryan, Taupo. 1908.
Rutene te Uamairangi, a Kingite Warrior, of Taupo.

And now in his peaceful old age, reconciled to his white supplanters but abating none of his pride of race and

tribe and arms, he sat there on his mat, quietly watching the work of his well-ordered little village. He could have soliloquised with Ossian's grim hero, the grey-bearded ancient Colla:

"Friends of my youth . . . the darkness of age comes like the mist of the desert. My shield is worn with years! My sword is fixed in its place. I said to my soul, Thy evening shall be calm, thy departure like a fading light."

So *haere-ra*! Valé, O West-Wind! It is well that your bones repose in the tribal grave on yonder terraced hill. The white man's flocks graze over your old home; the white man's locomotive screeches through your old battlefields and hunting-grounds; the sacred memorials of the past are obliterated; your tribe is a remnant. *Haere-ra!* for the *aukati* border-line which you drew against the white man has vanished before his breath. The romance of the *Rohe-potae* has gone with you, and few there be who can tell where once stood the reed-thatched homes of your fighting 'Matakore.

* * * * * * *

Decidedly a more interesting type, that blanketed tattoo-spiralled old warrior, than the present generation of Maori *rangatira*, who as often as not wears tailor-made clothes of the latest pattern, has a piano and a graphophone in his European-built house, is proud of his break at billiards, and whirls to the races in a motor-car.

Hau-auru's early training and environment and his outlook upon life bore about the same relation to those of the modern Maori, though so short a period of years separates them, as the early Briton's life and surrounding bears to ours. His education, admirably fitted as it was for the preservation of life and the attainment of the good things that constituted happiness in his time, was that of the man of forest and fern, of *raupo* hut and dug-out canoe, the man of the Age of Stone.

* * * * * * *

This was the Maori whose past and present we shall consider, the race whose history is the most fascinating of any primitive people's, whose record of wanderings on and on over the vast many-islanded seas from their remote birthlands is the most wonderful in the traditions of human adventure and endeavour. A people whose restless energy and daring, whose passion for exploration, for migration to and colonisation of new lands, whose love of the sea and pride in deeds of battle show strangely close affinity to some of the dominant traits of the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic race. For they are a people whom ethnologists now have come to recognise as a long-severed offshoot of our own Caucasic stock.

Chapter II.

THE MAORI: PAST AND PRESENT (*continued*).

It was a full century and a half before Columbus spread the sails of his high-pooped *Santa Maria* to the North-east Trades and steered boldly out into the unknown wastes of the Atlantic, that the band of Polynesian sailors from whom most of the Maoris of New Zealand trace their descent beached their long canoes on the shores of Aoteä-roa, after one of the most adventurous ocean voyages that oral tradition or written history has to tell of. The Pacific rovers, whose canoes are usually spoken of as the historic "Fleet," were seamen and navigators beside whom our own European ancestors of that age were mere coasters. The names of the Aotea, the Tokomaru, the Tainui, the Arawa, the Takitimu, the Mamari, the Arai-te-uru crystallise stories of epic courage, of devoted enterprise, and remarkable seafaring skill. They are the recognised Pilgrim Ships of the New Zealand Maori, their ports of departure the reef-guarded lagoons of the Eastern Pacific Islands.

But even they were not the first Pacific craft that made landfall on these shores. Centuries before, how many it is difficult to say, other wandering canoes had made these long-stretching islands, the first no doubt by accident of wind and weather rather than design. It is known that there was already a very considerable population in these islands, at any rate near the coasts, when the historic Fleet arrived. Though it is from the crews of the Aotea, the Tainui, the Arawa, and other canoes of the mid-fourteenth century that most accepted Maori genealogies spring, and the earlier aboriginal element is largely ignored, it is known that the Maori intermarried freely with the people whom he found already

in the land, and that the present native race is a mixture of the Tahitian and Rarotongan immigrants and the earlier race—called by some tribes Te Iwi-a-Maui, or "Maui's Nation"—who were found already in possession of most parts of the North Island coast-lands.

From the evidence of tribal history and tradition and the genealogical lists which the Maoris memorise so remarkably, the traces of ancient human inhabitants sometimes revealed in the course of excavations, and those wonderful monuments of communal industry, the immense scarped and terraced hill-forts that abound in the northern parts of New Zealand, it is certain that the Maori immigrants of the Tainui and Arawa period landed in a country that was already fairly well-peopled. I am convinced that more than a thousand years before Captain Cook first explored these shores in the *Endeavour* the brown-skinned restless Polynesian, probably with a strain of the Melanesian black, had already settled in New Zealand, finding here the spaciousness and freedom and peace denied him in the comparatively tiny islands of the mid-Pacific. Thus, before even the fearless Northmen in their long dragon-headed boats had sailed down upon the coast they named Vinland, and anticipated by five centuries Columbus's discovery of America, the forefathers of our Maori tribes had steered their frail outrigger and double canoes far down into the mysterious South Pacific, leaving the soft tropics for one of the stormiest seas on the globe, and had undauntedly made their homes in a new and wonderful and very wild country, where all the conditions of life were much more strenuous and rugged than in their languorous palm-clad equatorial isles and atolls.

Such in brief was the immediate origin of the Maori race whom the early white explorers found in these islands, the most vigorous and enterprising, proud, war-loving and ferocious of primitive peoples. The probable whence of the race will be dealt with in succeeding pages; just now it will be sufficient to indicate that their last

Hawaiikis, or home-lands, before reaching New Zealand were the Oceanic groups of which Tahiti, Raiatea, and Huaheine, in the Society Islands, and Rarotonga, Mangaia, and Aitutaki, in the Cook Group, are the principal islands, and also, in the case of the earlier immigrants, probably Samoa and Fiji, before the latter group was overrun by the Melanesian or negroid type of people from the West.

The Maoris of New Zealand are the most important and numerous branch of the great Polynesian family, the races known to ethnologists as the "Sawaiori"—a combination of the names of the three chief Polynesian nations, those of Samoa, Hawaii, and Maori. Out of approximately 180,000 Polynesian Islanders, spread over the vast Pacific from the Marshall and Gilbert Islands in the west to lonely Easter Island or Rapanui in the east, and from the high volcanic islands of Hawaii in the north away down to New Zealand and the Chatham Islands, the Maori people of this country number between forty-seven and forty-eight thousand, or more than one-fourth of the population of Polynesia. The Samoans number about 38,000, and are in point of native purity of blood stronger than the Hawaiians, who though nominally 39,000 in population, have intermarried with whites, Chinese, and Japanese to such an extent that they are more than half-alien in breed. In French Oceania (including Tahiti and the other islands of the Society Group, the Marquesas, the Paumotu or Low Archipelago, and Mangareva or the Gambier Group) there is a native population of 25,000; the language of these Islanders, particularly the Mangareva people, closely resembles Maori. In Tonga, the Friendly Islands, there are about 18,000 natives, having their own King and Parliament, under a British Protectorate. The population of the Cook and other islands annexed to the British Crown, and governed from New Zealand, is between 12,000 and 13,000; the most populous of these islands is Niuē, the Savage Island of Captain Cook, with 4,500 inhabitants; the others in order of importance are Rarotonga,

Mangaia, Aitutaki, Atiu, and Mauke, of the Cook Group, and the isolated atolls of Penrhyn (Mangarongaro), Manihiki, Rakahanga, and Pukapuka (Danger Island). The natives of most of these little tropic dependencies of New Zealand closely resemble our Maoris in colour, physique, language and customs; the exception is Niuē, whose people approximate more to the Tongan type, which appears in ages past to have received a considerable admixture of the Western or Melanesian element.

The origin of the name *Maori* has been much debated by our Polynesian philologists. The word Maori as a race-name is used chiefly by the New Zealanders and the Cook Islanders, and to a lesser extent by the Hawaiians, who have referred to themselves as Maoli. Literally it means "indigenous," as applied to trees, birds, etc., and "fresh" as applied to water, *i.e.*, "*wai-maori*"; in contradistinction to "*wai-tai*," salt-water. My old friend Mr. Charles E. Nelson, a remarkable linguist, and one of the best of Maori scholars, a man who delighted in tracking a Maori name or word back through its various Hawaiikis to its original birth-place, held that "Maori" as a generic appellative was of Cushite origin. He considered it was derived from the Hebrew word *maor*, or *aor*, meaning "light," and that the remote Asiatic forefathers of the Polynesians so called themselves, just as the gipsies of Arabia bore the name *Nawar* from *nur*, also light; as the Japanese named their chief island Nippon, the Land of the Rising Sun, and the Incas of America called themselves the Children of the Sun. The ancient Greeks, too, were the Hellenes, the children of Helios, the Sun. A New Zealand native, speaking of the aboriginal people of another country, will refer to them as "*nga Maori o tera whenua*," "the inhabitants of that land." The deities and ancestral spirits of his race he will speak of as "*Atua Maori*." *Maori*, therefore, is used both as a substantive, as in "*nga Maori o tera whenua*," and as an adjective. Usually in specifically referring to his race a New Zealander will make use of the expression "*nga tangata Maori*," meaning the Maori

people, or "*te iwi Maori*," the Maori nation. Edward Tregear, in his Maori-Polynesian Dictionary, gives *Maori* as signifying "indigenous, not foreign, native," in Tahiti, the Marquesas, the Paumotu Archipelago, and the Gambier Islands (Mangareva); in the last-named Eastern Pacific Group, where the pure Maori language is spoken, it also denotes "one who belongs to the Polynesian race" and "royal." Then away to the North of the Equator, in Hawaii, we have the word again, in its variant form of *maoli*, with precisely the same meaning as in the islands of French Oceania and New Zealand. But in very few places outside New Zealand does it appear to be used as a racial designation. If the word Maori as a race-name really came from the South Asiatic fatherland of the Polynesians, it has been dropped as an ethnic title by most of the branches of the Polynesian stock.

By purchase and by conquest the lands owned by the Maori have been reduced since 1840 to something a little under seven and a-half million acres. The total area of the islands of New Zealand is about sixty-six million acres. When Briton and Maori joined hands in the Treaty of Waitangi sixty-nine years ago, the British Crown guaranteed to the aboriginal inhabitants their title to the whole of their lands. Whatever unfortunate quarrels, official blunders, wars, there have been since the chieftains of the North met Governor Hobson on the beach of Waitangi and signed allegiance to the White Queen, the broad principles involved in that Treaty have nevertheless been generally recognised by Europeans as binding and inviolable; and taking it altogether the Maoris have not been badly treated with respect to their landed possessions. Sharp war there has been, followed by confiscation of lands, and many hundreds of thousands of acres of the best Maori land were taken by right of conquest. The law of the strong arm, the *ringa-kaha* as the Maori has it, he could well understand, if he could not quite appreciate its justice. But the great bulk of the Maori lands were alienated by peaceful

purchase—often for absurdly inadequate considerations, judged in the light of to-day; vast areas were paid for chiefly in muskets, kegs of gunpowder, cases of hatchets, bales of prints, boxes of fish-hooks, jew's-harps, and so on. Yet to the savage those were treasures of vast value; and he did not make such bad bargains after all —for himself; it is his descendants who suffer. The Maori, like his average *pakeha* cousin, did not give much thought to posterity.

But if the Maori has been on the whole treated with honourable consideration by the white colonist, the white has much to thank the Maori for. It was the grandfathers of the present Maori who welcomed and kindly treated the *pakeha* when the latter were very small fry indeed, a weak handful of coast-settlers and traders as compared with the warlike numerous people of the soil. Had Tamati Waka Nene and Patuone and Te Wherowhero and other great chiefs of the early days been endowed with the priestly gift of *Matakite*, the second sight, and had "dipped into the future" a few years, and beheld their people a mere remnant beside the swarming *pakeha*, their reception of the first British Governor and his Treaty might have been very different indeed. Our security and our development as a white community in the Southern Seas were due to the Maoris of 1840 in a far greater measure than the *pakeha* colonist acknowledges—if indeed the average *pakeha* of to-day cares or knows anything about it. The present generation of white New Zealander is too often ignorant of his national history, too often knows little of the circumstances that led to his own presence here, and in his ignorance presumes to look upon the Maori, who clings with affection to the remnant of his land, as a cumberer of the earth.

The Maori would probably have been treated with as little consideration as the Australian black, had he not been well able to maintain his own rights and dignity. His quick intelligence enabled him to recognise the

immense material advantage of accepting the white man as a co-settler and a friend; but he was constitutionally short in the temper, as quick to take offence and pick a quarrel as any Scottish Highland chief or any Spanish hidalgo, and always ready to enforce with gun and tomahawk his own peculiar way of looking at a racial problem. And he had no cringing humility; he despised the diffident man; he feared no one; he considered himself quite as good as, and generally far better than, the *pakeha*, particularly in all the arts of war. The Maori will no more descend to the social level of a Hindu coolie or a Japanese rickshaw man or a Zulu house-servant than the Samoan will become a plantation-labourer; that is for the *iwi tauwekaweka*, the slave races. His whole plane of culture, in his savage state, was relatively high; and his senses of dignity and of humour —two qualities that do not always go together—were quick and keen. We can hardly imagine a Maori *rangatira* allowing a white Governor to decorate him patronisingly with a tin name-plate, and christen him "King Billy."

Whatever advantages civilisation may have conferred on the Maori, there is no doubt that his physique has deteriorated. Speaking generally, the race has grown flabbier, more susceptible to disease, since the white man came. Many Maoris are too obese to be healthy; but then we can say exactly the same of the *pakeha*. Every Maori in the savage old days was an athlete, always in training. He needed no calisthenics, no dumb-bells, no punching-balls to keep him in trim; for he had his canoeing and his labour with axe and adze to develop his muscles of the shoulders and back and chest; his forest hunting expeditions, his daily climbing to and from his hill-*pa*, his often-practised war-dance and his *haka*, to make him agile and hard-limbed, sound in wind and tireless of leg. The ten years' war of 1860-70, while a vast misfortune in other ways, at least revived the half-forgotten military exercises of savagedom that helped to keep the Maori in perfect physical trim, and that were

the life and soul of the old generation. The peaceful farmer and trader, the village lay-reader, tore off all vestiges of civilisation with their trousers, and leaped into the wild action of the *peruperu* with a joy and fire that were all the greater because so long repressed. Every Maori was a soldier by instinct and by training, like the Highlander of old. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the modern Maori has lost this instinct; the spirit of soldiering is in his blood, and given proper training the thousands of young natives in the land would be a splendid auxiliary to the white forces in time of war.

Photo by W. Beattie, Auckland, 1906.

A Waikato Canoe Crew.

Certain of the Maori tribes seem, because of their environment, to have escaped that general physical slackness which in most cases follows the loss of a definite object in life, such as war. The people who live along the banks of the Lower Waikato River are often of splendid physical development, the result of their continual exercise with the canoe-paddle. The women are as good canoeists as the men, and many of them are of Junoesque figure, without the disfigurement of superfluous flesh. The mountaineers of the Urewera country, although a small-built race as a rule, have no superiors as hard-working, fast-travelling bushmen, with a tireless capacity for arduous hill-work. They have had for generations to wrest their living from a

wild forest-land, and carry their loads and fight their enemies in the roughest conceivable kind of country, mostly river-gorge and wooded range. Perhaps the coming generation of Urewera highland people will be less hardy, for roads have been cut through the country, and every man has a horse of a kind, a sturdy mountain pony. But the average man, and woman, too, is a wonderfully good bush-traveller and tracker and swag-carrier as compared with the dwellers in the open country. I feel tired yet when I think of my old Hauhau friend Paitini and our tramp across the Huiarau mountains from Ruatahuna to Waikaremoana some twelve years ago. Paitini was nearly sixty, and no Hercules in size or muscle; but he loped along that rough bush track, up hill and down, with the easy, noiseless, seemingly effortless pace of a Red Indian, carrying a good-sized swag, a pace that left his *pakeha* companion toiling hard behind him as if he were in a foot-race. Yet Paitini seemed to be only taking a quiet stroll through the bush. It was his home from childhood, that sombre twilight forest, with its roaring creeks and its rocky precipices; he had carried gun and tomahawk all over it in the Hauhau wars, and had snared and speared the forest-birds in its remotest depths. He was a forester and a mountaineer by heredity; and he was hard as iron by continual usage of those hard forest-trails. Perhaps, too, the short-kilted shawl costume had something to do with it; for the old man travelled most of the way in his national rig, the best for this land of bush and creek; like Kipling's Gunga Din:

> "The uniform 'e wore
> Was nothin' much before
> An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind."

* * * * * * *

Work and a healthily occupied mind, an object in life, are what the Maori requires, if he is to live and increase in the land. The Urewera people, though a small tribe, have not suffered so much as some other divisions of the Maori race from the coming of the *pakeha,* because their

mountains isolated them until quite recent years, and their food gave more trouble to secure. They had little time to waste in idleness. Now that they are tasting the sweet things of the outer world—many Ureweras go round shearing for the white settlers and earn large cheques annually, and are even taking to dairying, and making money at it—they will perhaps begin to look down with scorn upon their old ways. Certainly there are some things they could with advantage abandon; but their general mode of life, hard as it was, suited them, kept their bodies strong, and their intellects keen. Of those tribes which have made more progress in civilisation, probably the most energetic and profitably occupied are the Ngati-Poron and their kindred *hapus*, between Gisborne and the East Cape. The Ngati-Porou own and manage several large sheep-runs, with all the latest European plant and improvements; these sheep-farms are conducted on the co-operative principle—a wise concession to the old communistic habits of the race—and all the brains and muscle employed are Maori. All the villages and stations of the tribe are connected by telephone; the cost of construction was borne entirely by the Maoris. These enterprising people, led by Apirana Ngata and other educated chiefs of the young generation, are prospering materially, are increasing numerically, and are giving their more conservative or less fortunately captained countrymen a useful lesson in life; they are showing them that it is possible, while preserving their pride of race and of ancestral tradition, to develop on certain lines on equal terms with their white neighbours.

The life on the land, the healthy life of the agriculturist and the pastoralist, is the life for the Maori. Gifted individuals, the Pomares, the Ngatas, the Rangihiroas of the race, will always rise, as they have risen, to high official and professional honour and even outstrip New Zealanders of European birth and greater opportunities. But the Maori people, if they are to live, must dwell on their ancestral lands and win their bread

from those lands with the energy and industry that their forefathers brought to bear on every phase of life, from hewing out a canoe to planning and executing a campaign.

* * * * * * *

The Maori character strangely blends some apparently incongruous qualities. In some respects intensely practical and matter-of-fact, and keenly alive to his own material interests, he is also intensely poetical. He is permeated with the poetic sense, and with the supernatural. A Maori's soul finds natural relief in song, particularly in time of sorrow and bereavement. In this he resembles the Scottish Highlander and the Irish peasant. No Maori speech is considered complete without a chanted *waiata* to emphasise it, a poetic peroration. His poetry, so full of simile and metaphor and expressive image, gathered from the wild nature with which he lived so intimately, or from the moving episodes of his life and the deeds of his ancestors, is very beautiful and very touching even when judged by the standard of the cultured European. His love of his land and home impressed itself deep on his language and his poetry; and his very place-names often reflect the soul of the bard. Here, as Robert Louis Stevenson has written of that other home of the Maori, Tahiti—

> "Cape and village and river, and vale and mountain above,
> Each had a name in the land for men to remember and love;
> And never the name of a place but lo! a song in its praise:
> Ancient and unforgotten, songs of the earlier days."

Kind in domestic life, the Maori lavished affection on his children; many beautiful chants heard to-day were originally composed as *oriori*, or lullaby-songs, and laments for children. But this race of bards was also a race fierce and pitiless in war. The Maori seldom spared a foe; he slaughtered indiscriminately, unless he required women or slaves or both, then he spared such as he required. He was a horrible cannibal, and boasted of it; and even as late as the Taranaki War of 1869

human flesh was eaten in sacrificial war-rite. A few of the old *kai-tangata*, the man-eaters, are still alive, the last of the anthropophagi.

The Maori's moral make-up, indeed, like that of every race, held much that was admirable and much that was the reverse; of which let the stories that follow tell.

Chapter III.

POPULATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF TRIBES.

The last New Zealand census, taken in 1906, showed the total Maori population to be 47,731 persons, an increase of 4,588 persons as compared with the previous census, that of 1901. The first native census was taken in the year 1874, but in 1867, and again in 1871, the various officers residing in native districts had been instructed to furnish estimates of the number of Maoris in their respective districts. These estimates were, however, merely approximate, and are known to have been imperfect. Since 1874 a census of the native population has been taken coincidently with the European census.

The following table shows the population at the census years:—

	Persons.		Persons.
1867 (approximate estimate) ..	38,540	1881	44,097
		1886	41,969
1871 (approximate estimate) ..	37,502	1891	41,993
		1896	39,854
1874 (first census)	45,470	1901	43,143
1878	43,595	1906	47,731

Of the fluctuations exhibited in the above table the Under-Secretary for Native Affairs, Judge H. F. Edger, remarked in his memorandum to the Native Minister, in laying the census before him, that "they cannot be regarded as normal, and conclusions deduced from the figures must be regarded to a large extent as conjectural. It was doubted whether the large decrease shown by the census of 1896 was a real decrease, or merely due to the non-inclusion of a number of natives either by accident

or through refusals to give proper information to the sub-enumerators. Similarly, the large increase shown by the present census may in part be attributed to more favourable circumstances permitting a closer enumeration to be made on this occasion."

Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it is evident that the decay of the race has at last been stayed. The 1906 census is probably the most reliable one that has yet been taken by the Government. A significant and pleasing feature is the increase in the number of children since the 1901 census. The 1906 census showed the number of persons under the age of fifteen years to be 18,417, whereas in 1901 it was 16,082; there was thus an increase of 2,395 during the five years.

That there is a tendency to gradual absorption in the European population is undoubted. The proportion of half-castes is increasing. The last census showed that in the five years since 1901 the number of half-castes living with the Maori tribes had increased by 815. The total number of half-castes living as members of Maori tribes was 3,938. Besides these there were 2,578 half-castes returned as "living as Europeans," thus giving a total of 6,516 persons of mixed European and Maori blood. There were 211 Maori wives living with European husbands.

By far the greater portion of the Maori population is in the North Island, which has 44,962, as against 2,256 in the South Island, and 100 in Stewart Island, besides 172 Maori and 30 Moriori people living in the Chatham Islands. This tiny remnant of the ancient and once numerous Moriori aborigines is being reduced year by year; there are at the present time not more than half-a-dozen living persons of pure Moriori blood.

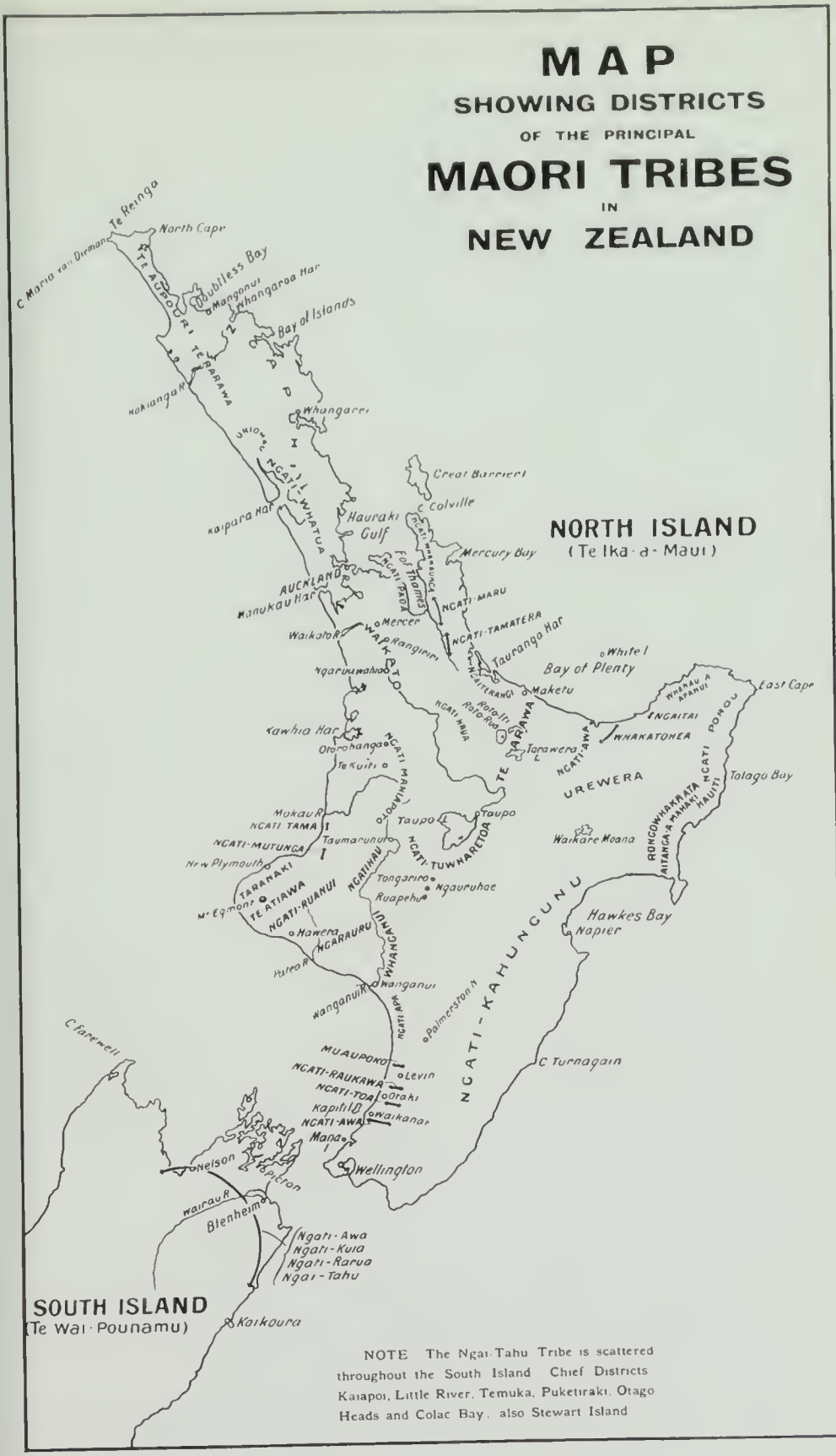
The proportions of the sexes as revealed by the 1906 census were 23,387 males and 20,406 females of pure Maori blood, besides 2,151 male and 1,787 female half-castes living as members of Maori tribes. This excess of males over females is not a good feature, and until the relative proportions are reversed, or at any rate

equalised, the permanent preservation of the race cannot be regarded as assured.

The geographical distribution of the Maori people has naturally been influenced very largely by climate and other natural factors. The warm and pleasant North Auckland country, the Waikato, the vicinity of the Rotorua Thermal Springs, the shores of the Bay of Plenty, and the fruitful coastlands about the East Cape and down to Hawke's Bay hold the most numerous of the Maori tribes. The northern part of the Auckland province has probably always been the most thickly populated of all districts. Here the Maori found conditions of climate, soil, and general surroundings more nearly approaching those of his ancient Oceanic homes than those of the more southern parts of New Zealand. Here the introduced tropic esculents, the *kumara* and *taro*, grew luxuriantly, seldom injured by frosts, and other foods of land and sea were in the greatest abundance, while the mildness and geniality of the climate permitted of a life in the open all the year round with little clothing. There were no winters of severe frost and snow such as were familiar to the mountaineers of the Urewera country or the tribes of the South Island. The almost incredible numbers and dimensions of the old terraced and trenched hill-forts or *pas* which stud the Auckland district from the Tamaki isthmus to the far North are memorials of the great numbers as well as the wonderful patience, industry, and military engineering skill of the ancient people. Even to-day we find that the Ngapuhi, Rarawa and allied tribes of North Auckland are stronger numerically than their more southern cousins. In the Mangonui county, the most northern in the Dominion, there were at last census 2,053 Maoris, in Hokianga county 2,769, and in the Bay of Islands 2,571. Adding to these figures those of the Whangaroa, Hobson, Otamatea, Whangarei, Rodney, and Waitemata and Eden counties and the adjacent islands of the Hauraki Gulf, we find that the total Maori population of the Auckland province north of the

Tamaki—the ancient border-line between the northern and the Waikato and other southern tribes—is 11,029 persons, or nearly one-fourth of the entire Maori people.

To the south, the Waikato and allied tribes of Tainui stock, who lost the greater part of their lands by confiscation after the Waikato War of 1863-64, occupy the western side of the Waikato River, that broad and beautiful stream flowing for two hundred miles through the heart of the Island, fed by the snows of Ruapehu and the huge reservoir of Lake Taupo. In the Manukau, Waikato, Waipa, Raglan, and Kawhia counties there are 3,958 natives, and in the large district known as the "King Country," extending from Kawhia Harbour and the basin of the Waipa down south to the upper waters of the Whanganui and to the northern part of Taranaki province, there are 2,342, most of whom are members of that famous old warrior clan the Ngati-Maniapoto and the neighbouring clans of the Ngati-Raukawa and Ngati-Tuwharetoa. On the eastern coast of the Auckland province, the fertile country sloping down to the shores of the well-named Bay of Plenty holds a numerous and generally prosperous population, the tribes of the Ngaiterangi, the Ngati-Pikiao and Ngati-Rangitihi sections of the great Arawa tribe, Ngati-Awa, Whakatohea, etc., numbering in all in the Tauranga, Whakatane and Opotiki census districts 5,691 persons. Inland from Whakatane and Opotiki are the Urewera mountain-people. In the Rotorua county there are 1,260 Maoris, being the majority of the Arawa tribe; most of these live in the various villages around the shores of Lake Rotorua. In East Taupo there are 889 Maoris, most of them living in the Ngati-Tuwharetoa country on the shores of the great central lake; they are closely connected with the Arawa nation. Then, going southwards from the East Cape, through the fine sheep-farming and maize-growing coastal country of the Ngati-Porou and other tribes of Takitimu descent, we find a numerous and well-to-do population; the census for the Waiapu and Cook counties gives the number of Maori


MAP
SHOWING DISTRICTS
OF THE PRINCIPAL
MAORI TRIBES
IN
NEW ZEALAND
NORTH ISLAND
(Te Ika-a-Maui)
SOUTH ISLAND
(Te Wai-Pounamu)
Te Reinga
North Cape
C Maria van Diemen
Bubbless Bay
Mangonui
Whangaroa Har
Bay of Islands
Whangarei
Great Barrier I
C Colville
Hauraki Gulf
Mercury Bay
White I
Bay of Plenty
Tauranga Har
Maketu
East Cape
Opotiki
Torawera L
Lake Taupo
Taupo
Waikare Moana
Hawkes Bay
Napier
Palmerston N
C Farewell
C Turnagain
Nelson
Wellington
Blenheim
Kaikoura
New Plymouth
Mt Egmont
Hawera
Wanganui
Levin
Otaki
Waikanae
Mana
Kapiti I
Waiau R
Ngati-Awa
Ngati-Kuia
Ngati-Rarua
Ngai-Tahu
NGATI-KAHUNGUNU
UREWERA
TE ARAWA
NGATI-TUWHARETOA
NGATI-RUANUI
NGARAURU
NGATI-RAUKAWA
NGATI-TOA
NGATI-AWA
NGATI-TAMA
NGATI-MUTUNGA
TARANAKI
TE ATIAWA
NGATIHAU
NGATI-MANIAPOTO
NGATI-RANA
NGATI-AWA
NGATI-POROU
NGAITAI
WHANAKATOMEA
RONGOWHAKAATA
AITANGA-A-MAHAKI
NGATI-HAUITI
Tolago Bay
NGATI-MARU
NGATI-TAMATERA
NGATITERANGI
NGATI-RANGITIHI
NGATI-PAOA
NGATI-MANUHIRIRANGA
NGATI-WHATUA
AUCKLAND
Manukau Har
Waikato R
Mercer
Rangiriri
Ngaruawahia
Kawhia Har
Otorohanga
Te Kuiti
Mokau R
Tongariro
Ruapehu
Ngauruhoe
Wanganui R
Rotoiti
Rotoa
Tauranga
Whangarei
Kaipara Har
Hokianga R
Whio R
Te Aupouri
Te Paparoa
Te Rarawa
Ngati-Awa
Ngati-Kuia
Ngati-Rarua
Ngai-Tahu
Kaikoura
Waiau R
Nelson
Wellington
Mana
Kapiti I
Levin
Otaki
Waikanae
Hawera
Tongariro
Ruapehu
Ngauruhoe
Taupo
Torawera
Waikare Moana
Opotiki
Tolago Bay
Hawkes Bay
Napier
Palmerston N
C Turnagain
C Farewell
Wanganui
New Plymouth
Mt Egmont
Taumarunui
Mokau R
Kawhia Har
Ngaruawahia
Waikato R
Manukau Har
Auckland
Mercury Bay
Whangaroa Har
Mangonui
Bubbless Bay
C Maria van Diemen
Te Reinga
North Cape
Bay of Islands
Whangarei
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Kaipara Har
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Hauraki Gulf
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Maketu
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Kaikoura
New Plymouth
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Hawera
Wanganui
Levin
Otaki
Waikanae
Mana
Kapiti I
Waiau R
Ngati-Awa
Ngati-Kuia
Ngati-Rarua
Ngai-Tahu
NGATI-KAHUNGUNU
UREWERA
TE ARAWA
NGATI-TUWHARETOA
NGATI-RUANUI
NGARAURU
NGATI-RAUKAWA
NGATI-TOA
NGATI-AWA
NGATI-TAMA
NGATI-MUTUNGA
TARANAKI
TE ATIAWA
NGATIHAU
NGATI-MANIAPOTO
NGATI-RANA
NGATI-AWA
NGATI-POROU
NGAITAI
WHANAKATOMEA
RONGOWHAKAATA
AITANGA-A-MAHAKI
NGATI-HAUITI
Tolago Bay
NGATI-MARU
NGATI-TAMATERA
NGATITERANGI
NGATI-RANGITIHI
NGATI-PAOA
NGATI-MANUHIRIRANGA
NGATI-WHATUA
AUCKLAND
Manukau Har
Waikato R
Mercer
Rangiriri
Ngaruawahia
Kawhia Har
Otorohanga
Te Kuiti
Mokau R
Tongariro
Ruapehu
Ngauruhoe
Wanganui R
Rotoiti
Rotoa
Tauranga
Whangarei
Kaipara Har
Hokianga R
Whio R
Te Aupouri
Te Paparoa
Te Rarawa
NOTE The Ngai-Tahu Tribe is scattered throughout the South Island Chief Districts Kaiapoi, Little River, Temuka, Puketiraki, Otago Heads and Colac Bay, also Stewart Island

A Scene in the Urewera Country.—The picturesque valley of the Whirinaki, at Te Whaiti, in the Urewera Mountains, about sixty miles from Rotorua. The round hill-top seen rising from the bush in the right distance is the ancient Maori *Pa* Umurakau

inhabitants as 4,370. In Hawke's Bay and the great stretch of country extending from the populous valley of the Wairoa to the Lower Wairarapa, the territory of the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe, there is a numerous population, and many of the tribes-people are wealthy landowners and sheep-farmers; the total native population of this Ngati-Kahungunu country is 5,255. On the western side of the Island south of Cape Egmont the population is not quite so numerous. In Taranaki, the province of the fiercest of the native wars against the whites—the Taranaki campaigns lasted with little intermission from 1860 to 1869—there are 3,090 natives, belonging chiefly to the Atiawa, Taranaki, Ngati-Ruanui, and Nga-Rauru tribes, most of whom were until lately the disciples of the celebrated prophet Te Whiti, and the most inimical of all Maoris to the progressive and aggressive European. Of the other West Coast tribes the most important is the Whanganui, inhabiting many villages on the banks of the great river from which they take their name, from Putiki-whara-nui at the mouth up to Pipiriki and the vicinity, a race of famous warriors and canoe-men; they number now in the Whanganui county 782 people. About the banks of the Waitotara River, just to the north of the Whanganui, there are 348 natives allied partly to Whanganui and partly to Taranaki. In the Horowhenua county, further south, the low-lying fertile belt of country near the sea through which the Manawatu section of the Main Trunk Railway runs, there were 1,015 people at last census; these belong to the Ngati-Apa, Muaupoko, and Ngati-Toa tribes. Otaki is the headquarters of the Ngati-Toa, the descendants of the great Ranparaha's tribe of cannibal conquerors who migrated here from Kawhia more than eighty years ago and wrested these coastlands and Kapiti Island from the Muanpoko and Rangitane tribes.

Crossing Cook Strait—the Maori "Sea of Raukawa"—to the wonderfully dovetailed coastline of the South Island, we have a much sparser Maori population. The

tribes are much more scattered and are but *morehu*, mere remnants of their olden strength. A few villages of the Ngati-Kuia, Rangitane, Ngati-Awa, Ngati-Rarua, etc., are to be found here and there in the sheltered inlets of the Marlborough Sounds and the northern shores of Nelson province; the Marlborough and Nelson *hapus* or sections of tribes number only 137. Down the wild West Coast, the Maori Poutini, the land of greenstone, there are a very few hamlets, containing at the 1906 census only 44 people; one of these villages is on the banks of the famous greenstone-bearing river Arahura, and another is far down the torrent-split littoral of Westland, at Makawhio, or Jacob's River, where a few people of the Ngati-Mahaki *hapu* live a very lonely and remote bush life. Crossing the great Alpine range and travelling down the Canterbury Plains to the eastern seaboard, we find here and there the people of the Ngai-Tahu tribe, whom the first white settlers found in possession of the whole country, and from whom they purchased vast tracts of prairie land for trifling considerations in trade-goods and money. The principal northern village of the Ngai-Tahu is Tuahiwi, close to the site of the celebrated old fortified town Kaiapohia, a few miles from Christchurch. The other principal *kaikas* or villages of the tribe are those at Temuka (properly Te Umu-kaha), Tanmutu, Little River, Akaroa, and Waihao in the Canterbury province; Puketiraki, Otago Heads, and the Taieri River in Otago province; and Riverton and Oraka (Colac Bay) in Southland. In Otago and Southland the Ngai-Tahu blood has an admixture of the ancient Ngati-Mamoe, vanished as a clan and absorbed (very literally in one sense) by the Ngai-Tahu conquerors. The Ngai-Tahu tribe, with its blending of the olden Ngati-Mamoe and Waitaha strains, numbers in all about two thousand souls, scattered over hundreds of miles of country, their little settlements mere lonely dots amongst the farms and villages of the white man.

The proportion of half-castes to pure-bred Maoris varies considerably in the various large tribes. In the Waiapu county, the district around the East Cape, the Ngati-Porou and contiguous tribes have 246 half-castes in a total population of 2,611, or about ten per cent. In the Waitomo county, in the centre of the King Country, there are 130 half-castes of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe, which numbers in this district 1,075 persons: the proportion of part-whites here is about one in every eight natives. In the Whanganui district the strain of *pakeha* blood is greater; out of 782 natives 115 are half-castes, or something over one in every seven. In the South Island, where in the early days the white whalers, sealers and traders intermarried freely with the Maoris, the strain of white blood is much more pronounced. White greatly predominates in Canterbury at any rate, and it will soon be difficult to find a pure-blooded Maori there. Out of the 2,266 people of the native race returned in 1906 as living in the South Island and Stewart Island, 865 were half-castes (451 males and 414 females).

Chapter IV.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MAORI.

"I haere mai ahau no Tawhiti-nui, no Tawhiti-roa, no Tawhiti-pa-mamao, i te Hono-i-Wairua, i Hawaiiki."

"I came from Great-Distance, from Long-Distance, from the Very-Distant-Places, from the Gathering-Place-of-Souls, from Hawaiiki."*

This was the rather cryptic reply, delivered in a sing-song chant, that one of my Maori *tohunga* friends gave me when I first made enquiry of him as to the traditional origin of his race. It was a formula that summarised the Maori's idea of the migration of his ancestors, from one Tawhiti or Hawaiiki to another across the mysterious Pacific. The traditions of the last migration, that from Tahiti and Raiatea and Rarotonga, are widely diffused and are well authenticated; and Maori tribal historians have preserved in minute detail, handed down from *tohunga* father to son through many generations, the stories of the dissensions amongst the people in these last Hawaiikis, the building of the canoes, with the attendant ceremonies and priestly invocations, and the great voyage across the Ocean of Kiwa to these shores. But beyond that all is vague, and it is to the white *tohunga* that we must go for the piecing together of the earlier migrations of this far-travelled people.

In Maori tradition numerous place-names besides those mentioned above are preserved as those of ancient

*Compare this with the following extract from a poetical address presented recently to the Hon. James Carroll, Native Minister, by the Maoris of the Ngati-Kahungunu and other tribes of "Takitimu" descent:—

"Turn once again your face to the shadowy land from which we came, to the homes of our ancestors far away, to Great-Hawaiiki, to Long-Hawaiiki, to Hawaiiki-of-Great-Distance, to the Hono-i-Wairua (the Place of Spirits), the land where man was formed from the earth by Great-Tané-of-the-Sky, and had life first breathed into him. So begin our genealogies."

homes; of these are Waeroti, Waerota—to be heard to this day in *kumara*-planting chants—Mataora, Wawau, Nukuroa, Rangiatea, and other places, and even mountains, such as Hikurangi, and rivers, such as Piko-piko-i-whiti. But as to where these places were, the Maori is unable to tell us; and it is left to the sciences of ethnology and philology to trace them. Of Waeroti and Waerota we are told by the Maoris that they were the islands whence they obtained the *kumara*, the sweet potato. As to such localities as Wawau and Hikurangi, there are several places bearing those names in the Pacific Islands, but they must be names of very great antiquity, going back to the remote Asiatic lands. The place-name Wawau we can trace back westwards through the Pacific; it is a sign-post on the ocean-rovers' ancient track. In the Society Islands we find it first; the ancient name of the beautiful fantastically-pinnacled isle Porapora, or Borobora, is Vavau; Mr. Percy Smith says he has little doubt that it was from this island that the ancestors of the Ngati-Whatua tribe of Kaipara came to New Zealand in their canoe the "Mahuhu." Sailing westwards, there is Vavau (Maori, Wawau), one of the principal islands of the Tonga group. Then, Fornander, the great Polynesian student, considers that Babao, the ancient name of Coupang, Isle of Timor, in the East Indies, and probably the name of the whole island before the Malays conquered and settled it, is identical with Vavau or Wawau. Further back still it goes, and it is most probably a very ancient one referring to one of the old Continental home-lands, perhaps India, or the shores of the Persian Gulf.

That the Maori-Polynesian is a branch, though a distant one, of the Caucasian race is now generally accepted by scientific investigators. The evidence in support of this, ethnic, philological, and anthropological, is so strong that the European need no longer hesitate to claim the Maori as his long-severed kinsman.

The opinions of ethnologists differ as to when and where the hiving-off began: as to when the ancestors of

the Maori began their great eastward migration, and as to where they first ventured on the great waters and became navigators and seamen. Some go no further back westwards than India; but all the evidence of feature and language and custom seems to point to a more distant Hawaiiki than this. Custom is more persistent than language, and some of the commonest habits and customs of the race are identical with those that have been observed amongst seafaring peoples on the coast of Arabia, and on the shores of the Red Sea. Certainly there seems to be adequate evidence to justify us in arriving at these general conclusions: that it was on or near the shores of the Persian Gulf and of Arabia that the ancestors of the Maori-Polynesian lived; that they had racial affinities with the ancient Chaldeans, from whom they gained most of their astronomical knowledge; that they also were blood relations of the Phœnicians, who were the most adventurous of ancient mariners; that they had affinity with the Egyptians, some of whose religious traditions they absorbed.

Professor A. H. Keane is one of the leading ethnologists who are convinced of the Caucasian origin of the Polynesians. In his "Man, Past and Present," he says that the Eastern Polynesians (those living in the groups east of Fiji, namely, Tonga, Samoa, Tahiti, Hawaii, New Zealand, etc.) "constitute the purest and most interesting section of the Caucasian Indonesians. Their claim to belong to this connection can no longer be seriously questioned. There have been from the remotest times both a dolicho and a brachy section of the Caucasic division. To the former belong our Eastern Polynesians, who are mostly long heads with remarkably regular features, often of a distinctly European stamp, and other characteristics of a pronouncedly Caucasian type. The hair is mostly black and straight, but also wavy, though never frizzly or even kinky. The colour also is of a light brown compared to cinnamon or *café-au-lait,* and sometimes approaching an almost white shade,

while the tall stature, averaging 5ft. 11in. or 6ft., slightly exceeds that of several European groups in Sweden, Norway, North Britain, and Ireland."

"But the language, it is objected," Professor Keane goes on to say, "is not Aryan or European. No doubt this is so, but Caucasic people of the New Stone Age spread over North Africa, Europe, and Asia and most of them spoke non-Aryan idioms, as we see very well from the Hamitico-Semitic, and the allied Basque blends those of the Caucasus and Yagnobi, which in its remarkable survival may be called the 'Basque of Central Asia.'"

Without going deeply into the vast mass of evidence available on this subject, there are many superficial links between the Polynesian and the Old-World peoples who developed civilisations on the plains of Southern Asia, the peoples who sprang from common Caucasic stock. In physical appearance many points of resemblance can be detected between the Maori and the Arabs and their neighbours; and in that singular survival the *Urukehu,* the fair-haired type to be seen in some Maori villages in the interior, we have the pure Caucasian. There is a remarkable Hebraic likeness in many a Maori face, particularly amongst the men of the Arawa tribe. One old Arawa chief in particular, Araki te Pohu, (see page 33) impressed me as of strangely Jewish appearance; he had a Semitic cast of features, with the strong hooked nose which the Maori calls *ihu-kaka,* or "parrot-beak," and with his fine mystic eye and his white beard he might have sat for a picture of some ancient Jewish patriarch, had it not been for the tattoo-marks on his nose and cheeks. The law of *tapu* with its myriad ramifications suggests the old Hebrew quarantines and prohibitions as detailed in Leviticus and Deuteronomy. Between the ancient Egyptians and the Maori there are some singularly strong likenesses. The heads on the large *whare-whakairo* or carved houses in Maori villages have often quite an

Egyptian and Sphinx-like gaze out into space. I have seen a very old canoe-prow from the West Coast of the South Island carved in the semblance of a human face which was most remarkably like the Egyptian type of face as depicted in statues in the Lower Valley of the Nile. In ancient Egypt, too, as has often been noted, we have the name of the sun-god, Ra, which is that of the sun throughout Polynesia and New Zealand, and probably the most widely spread of all names of deified forces of nature. Other Maori names of divinities, such as Maui, are apparently of Egyptian or Semitic origin.

Photo by J. McDonald, N.Z. Govt. Tourist Dept.

The late Araki te Pohu, of Rotorua.

Such a widely-travelled observer as C. E. Nelson was able to cite some strong analogies between the Maoris and the people of the south coast of Arabia, particularly in certain customs such as the cooking of food by steaming in earth-ovens—the Maori *hāngi*, the drying of sharks for food by splitting them and hanging them up on stages in the sun; the blue lip and chin tattooing of the women. Nelson, in his sailoring youth, once served in an Arab dhow engaged in trading from Quiloa up the African coast to the Red Sea; and amongst the wild sea-loving Arabs on the coast near Muscat he observed customs which he was long years afterwards surprised to find obtaining universally amongst the Maoris.

The Semitic peoples, the Egyptian and Arab, all no doubt influenced the remote ancestral parent-race, the proto-Maori, and gave it some of its distinguishing physical features, some of its customs and social laws, some of its deities.

As to the period at which the ancestors of the Polynesians began their great *heke*, their migration eastwards from the shores of south-western Asia to India and Indonesia, and finally to the Pacific, we have no data that will enable us to fix even an approximate date. Mr. S. Percy Smith, whose excellent little book "Hawaiiki" is recognised as the standard work on the subject, does not carry his investigations further back than India. He agrees with Mr. J. H. Logan that the Polynesians formed part of the very ancient "Gangetic Race," which had been in India from remote antiquity, but which had been at various periods modified by the intrusion of Semitic, Tibetan and other races. Mr. Smith concludes, from a mass of most interesting Rarotongan traditional as well as scientific evidence which he cites, that the Polynesian ancestors were living in a land known as Atia-te-varinga-nui, which he holds is India, about 450 B.C., when they were ruled over by a great king or supreme chief named Tu-te-Rangi-marama; that not long before the beginning of the Christian era they began to migrate to the islands of the East Indies, and settled in Java, thence gradually moving eastwards into the Pacific.

Professor J. Macmillan Brown's theory, as set out in his book "Maori and Polynesian," is that there was in palæolithic times a great eastward migration of a section of the Caucasian race, from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; it divided into two streams, one passing through Siberia to the East Coast of Asia and Japan (whence some found their way to Alaska) thence to the Philippines, Ladrones, Carolines, and other Western Pacific Groups and eventually to Samoa; the other from India to Indonesia (where the first stream was found already in occupation), and thence from island to island

eastwards into the Pacific. The second stream, the Professor believes, entered the Pacific long after the first but before the metals came into common use, hence the neolithic stage in which the white man found the Maori-Polynesian. Such broadly is Professor Macmillan Brown's theory, expanded fascinatingly in his book.

To the present writer it seems reasonable to suppose that right from the start the eastward movement of the migrants was for the most part by sea; from the shores of Arabia and the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf across the Indian Ocean to India, thence by the island stages upon which most students are agreed. The ocean, with which the Arabs and their kin were familiar, offered an unobstructed highway to the East, whereas by land there were the enormous difficulties and dangers of rugged mountain country, deserts, hunger and thirst, and hostile tribes. The coastal people of South-Western Asia were from ancient times navigators with a knowledge of the stars; they, and probably the early Egyptians, were amongst the earliest sailors. They coasted down the eastern shores of the African Continent at any rate as far as the Zambesi, and they also visited and probably partly colonised Madagascar; this would account for the resemblances between the Maori-Polynesian language and the Malagasy.

That these proto-Maoris were fearless and enterprising seafarers is evident; they would have little hesitation in pushing out across the ocean Indiawards. But they could hug the coast if they wished, and probably did so, landing here and there along the shores of Persia and Baluchistan, and making their way along the long coastline of India. No doubt generations would be occupied in such a migration, and the sojourn in India might extend over centuries. The prevailing winds, an all-important condition to a sea-travelling people, would be favourable to the migration eastwards. The south-west monsoon would take them across the Arabian Sea

to India and again across the Bay of Bengal to Indonesia. In Sumatra they probably remained for some centuries; several eminent Polynesian scholars look upon Sumatra as one of the great Tawhitis or Hawaiikis of the race. Java and Borneo were later Hawaiikis. Then the north-west monsoon, ranging ten degrees each side of the Equator, would carry them on to Ceram, Gilolo, and other islands of the Molucca Archipelago, thence to the great island of New Guinea, and so fairly on into the Western Pacific.

These stages in the migration of the race would not be covered quickly; they would probably occupy hundreds of years; and in each stopping place the people would probably encounter aboriginal tribes, who would in one way or another leave their impress on the new-comers, in a partial blending of blood and in traditions and folk-story; there would too be preserved, as we shall see, memories of the animals of those lands.

The old theory of Polynesian writers that the Maori were, in part at any rate, descended from the Malays, is now considered untenable. That the ancestors of the Maori occupied those parts of the East Indies now peopled by Malays is undoubted, but they found no Malay element there then; otherwise the Malay would exhibit itself to-day in the racial type. The Maori is not Malay in feature or in tongue. That the Polynesians found some earlier inhabitants already in possession in Sumatra, Java, Borneo and other stages on this great *heke* towards the rising sun is no doubt a fact; it was here probably that they first met the negroid type that is to some extent still to be recognised in certain Maori tribes. The Malays, who were a Mongoloid race, came later, after our Maori ancestors had passed on towards the Pacific—probably, however, leaving some of their people settled in the land, afterwards to amalgamate with the Mongol immigrants from the nor'-west.

That the fair-haired lighter-complexioned strain in the Maori came with them from Asiatic shores there is

little doubt. It is not always easy now to distinguish a pure fair-haired *urukehu,* so widely spread is European blood. But in the Urewera country, on the head-waters of the Wanganui River, and certain other parts of the interior that have been comparatively isolated until recent years, the *urukehu* (literally "red-hair") can still be seen as in the olden days, undeniably pure Maori, and with a dull golden tinge in the hair that a careful observer can clearly separate from that of the half-bloods.

As far back as 1772 Crozet, the French navigator, who came to the Bay of Islands with Marion du Fresne's expedition, noted this and other Caucasic characteristics of the race. Describing the Ngapuhi people whose stockaded villages dotted the coast-line, he says: "Their colour is, generally speaking, like the people of Southern Europe." Some of the men were as white as the French sailors, and there was a young girl of fifteen or sixteen "as white as our French women." Crozet saw several people "with red hair." But while noting the numbers of the tall fair-skinned straight-haired people with little beard (no doubt the hair had been eradicated in the usual way with shell tweezers), and noting also the somewhat yellowish complexion of some, he recorded the presence of the more Melanesian type, shorter in stature, "slightly frizzled" as to hair, more swarthy and more bearded than the others, in fact more negroid-looking. Crozet did not know of the Western Pacific race we now call Melanesians, nor did he know anything of the history and migrations of the Maori; his testimony is, therefore, all the more valuable as a faithful observer's record of the very evident differences of type in the Maoris seen in even the one district he visited—a district where all the ancient differences of physiognomy and other physical points have been obliterated by the *pakeha* blend.

It is now easy to picture the eastward progress of our daring sailors through the Pacific. From one island to

another they spread, exploring each and carefully weighing its suitability as a home. They gradually worked southwards from the torrid equatorial latitudes, which eastwards of New Guinea did not hold many islands of great size or fitness for settlement. Touching at the Solomon Islands and the New Hebrides, they reached Fiji, and made it their home for many generations; then they spread on to the Tonga Group and the beautiful high, well-watered and fruitful islands of Samoa. Fiji (Whiti, or Viti) and Samoa appear, from the evidence of history, tradition, and song to have been their homes for many a generation. From Samoa as a centre they made many great canoe voyages, exploring all parts of the Pacific, north, south, east, and west, in search of new homes, new kinds of food, new adventures. What Mr. Frank Bullen remarks in "Our Heritage the Sea" of the early Italian and Spanish and Portuguese navigators is equally true of these still earlier and even more daring seamen, the Polynesian pioneers:

"They had become so far familiar with those apparently illimitable breadths that they put forth in all confidence that they would fetch somewhere or another, and that wherever it might be it would be well worth the visiting and annexing."

That great migration eastwards through Indonesia and the thousand isles of the sea left indelible traces not only on the physical type, physiognomy, and race-habits of the proto-Maori, but also on his legends, traditions, and folk-songs. The memories of the terrible creatures of the river and the forest in India and the East Indies survive to-day in countless Maori stories, which have in course of time become localised in New Zealand. The legends of man-destroying reptiles, known as *taniwha* and *ngarara*, some living in the water, some on the land, evidently refer to the crocodile and the huge serpents of tropical countries through which the ancestors of our Polynesians passed in their wanderings. How very numerous these *taniwha* and *ngarara* stories are all who

From a photo, 1908.

An Urewera Maori Type, showing Melanesian strain. Patu, one of the Wives of the Prophet Ruatapu, Maungapohatu.

have collected Maori traditional lore can tell; every lake, every stream, every deep uncanny pool held its reptilian monster—known by its special name, and with some strange story attaching to it. Sometimes these *ngarara*, according to tribal legend, were pets or *mokai* of some chief or other—as in the case of the one which haunted the well-known Hamurana Spring (Te Puna-i-Hangarua), near the shores of Lake Rotorua. Some were frightful devouring monsters, such as Pekehaua, the fabled *ngarara* of the Awahou stream, Rotorua, of whose snaring and slaying by a party of Maori braves a most circumstantial story is preserved. Pekehaua, Korowhakatupua (of the Utuhina), and Kataore (of Lake Tikitapu), could hardly have been mere fantasies of the Maori brain; they are no doubt traditions of the great saurians that swarm in India, Indonesia, the Solomon Islands and other western Hawaiikis of the race. There are dim memories too of the huge creatures of the ape family, particularly the orang-utan of Sumatra and Borneo. The wild hairy *mohoao* and *maero*, the man of the woods, with his terrible voice and his huge teeth, was probably originally that formidable man-like inhabitant of the equatorial forests. The Rotorua legend of Hatupatu and the female ogre Kurangaituku I have often thought may have borrowed some of its features from the far-away lands of the orang-utan. There are recollections of the monkey tribe in the stories of the *Nuku-mai-toré*, the tree-dwelling people, of small stature and always chattering (*kororororo*), as an old Ngai-Tahu Maori described them to me; a tribe who lived, like the fairies, in the great bunches of *wharawhara* and *kiekie*, the long-leafed astelias and grasses growing in the forks of the trees.

The *taniwha*, the water-monster of which we continually hear amongst the Maoris, besides being probably a survival of crocodile stories, may also preserve recollections of the man-eating sharks of tropical waters. The large shark of the Bay of Plenty

waters, whose teeth are prized as ear-ornaments by the Maoris, is called by them *mako-taniwha*. This is not a man-eating member of the shark family, at any rate not in these waters, though very powerful; but in Samoa a dangerous and monster shark is called a *tanifa*.

Photo by G. Andrew, Apia, Samoa.

A Samoa Girl: Polynesian Type.

As to the period when these olden sailormen first sailed into the Pacific, we have little to guide us with exactitude but the Polynesian genealogies and traditions. Some of these genealogies, however, are of extraordinary length, and the system of preserving and handing down the ancestral lists was such a careful one—it was a sacred and priestly duty—that there is remarkable agreement between the genealogical tables of various widely-severed groups; common ancestors are mentioned in identical sequence.

Mr. S. Percy Smith stands pre-eminent amongst students of Polynesian genealogies, and the conclusions he draws from them are on the whole unassailable. His estimate of the length of time the Maori has been in the Pacific goes back to near the beginning of the Christian

era. In "Hawaiiki: The Original Home of the Maori," taking ancient Rarotongan genealogies and traditions as his main working clue, he arrives at the deduction that shortly before the Christian era began, the ancestors of the Polynesians had worked from India and Burma down the Straits of Malacca and spread into the islands of the East Indies. It is several centuries later, about 450 A.D., according to his approximate chronology, that Fiji and Samoa are first mentioned as having been settled. Probably, however, the Pacific was reached much earlier than that date; the various homes of the race mentioned under the ancient legendary names are difficult to identify now. But the date of the later great voyages mentioned in Polynesian tradition can be fairly accurately estimated from genealogical and traditional evidence. The first colonisation of the islands of Hawaii by Polynesians took place about 650 A.D.; Samoa was then apparently the great headquarters of the race. It was probably about that time that the Pacific explorers first visited New Zealand. They had already no doubt settled Tahiti and the Marquesas and Pamotu Archipelago, before venturing down into the more turbulent waters of the South, leaving their palm-clad isles,

> "The blaze of the blue noon, and that huge voice,
> Incessant, of the breakers on the shore."

and sailing adventurously away into less warm latitudes, close-hauled to the South-east Trade, sailing they knew not whither, but braced to all the perils of the ocean and believing, as they would by this time, that the whole vast Pacific was strewn with islands, great and small.

In the legends of the Pacific there are many picturesquely allegorical descriptions of the first discoveries of the atolls and islands of Polynesia. The story of Maui "fishing up" the North Island of New Zealand from the depths of the Ocean is found localised in other parts of this great Ocean, and the marvellous deeds ascribed to this hero or deity seem to place him far away

back in the remote history of the race. The Maui legend is generally regarded now as an ancient sun-myth. At the same time there was probably more than one Maui. Many Maori genealogies go back to the ancestor of this name who is credited with the hauling-up of the North Island (Te Ika-a-Maui) from the deeps; and Maori traditions seem to show that a Maui was amongst the earliest visitors to this country.

One of the ancient legends of Niuē, or Savage Island, attributes to Maui, the god, the creation of that isolated coral island, the largest of New Zealand's tropic possessions. The following is the opening portion of a narrative of Niuē traditions written for me in 1901 by Lupo, an old Samoan chief who had settled on Niuē in his youth. In Lupo's narrative (the translation is by my wife) we can recognise, stripping it of its outer husk of fable, an epitomised life-history of a South Sea Island, following the coral isle up through all the ages, from the time it was a bare bank of rock and sand, freshly emerged from the great blue deep, until it in time became clothed with vegetation, and became peopled by the daring brown-skinned sailors of the Pacific:

"In the beginning this island, now called Niu-ē, was nothing but coral rock ['*he punga*'], lying in the great sea. There came a god, an *aitu*, from the southwards—a spirit-god who sailed to and fro, wandering on the face of the ocean. He looked down here and saw, far below, down in the clear sea-depths, the white *punga* rock. He let down his hook and hauled the *punga* up to the surface, and lo! there stood an island. At this time the heavens hung low, so that they touched the land. Then that spirit-god, whose name was Maui, stood on the solid earth, and exerting his divine strength forced away and propped up the leaning sky [Langi], chanting as he did so his lifting-song:

'Tokotoko e Langi, tō-o-ē!
Tokona e Langi, tō-o-ē!
Tokotoko e Langi, tō-o-ē!
Tokona e Langi, tō-o-ē!'

'Lift up, O Sky, heave away!
Be thou propped up, O Langi!
Lift up, O Sky!
Be thou propped up!'

"And at the word Langi the Sky was heaved forth and up from the face of the island, and has since remained above there in his place."*

The Niuē legend goes on to describe how the island first got its coco-nuts—which are not indigenous on every South-Sea Island:

"The first name given to this island was Motu-tofua. The first mortals who dwelt on it were two people named Fao and Huanaki. It is said that they came from below (*i.e.*, from the westward or leeward) from the direction of Tonga. And in those days the island was a hungry land. There was little food; no coco-nuts or yams or bread-fruit were there to furnish food for man. Naught could be seen but the wild trees, the *nonu*, the *patu-luku*, the *muka-lē*, and the *la-fa*. No pleasant foods grew there; only the undesired and tasteless fruits of the woods. And man grew and grew upon the island. And the land was hungry.

"And Fao and Huanaki put out to sea in their canoe and sought for food for their starving home. They wandered to and fro and sailed over the great ocean. At last they reached the island of Tutuila, in Samoa. There the people gave them coco-nuts (*niu*) to plant, and they returned with them, and set them for food, and that was how this island got its forests of coco-palms and came to be called 'Niu-ē.'"

Such was the genesis of a South Sea isle, in Polynesian folk-lore.

It now remains for us to see how the Polynesians, these Oceanic sailors, warriors, and explorers, reached the shores of New Zealand in their canoes.

*This story, as those acquainted with Maori traditions will see, resembles the old Maui fishing story, but with the addition of the immeasurably more ancient legend of the separation of Rangi and Papa—Heaven and Earth—which Maori mythology attributes to Tane-Mahuta and other children of the Sky-Father and Earth-Mother. The Niue story evidently refers to the "pushing-up" of the sky from new horizons as the voyager sailed on into new and unknown seas.

Chapter V.

THE CANOE-VOYAGERS.

Float lightly, float lightly, my sailing-canoe,
Like a bird of the air, with thy soft-flapping wings—
We'll anchor ere long on far-distant shores;
Thy spouse is Ariki-tapu, the Sea.
Soon shall we drink of Whakatau's waters.
Avaunt all ye dangers, death rocks in the ocean;
Ye clouds of dread gloom, may our prayer-charms dispel ye!
O Tane, Tree-Lord, let us peacefully glide!

—Ancient Chant for the Canoe Takitimu when leaving Hawaiiki for New Zealand.

The Maori has forgotten the art of building the particular form of sea-going craft in which his ancestors reached the shores of New Zealand from the islands of the Central and Eastern Pacific. We sometimes hear the question: "How could Maori canoes make a long ocean voyage?" But the ordinary river-canoe of to-day is a very different vessel from the ocean sailing-canoe of Polynesia. The craft in which the progenitors of our Maori made such extraordinary voyages were large double or outrigger canoes, built with great care, and navigated with a skill that, considering the primitive state of the Polynesian civilisation, is nothing short of wonderful.

Maori traditions tell us very little about the build and rig of these canoes. In only one instance is any such description recorded; this is the story of the canoe Arawa, which tradition says was a large double canoe—some say the largest that came to these islands—and had three masts. Most of the ocean canoes were probably double canoes, that is two fastened together strongly by cross-beams and a deck; but some were no doubt outrigger canoes. Tainui was probably an outrigger vessel. A large strong sailing-canoe fitted

with an outrigger would no doubt be safer and more seaworthy on a long voyage than a double canoe, which would be liable to disaster in bad weather; the two canoes would be apt to work apart in a rough seaway.

It is from the observations of European navigators in the South Seas that we are able to form an exact idea of the kind of craft the old Polynesian sailors used in their daring voyages of discovery and colonisation. Captain Cook and the missionary Ellis give us some interesting notes. Cook, when at Tahiti in 1769, on his first voyage round the world, took note, as any sailor would, of the excellent sea-going canoes or *pa'i* (*pahi*) which the natives used. One *pa'i* or double canoe he measured was 51 feet in length, carrying a lofty mat-sail shaped something like what *pakeha* sailors call a "leg-of-mutton" sail, running to a point at the head. These canoes were most cleverly constructed. The keel-part consisted of a hollowed-out log—like our ordinary Maori dubbed-out canoes. Above this the vessel was built up with hewn planks sewn together with sinnet, the planks being very carefully smoothed and fitted together, and supported by wooden stanchions: the sinnet or coco-nut fibre plaited cords were passed several times through holes bored in the planks with a bone gouge or auger; above again were topsides curved inwards, hewn out of a solid log. The fitting together of the planks was so carefully done, Cook says, that caulking was unnecessary; but such a craft was sure to leak in a seaway, and the seams and holes must have been caulked with some Polynesian substitute for oakum and tar. An illustration of some of the Tahitian canoes in Cook's "Voyages" shows one with a single mast stepped right amidships, and stayed on each side to the end of a plank outrigger projecting from the hull; another canoe has two masts and her rig is at first glance not unlike that of a modern fore-and-aft schooner, except that her sails have neither boom nor gaff, and there are no head-sails.

Another type of large sea-going canoe, such as probably voyaged for great distances in ancient times,

is a Friendly Islands craft, depicted in the frontispiece to the portfolio of "Pacific Views" by James Webber, who was the draughtsman with Captain Cook in the "Resolution," 1776-1780. This is a large double canoe, with not quite so much "sheer" fore-and-aft as that of the Tahitian *pa'i*; there is a single mast and a large lateen sail. The head of the sail is cut out in a deep curve such as we see in pictures of New Guinea canoes. The two canoes are joined by a platform, with a

From a sketch by James Webber, draughtsman with Captain Cook.

A Tonga Sailing Canoe.

low rail running round its sides; on this platform there is a thatched structure, a kind of deck-house; and on the top of the house, which is just clear of the sail, figures are seated. On first seeing this picture I was at once reminded of the Maori account of the Arawa canoe and her voyage to New Zealand. The Arawa, we are told, was a double canoe, with a house built on her deck; and the narrative describes how Ngatoro-i-rangi, the high priest whom Tama-te-kapua carried off by strategy to be his *tohunga*, climbed up to the top of the house to see his homeland fade in the distance, and how he mounted

the house at night, probably for astronomical observation, while the sly Tama' took advantage of his absence to make love to Kearoa, Ngatoro's wife; and how again the *tohunga* climbed the deck-house to chant his incantations when the canoe was endangered by the terrible maelstrom "Waha-o-Parata"—perhaps an oceanic disturbance caused by an earthquake or a submarine eruption, or possibly a water-spout. These Tonga (Friendly Islands) canoes were beautiful sailing machines. Cook says that he went on board one of them when it was under sail, and by several trials with his ship's log found that the canoe travelled at the rate of seven knots in an hour, close-hauled in a "gentle gale." "From this I judge," he wrote in his "Journal," "that they will sail on a medium with such breezes as generally blow in their sea, about seven or eight miles an hour." "In their longer voyages," Cook says, in describing the brown navigators of Tahiti, "they steer by the sun in the day, and in the night by the stars, all of which they distinguish separately by name, and know in what part of the heavens they will appear in any of the months in which they are visible in their horizon; they also know the time of their annual appearing and disappearing with more precision than will easily be believed by a European astronomer."

Picture, then, a fleet of these ancient Polynesian sailing-craft taking their departure from a tropic island for the far-away Long Bright World, or the Land of Long-lingering Daylight—the Maori name of New Zealand will bear both these interpretations.*

The great canoes, some double, some outrigger, are launched down the white coral beaches, and ride on the calm waters of the lagoon. The shore is crowded with the Island people, farewelling their departing relatives and friends with many cries and many tears. The emigrants climb aboard, men, women, and children, and complete the lading of their sea-homes

*See pages 80 and 93.

with their household treasures. The canoes are already stored with their sea-provisions, securely stowed from damage by salt water—coco-nuts for both meat and drink, calabashes of water, bread-fruit, the staple vegetables *hue*, *kumara*, and *taro*, preserved birds, and other foods of the plantation and the forest. The priests or *tohunga* are there, reciting their final invocations, placatory and propitiatory, for the safety of the ships and crews. Every important part of the canoes' equipment has been appropriately *karakia*'d over—"blessed"—for the great voyage. Paddles, sails, bailers, all are consecrated for their duties; and are given the names of ancestral heroes, names the very recital whereof is in itself a prayer. The canoes have already been consecrated, in the ritual of the *Whai-kawa*, for their passage across the *whare-hukahuka-a-Tangaroa*, the "Sea-god's foamy dwelling." The *awa-moana*, the sea-smoothing chants, in strange rhythmic time, with their frequent repetitions, have been recited. To the priest of each canoe have been entrusted the sacred carven images, in wood and stone, of the ancestral deities, and those thrice-*tapu* treasures, the *whatu-kura*, which are to be borne to the new homes of the tribe as talismanic relics. There is a carven figure-head to each canoe—not, however, worked in the elaborate Maori patterns we now see; the figure is the image of a deified ancestor; he looks out with fierce staring eyes at the ocean he is to ride over and conquer. The canoe is Tāné, the God of Forests, the Father of Man; Tāné the Sea-rider.

In the stern is the *whakarei*, the sacred seat for the high priest of the canoe. The stern-piece is dressed with plumes of feathers; the upper plumes, or *puhi-kai-ariki*, are dedicated to the divinities of the sky; the lower plumes, the *puhi-moana-ariki*, dipping in the sea, are for the spirits of the ocean.

The last food-loads and the last passenger are on board; the lofty mat-sails are hoisted, the sinnet halliards and sheets belayed, and with the brisk trade wind

catching the sails, the fleet begins to move. There is a great wail of voices; the voices of the shore-people and the loud cries of the emigrants. "*Haere atu ra, haere ra!*" "Farewell, depart, depart!" the Islanders cry. The swishing heads of the tall palm-trees that lean around the shores of the lagoon bend, too, as in farewell.

Out across the sheltered lagoon they sail, one after the other, straight for the reef-passage, where the great natural breakwater of coral opens in a channel to the sea. Gliding into this, the ocean swell heaves them giddily aloft and down again, and the great sails take a tenser curve. The thundering surf breaks white and fearful on either side, but now they are safe in the deep water outside the reef, and sails are trimmed for the far sou'-west. Away they slide over the long easy swell, fairly started on their voyage of two thousand miles and more. The watchers on the shore stand, still waving their garments and green branches, and crying their *poroporoaki* of farewell; but soon the brave trade-wind whisks the lofty-winged children of Tane the Tree-god down into the sunset, and the last brown mat sail fades away into the dancing blue. They are alone on the vast *moana-uliuli*, the dark-blue tropic sea.

It will be their home for many days, perhaps many weeks, that sea of mystery, and many a time will the sea-worn, brine-sore, hungry and thirsty emigrants long for the shady groves and delicious fruits and cool waters of their old Island homes.

Making a "soldier's wind" of the South-east Trade, the sailing canoes would carry steadily on until they had covered the greater part of the ocean-journey. For day after day they would need to shift neither tack nor sheet—or their Polynesian equivalents—with the splendid and regular trade singing aloft. Before their bows would dart schools of flying-fish, their little wet wings shining in the sun as they whirred from wave to wave, in terror of their ocean-enemies. Around them played swift and arrowy porpoises, Tritons of the deep; and sometimes huge Tohora, the Sperm-whale, would

rise majestically, and spout beside them, and the people would say, low and with wide eyes, "Behold our god, the *Taniwha*!"

Night after night the stars came out to cheer and guide them; Maahu-tonga, the Southern Cross, high on their weather bow; red-eyed Rehua and all the twinkling gods of the sky; and in the mystic dim dawn the men on watch chanted their songs to Tawera and Tariao, the bright morning stars.

Sometimes, down would shriek a tropic rain-squall, and it would be down-sail and hold her head to wind until the puff passed; then out shone the rainbow in the path of the sun, and looking on it the sailors would say one to the other:—

"See, Uenuku, the god who dwells in the Rainbow, shows himself to us—our guardian on the sea."

So they sail on and on, sou'-west, until some day-dawn a long high coast-line breaks on their eyes, and they see with delight, as they sail nearer, the groves of red-flowered *pohutukawa* crowning the white cliffs, and the clear and sparkling water-falls quivering in the sun as they leap to the sea, or the wider streams that, flowing in powerful volume into the tideway, tell of a vast land beyond, a land where there is room and to spare for all the Islanders of the Great-Ocean-of-Kiwa.

There was much danger on the deep for those ancient sailormen, putting to sea in what were practically long open boats, such as most white mariners would now hesitate to make a coasting voyage in. They had no compass, sextant, chronometer, or other nautical instrument; their guides were the sun by day, the stars by night, the steady trade wind and the regular run of the easy Pacific swell; perhaps also the flight of certain birds. The ocean was for them full of wonders and strange enchantments, for it was the domain of Tangaroa and his myriad satellites, the *taniwha* and the *marakihau*, who sometimes rose and destroyed whole fleets.

Indeed all space, whether land, sea, or sky, held its unseen maleficent beings and influences, which must be placated and allayed.

Maori legend and song tell us of three dreaded ocean-waves or rollers, which are called *Tai-pupuni* (the towering crested wave about to break), *Tai-wawana* (the swirling foaming billow), and the *Tai-aropuke* (the wave rising like a mountain). Such great waves, generally three in succession, are familiar to South Sea Islanders, who must carefully watch their time and paddle with all their might to prevent these rollers dashing them on the reefs. In the ancient story of the canoe Takitimu, and her departure from the isles of Hawaiiki for New Zealand, we find these three terrifying waves mentioned by their descriptive names, and the chief's sacred paddles are named, "Rapanga-te-ati-nuku" and "Rapanga-te-ati-rangi," as the paddles with which the vast waves of ocean will be conquered. Then earthquake-waves, water-spouts, and other dangers of the sea may have been encountered, as the Arawa tradition of the "Waha-o-Parata" seems to show. Islands have been frequently thrown up by volcanic action in the South Seas—as for instance that strange spot Falcon Island, near Tonga—and again islands have disappeared mysteriously, and Pacific navigators have been unable to find them. The hurricanes to which the tropics are liable from December to March sometimes swept the low atoll islands almost clean of life and vegetation. With these terrifying phenomena of the seas our Polynesian sailors were acquainted, by long experience and by tradition handed down through many generations; they were resourceful and courageous seamen, and put boldly out into the deep, fortified by their mystic religion, which lay largely in spells and storm-assuaging charms.

The South-east Trade would carry the canoes on until they were about in the position of the Kermadec Islands; then they would perhaps pick up the north-east wind, the *marangai*, one of the prevailing winds on the northern

coasts of New Zealand, and this would carry them down to the long-stretching shores of Aotea-roa. Most of the canoes made the coast between Doubtless Bay and the East Cape.

Many a canoe must have been lost, and many must have drifted away to other islands than those for which they set out. Such accidents happen now in the Pacific. Native canoes and boats voyaging from island to island are frequently blown away to strange lands, sometimes many hundreds of miles away from their homes. It was no doubt in this way that many South Sea islands and atolls were first peopled, and New Zealand itself may well have been so colonised originally. Some extraordinary canoe voyages are occasionally reported in the Pacific. Only this year a Chinese fishing-junk picked up off the island of Chusan and handed over to the steamer "Tamsui" for conveyance to Shanghai, a party of three dark-skinned South Sea Islanders who were adrift in a canoe. They had mother-of-pearl shell fish-hooks and other South Sea fishing-tackle with them. It was found that they had drifted fully two thousand miles from a German possession in the Western Pacific; they had gone out to fish, and were blown helplessly away to the westward. There were originally five of them, but two had died at sea from starvation and exposure.

The Song of the Aotea Canoe.

I give the following chant as a specimen of the sacred *awa-moana* or sea-assuaging songs (literal meaning "ocean-path," "sea-passage") which the chiefs and priests of the Polynesian canoes composed and recited to their crews, to animate them and to smooth the ship's progress over the Great-Ocean-of-Kiwa. I have it from Ngarauru and Ngati-Ruanui (Taranaki) sources as the *karakia* which Turi, the commander of the Aotea canoe, chanted to his men. Its fine rhythmic measure made it an excellent time-keeping chant. So chanted Turi the Epic of the Paddle:

Ko Aotea te waka,
Ko Turi tangata ki runga,
Ko te Roku-o-Whiti te hoe.
Piri papa te hoe!
Awhi papa te hoe!
Toi tu te hoe!
Toi rere te hoe!
Toi mahuta te hoe!
Toi kapakapa te hoe
Kai runga te rangi.
Ko te hoe na wai?
Ko te hoe na te Kahu-nunui;
Ko te hoe na wai?
Te hoe na te Kahu-roroa.
Ko te hoe na wai?
Ko te hoe no Rangi-nui-e-tu-uui.
Tena te waka,
Ka tau ki Tipua-o-te-Rangi,
Ki Tawhito-o-te-Rangi,
Nga turanga whatu o Rehua.
Hapai ake au
I te kakau o taku hoe,
I te Roku-o-Whiti.
Whiti patato, rere patato,
Mama patato.
Te riakanga, te hapainga,
Te komotanga, te kumenga,
Te riponga, te awenga
A te puehutanga
O te wai o taku hoe nei.
Kei te rangi, hikitia!
Kei te rangi, hapainga!
Kei te aweawe nui no Tu.
Tena te ara ka totohe nui,
Ko te ara o tenei Ariki,
Ko te ara o tenei matua iwi,
Ko te ara o Rangi-nui-e-tu-nei.
Nguaha te kakau o taku hoe nei,
Ko Kautu-ki-te-Rangi.
Ki te rangi, hikitia;
Ki te rangi, hapainga;
Ki te rangi tutorona atu,
Ki te rangi tutorona mai.
Ki te rangi tu te ihi,
Ki te rangi tu te koko,
Tu te mana, tu te tapu,
E tapu tena te ara.
Ka totohe te ara
O Tane-matohe-nuku,
Te ara o Tane-matohe-rangi,
Ko te ara o te Kahu-nunui,
Ko te ara o te Kahu-roroa,
Ko te ara o tenei Ariki,
Ko te ara o tenei tanira,
Tawhi kia Rehua,
Ki uta mai, te ao marama;
E Rongo-ma-Tane,
Whakairihia!

(Translation.)

Aotea is the Canoe,
And Turi is the Chief,
The "Roku-o-Whiti" is the Paddle.
Behold my paddle!
It is laid by the canoe-side,
Held close to the canoe-side.
Now 'tis raised on high—the paddle!
Poised for the plunge—the paddle!
Now, we spring forward!
Now, it leaps and flashes—the paddle!
It quivers like a bird's wing,
This paddle of mine!
This paddle, whence came it?
It came from the Kahu-nunui,
From the Kahu-roroa,
It came from the Great-Sky-above-us.

* * * * *

See! I raise on high
The handle of my paddle,
The "Roku-o-Whiti."
Ha! the quick thrust in,
The backward sweep!
The swishing, the swirling eddies,
The boiling white wake
And the spray that flies from my paddle!
Lift up
The paddle to the sky above,
To the great expanse of Tu.
There before us lies our ocean-path,
The path of strife and tumult,
The pathway of this chief,
The danger-roadway of this crew;
'Tis the road of the Great-Sky-above-us.
Here is my paddle
"Kautu-ki-te-rangi";
To the heavens, raise it;
To the heavens, lift it;
To the sky far drawn out,
To the horizon that lies before us,
To the heavens, whence come all things
Holy and mighty,
Before us is our ocean-way,
The path of this canoe, the child
Of Tane, who severed Earth from Sky,
The path of the Kahu-nunui, the Kahu-roroa,
The pathway of this chief, this priest,
In Rehua is our trust,
Through him we'll reach the Land of Light,
O Rongo-and-Tane!
We raise our offerings!

This ancient song is to this day sung as a *poi*-chant by Turi's descendants in Taranaki. At the final word "Whakairihia!" the dancers raise their twirling *poi*-balls above their heads at arm's length; this is in imitation of the olden custom of the priests in lifting up their first-fruits offering of *kumara* (sweet potatoes) to Rongo, the god of cultivated foods, who in chants like this is often coupled with Tane, the god of the forests and of birds, also the father of man. Rehua, the god mentioned in the chant, dwelt, according to Polynesian mythology, in the tenth or highest heaven; he was a beneficent deity. Rehua is also the name of the star Sirius.

Photo by Collis, New Plymouth.

A Taranaki Poi-girl, Parihaka.

Some Early Explorers.

Ui-te-Rangiora; Ti-wakawaka; Rakaihaitu.

The voyages of the South Sea canoe-sailors to New Zealand ranged, as far as we can gather from tradition, over a period of some seven or eight hundred years.

Rarotongan native history shows, according to Mr. Percy Smith in "Hawaiiki," that Ui-te-Rangiora, who lived in Whiti (Fiji) in the seventh century of our era, made some remarkable voyages in his canoe, Ivi-o-Atea ("The Bones of Atea"), and discovered a great many new islands in the Pacific, amongst them New Zealand. The name given to New Zealand in the tradition is Avaiki-tautau, which may be translated as "Burning-Hawaiiki," from the active volcanoes of the North

Island. (It is possible, however, that this Avaiki-tautau may have been one of the numerous active volcanoes in the tropical zone of the Pacific.) Two centuries later a Polynesian navigator named Maku, who sailed from the island known in tradition as Mataora, visited New Zealand, but there is only the bare mention of that fact and no more. Ui-te-Rangiora is not known as an early visitor in the New Zealand traditions, but in one legend I have collected it is given as the name of a sacred Hawaiikian axe, no doubt named after the explorer.

The legends of the Ngati-Awa tribe, of the Bay of Plenty, state that the first inhabitants of this country arrived from a far land called Mataora in the canoe Ara-tau-whaiti, commanded by Tiwakawaka. The number of generations given on a Ngati-Awa genealogy from the present day back to Tiwakawaka is 38, which allowing 25 years to a generation, is 950 years. Mr. Smith in his "Hawaiiki" gives 850 A.D. as the probable date of Tiwakawaka in New Zealand. From Tiwakawaka sprang the famous Toi (Toi-kai-rakau, or "Toi-who-lived-on-Forest-Foods" of Maori tradition) and Rauru, who is credited with having invented the present style of tattooing and carving, and other chiefs of the aboriginal people whom the Maori immigrants of the Arawa and Mataatua and other canoes found living here when they arrived in the fourteenth century.

An early canoe called Uruao was commanded by the chief Rakaihaitu, and came to New Zealand forty-two generations from the present time—over a thousand years ago. The only traditions obtainable about this canoe are those of the Ngai-Tahu tribe of the South Island. Some Ngai-Tahu Maoris say Rakaihaitu was the first man who landed in the Wai-pounamu, the Land of Greenstone Rivers, but it is pretty certain that there were inhabitants there before his day. The traditions I have been able to gather, from old men of Ngai-Tahu and Ngati-Mamoé descent, go to show that Rakaihaitu was a great explorer. He and his companions took possession of the eastern shores of the South Island, and named

many prominent features of the landscape after themselves, and so *tapa*'d the country for their families and descendants. Rakaihaitu, in common with many other Polynesian chiefs, was in time credited with the deeds of a demi-god. The classical name for the South Island lakes is "Nga Puna-wai-karikari-a-Rakaihaitu" ("The Water-pools-Dug-by-Rakaihaitu"). The energetic chief is said to have begun his labours by scooping out with his great *ko* (the wooden digging implement used in the *kumara* plantations) the bed of the lake known as Rotoiti, south of Nelson. Then he strode southwards, halting frequently to form a lake where he thought it was needed. His crowning triumph was the great Alpine lake Wakatipu (properly Whakatipu, or, fully, "Te Roto-Whakatipu-whenua"), whose deep and winding channel he hollowed out between the mountains, assisted by his gods to whom he repeated powerful *karakia*. Travelling north again, he completed his herculean pilgrimage by digging out Lakes Waihora (Ellesmere) and Wairewa (Lake Forsyth), near Banks Peninsula—and rested from his labours. "Nga-Wai-karikari-a-Rakaihaitu" is a proverbial expression still used by the Maoris in allusion to the lakes, as the figurative phrase "Nga Whata-tu-a-Rakaihaitu" ("Rakaihaitu's-Lofty-Food-stores") is used to describe the high cliffs of the South Island coast.

Nuku-tai-memeha (Maui's Canoe).

In East Coast legend the Nuku-tai-memeha was the canoe of Maui, the craft from which that Polynesian hero "fished-up" (or discovered) this North Island of New Zealand. The old men of the Ngati-Porou say that it is to be seen now in a petrified form on the summit of their sacred mountain Hikurangi, inland from Waiapu, near the East Cape. Some of Ngati-Porou trace their ancestry back not only to the Hawaiikian immigrants by the Takitimu but also to the "Iwi-a-Maui," "Maui's Tribe," the aboriginal people who settled here hundreds

of years before the Takitimu came across the sea. The number of generations to Maui from the present day, as given in several genealogies, varies from forty-five to fifty. In the South Island Māhunui is given as a name of Maui's canoe. The Ngai-Tahu and Ngati-Mamoe learned men say that Mahunui is in point of fact the South Island, and that it was from the South Island that Maui fished up the North. The expression "Te Waka-a-Maui"—"Maui's-Canoe," is therefore applied to the South Island, and occurs in old songs. The idea that it was from the South Island that Maui hauled up the North is, however, chiefly confined to the Southern part of New Zealand; few North Island Maoris are likely to concede the greater antiquity to the Land of Greenstone. "Te Taumanu-o-te-Waka-a-Maui"—meaning "The-Thwart-of-Maui's-Canoe"—against which that herculean fisherman braced his foot while hauling up his colossal Ika, is said by the Ngai-Tahu to be the name of a place in the neighbourhood of Kaikoura. And far in the South is Stewart Island, the very ancient and mythological name of which is "Te-Puka (punga)-o-te-Waka-a-Maui," which means "The-Anchor-of-Maui's-Canoe." The usual native name of Stewart Island is Raki-ura ("Glowing-Sky"), or in the Northern tongue Rangi-ura—which is itself a Pacific Islands place-name mentioned in the Hawaiikian legends.

Ngahue.

A later Polynesian explorer-sailor to visit New Zealand and return to Hawaiiki with reports of the new country was Ngahue, who was a chief of either Tahiti or Rarotonga. The exact date of his visit is unknown, but it was probably towards the end of the thirteenth century, because it was evidently the reports brought back by him —and also by Kupe—that induced the people of the Society Islands to fit out their great fleet for New Zealand. The giant *moa* bird was not extinct in New Zealand at that time, for Ngahue killed one, and took some of its flesh back with him to Rarotonga, preserved

in a *taha* or calabash. He appears to have landed first at Whangaparaoa, near the East Cape, and after visiting Tauranga, Te Aroha, and other places, he made his way south to Cook Strait, and sailed down the West Coast. He landed at Arahura, which he evidently named,* and there discovered greenstone (*pounamu*). He took back to Hawaiiki a block of the greenstone, and displaying his treasures, told his kinsmen of the grand new country many days' sail to the sou'-west. The greenstone was wrought into axes and ornaments; one of the jewels made with patient labour was an ear-pendant named "Kaukaumatua," which was brought to New Zealand in the Arawa canoe some time afterwards, and was preserved until quite recent times, when it was lost by its wearer, a woman of the Heuheu family, in the waters of Lake Taupo—an accident which caused loud lamentations in the home of the Heuheus.

Kupe's Voyage.

Kupe, who visited New Zealand in the canoe Matahourua, is probably the most celebrated of all the ancient island-seekers. He sailed down the West Coast of the North Island, naming many places, from Hokianga to Cook Strait, and he explored the fiord now known as

*It is possible that "Arahura" was the name of Ngahué's canoe, and that this was why the name, commemorating not only his vessel but also one of his home-islands, was given by him to the West Coast river where he found the greenstone. Ara'ura (New Zealand Maori Arahura) is the former name of Aitutaki Island, one of the Cook Group.

In modern times there is an instance of the ancient name of Aitutaki being given to a vessel, and a *pakeha* craft at that. Many years ago the writer had occasion in the course of journalistic work to board a small topsail schooner beating up into Auckland Harbour, loaded with oranges from Aitutaki, and with but one white man on board, the rest natives. She was formerly the "Julia Pryce" of Auckland, and had been wrecked on Aitutaki. The natives had bought her, refloated her, patched her up, and sent her up to Auckland for coppering, and had renamed her the "Ara'ura," after their island. There are other instances of ancient and honoured Polynesian names being bestowed upon modern vessels. A Rarotonga-built schooner of the rough-and-ready home-made type, which traded to Auckland some years ago from the Cook Islands, manned by a white captain and Maori crew, bore the historic name "Takitimu," and voyaged over the same ocean route that her frailer namesake sailed so adventurously six hundred years before.

Queen Charlotte Sound, entering through Tory Channel. An ancient song often on the lips of Maoris to-day is that which commemorates Kupe's explorations. It was Kupe, say the Maoris, who severed the North and South Islands and so formed Cook Strait—that is the figurative aboriginal fashion of saying that he discovered the Strait —and also cut off Kapiti and Mana Islands from the western mainland of the North Island.

This is the olden song (beginning "Ka tito au, Ka tito au, Ka tito au ia Kupe") :—

"I sing, I sing,
I sing of Kupe,
The man who cut the land in twain,
Who cut these islands off—
The isles of Kapiti, of Mana,
And Arapaoa.
Those are the signs
Of my ancestor, Kupe,
Who sailed the sea
And scoured the land."

Kupe entered Porirua Harbour and the harbour on which the city of Wellington now stands; numerous place-names hereabouts remind us of the early navigator, Captain Cook's brown-skinned prototype. Te Ure-o-Kupe, the Pinnacle Rock off Seatoun, in Wellington Harbour, Nga-Tangihanga-a-Kupe, and other localities perpetuate his name. Te Hokianga-a-Kupe, the full name of Hokianga Harbour in the North, is a reminder of the fact that it was from that port that Kupe returned (*hoki*) to Hawaiiki.

Until recently the venerated stone "Te punga-o-Matahourua," said to have been the anchor, or mooring-stone, of Kupe's canoe, the Matahourua, lay on the sandhills near Plimmerton, in Porirua Harbour; it has now been removed for safe-keeping to the Dominion Museum in Wellington.

Tairea.

The canoe Tairea is remembered chiefly by the Ngai-Tahu and Ngati-Mamoe people of the South Island. She arrived some time before the main fleet. Her commander

was Tama-ki-te-Rangi. One of the places where she called was Kaikoura, on the east coast of the South Island; the full name of that locality is, as I was informed by the late Ira Herewini, of Moeraki, "Te Ahi-kai-koura-a-Tama-ki-te-Rangi," meaning "The-Place where-Tama'-kindled-a-fire-to-cook-a-meal-of - *koura* (crayfish)." The Tairea appears to have afterwards gone on round to the west coast of the South Island, and some curious allegorical legends are preserved of Tama-ki-te-Rangi's adventures there and his search for greenstone. If the tradition I have heard from the Ngai-Tahu and Ngati-Mamoe people is reliable history, he even went as far down as Milford Sound. The story, as given by the South Island *kaumatuas*, is that he was in search of his missing wives, and on the shores of Milford found one of them transformed into greenstone. As Tama' wept over her, his tears flowed so copiously that they penetrated the rock, and that is why the clear kind of bowenite found on the slopes and beaches of Mitre Peak in that great Sound is called *tangiwai*, "tear-water," or the water of weeping. (Marks like tear-drops are sometimes seen in this greenstone, hence the name). The flax-like *kiekie* (*Freycinetia banksii*) which fringes the fiord shores for miles, sprang, says the legend, from the shreds of Tama's fibre shoulder-cape or *pokeka*, torn off in his forest travels.*

Arai-te-uru.

The Arai-te-uru, one of the large *pora* or sailing-canoes which reached New Zealand, came most probably from Tahiti. She first made the land on the east coast of the South Island, and the Maoris say her hull, transformed to stone, is to be seen in the sea close to Matakaea, now known as Shag Point, near the southern end of the Katiki beach, some miles south of the Moeraki Peninsula. She was capsized there; her crew landed safely, but her

*Mr. John White, in the "Ancient History of the Maori," Vol. II., pages 178 and 183, gives Rangi-ua-mutu as another name of the Tairea.

lading of seed-*kumara* (sweet potatoes) and *hué* gourds was scattered along the beach, and, according to the Maori legend, became petrified, forming the celebrated Moeraki boulders—remarkably spherical in shape, with a crystalline centre—whose origin has puzzled geologists. Should you doubt this tale, you have but to chip the outside off one of the round boulders, and you will see that the inside is of a reddish or yellowish colour, "exactly like a kumara," says the Maori!

The memory of many of the Arai-te-uru's crew is preserved in the names of mountains in the South Island, not only near the landing-place at Matakaea but as far inland as the Alps. The great Aorangi itself, the 12,000-feet-high monarch of the long icy range, is, according to the Ngai-Tahu Maoris, named after a chief called Aorangi, who was one of the canoe's passengers from Hawaiiki. (It is also worth noting that Ao-ra'i, or Ao-rangi, is the name of a mountain in Tahiti). Kirikiri-katata and Aroaro-kaehe, two of the other immigrants by Arai-te-uru, had their names bestowed upon parts of the Mount Cook or Aorangi Range, and the name of Maunga-atua, another of the canoe crew, was given to the mountains now known as the Ben Ohau Range, overlooking Lake Pukaki.

Then, close to the coast at Matakaea are the high hills known as Pakihiwi-tahi and Puke-tapu, also commemorating Arai-te-uru people. In the figurative fashion of the Maori, the former mountain is spoken of as the actual Pakihiwi-tahi, who was so named because he had one shoulder higher than the other. He went out bird-hunting one night, luring the easily-caught *weka* by imitating its cry. He had omitted to perform the ceremonies necessary to propitiate the gods of the new land and the spirits of the forest, for when daylight came there he was, immovably fixed, changed into a mountain. There is his shaggy head, set between his unequal shoulders, the lower one—on which the cairn in memory of Sir John McKenzie stands—depressed as if (say the Maoris) he were still hauling away at his capsized canoe,

Ara-i-te-uru, endeavouring to drag her on shore. A little further south, near the present railway station at Palmerston, is the sharp, conical hill Puke-tapu ("Sacred Mount"). Puke-tapu, in the symbolism of the Maoris, is Pakihiwi-tahi's slave-wife. She was sent out to gather firewood, and, venturing into the uncanny fairy country, she was metamorphosed into a mountain. On the steep green slopes of the hill-cone you may see two gullies or watercourses, marked by lines of waving *toétoé* (swamp-flag). These are the *kawae* or strips of flax-leaves which the luckless Puketapu took with her to carry home her load of firewood.

The Fleet of the Fourteenth Century.

Most Maoris can trace their descent back to one or other of the historic canoes, Aotea, Tokomaru, Tainui, Arawa, Mataatua, Takitimu, which arrived on these shores from the Society and Cook Islands in the early part of the fourteenth century. In addition to this line of descent many Maoris can repeat their genealogies back to various other canoes and to the *tangata-whenua*, the ancient people of the land who were already settled here. But they pride themselves most on their aristocratic descent from the later canoes, the Arawa-Tainui fleet. Of these six celebrated canoes, the Aotea is said by the descendants of her crew, who peopled the Taranaki province, to have come from Rangiatea, which, as has been discovered by Mr. S. Percy Smith, is identical with Raiatea Island, in the Society Group. The others came from the island of Tahiti, calling at Rarotonga on the way. All the canoes but Takitimu ended their voyages on the coast of the North Island; and Takitimu sailed to the far South, and according to legend was hauled ashore at Murihiku, the "Tail-of-the-Land," the general name of the present province of Southland and the shores of Foveaux Strait. It is probable, however, that most of her passengers landed in the North Island, for most of the East Coast tribes, from the East Cape down to the Wairarapa, claim descent from the Takitimu people.

All these canoes brought with them seed-*kumara*, also the *hue* gourd; some also brought the native dog and various birds for liberation in the new land, and slips or seeds of the *aute* or cloth-bark tree.

The Aotea.

The canoe Aotea—or to give the full name, Aotea-nui-no-Toto, meaning "Great-Aotea-from-Toto" (Toto being the Hawaiikian chief who gave her to her captain, Turi, his son-in-law)—is said to have sailed direct from Raiatea for New Zealand, no doubt guided by definite sailing-directions from previous visitors to the new country. She called on her voyage at an island, called Rangitahua, which is believed to be identical with Sunday Island, in the Kermadec Group; and there she took on board the crew of the canoe Kurahaupo, which had also sailed from the Pacific Islands for New Zealand but had been so badly damaged at sea, or in attempting the dangerous surf-landing at Sunday Island, that she was abandoned as useless. The Aotea coasted down the western side of the North Island until she sighted the great snow-clad peak of Mount Egmont, which the Maoris called Puke-haupapa ("Snowy Mountain") and later Taranaki; in the beautiful and fertile country at its base she landed her immigrants. Turi left the canoe on the northern coast of Taranaki, and travelled overland until he arrived at the mouth of the Patea River; there he settled, and made his first *kumara*-cultivations. Turi's settlement was at Rangitawhi, on the south bank of the Patea, near the Heads; there he built his stockaded *pa*, Matangi-rei; his *kumara*-garden, called Hekeheke-i-Papa, was made where the harbour signal-station now stands. Just below, on the bank of the Patea, is his water-spring, Te-Wai-o-Turi, still running after the lapse of six centuries. It is related of Turi that when he reached this district he took up a handful of the rich dark-red soil and smelt it, and pronounced it a good land; hence the *pepeha* or proverbial saying which is on the lips of every Patea and Whenuakura Maori in allusion to this

South Taranaki country: "Te whenua i hongihongia e Turi" ("The land which Turi smelled"). Later the *pakeha*, too, smelled out the fatness of this soil, and found that it was very good.

The memory of Turi is held in great veneration by the Taranaki people, and songs commemorating him are often heard at the present day, particularly at Parihaka, the town of the departed prophets Te Whiti and Tohu. The name of Rangiatea, the ancestral home of the race, is, too, held in high honour. "From Rangiatea is the seed of our coming," is a saying that Te Whiti was fond of quoting in his oracular addresses to his people; but the old mystic went back much further. He was strongly imbued with the idea, the result of an extraordinarily close study of the white man's Bible, that the Maoris were descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes, and that they were in fact *Iharaira*, or Israel. "Yes," he said to me one night in his big meeting-house at Parihaka, as we sat watching his white-plumed *poi*-girls rehearsing their dances, "I came from the Island Rangiatea, in Hawaiiki-kai. But I really came from a more ancient and greater Hawaiiki; I came from the land of Kēnana [Canaan]."

A Descendant of Turi. Tutange Waionui, of Pariroa, Patea.

The Tokomaru.

This canoe, originally from Tahiti, called at the Island of Rarotonga. She ended her voyage at the mouth of the Tongaporutu River, on the West Coast of the North Island, between Waitara and Mokau; her mooring-stone, or anchor—a large stone about three feet long, shaped somewhat like a pear, with a hole bored through the small end for the anchor rope—is hidden at the Mohakatino. The Tokomaru immigrants, it is said, encountered a tribe of aborigines on landing, and conquered them, killing some and enslaving the others. Her people were the ancestors of some of the Ngati-Ruanui, Ngati-Awa, Ngati-Tama, and Ngati-Mutunga tribes of Taranaki. Some of the remnant of the Ngati-Tama, once a very powerful tribe of warriors, still live in the vicinity of their ancestors' landing-place.

The Tainui; and the Mystery of the Korotangi.

The Tainui and Arawa seem to have kept in fairly close company on the voyage from the Eastern Pacific. Both made the land near the East Cape, no doubt running down on it before the favouring *hau-matangi,* the north-east breeze of summer-time. Tainui and Arawa both visited Whanga-paraoa, or "Sperm-whale Bay," just to the westward of the East Cape. Thence Tainui sailed across the Bay of Plenty and entered the Hauraki Gulf. After calling at various places in the Gulf her crew paddled her up the Tamaki River to the isthmus where the town of Otahuhu now stands, and hauled her ashore there in order to drag her across the neck into the harbour of Manukau, or Manuka as it is often and perhaps more properly called by the old Maoris. Some accounts say that she was successfully hauled across, but the majority of the traditions aver that the canoe stuck when part of the way across, and that no efforts on the part of her crew could move her. This, it is said, was a punishment by the gods for an offence committed by the chieftainess Marama, wife of Hoturoa, the com-

mander of Tainui. Marama had misconducted herself with her male slave, wherefore the curse fell, quite after the Maori fashion, on her crew. They placed skids and rollers beneath the keel of the canoe and toiled away at the drag-ropes, but in vain. This is the hauling-song chanted by the chiefs—one account I have says by Rakataura, the priest of the canoe, others by Marama herself—to encourage the crew as they hauled. It is an *unu-waka,* or "canoe-releasing" song, and is often to be heard sung to this day by the descendants of Hoturoa and Marama and Rakataura:

Toia Tainui,
Tapotu ki te moana.
Ma wai e to?
Maku e to, ma Whakatau.
Te rongona atu nei,
He tare-wainuku,
He tare-wairangi
Pu-nui e!
Nau-mai!
Nau-mai, e Tane!
Ka kau taua i te awa
I Pikopiko-i-Whiti,
Kia matakitaki a tana
Te tini e te mano.
Naku koe i tiki atu
I te Wao-nui-a-Tane.
Kimikimi e Tane,
Koakoa e Tane.
E turuturu haere ana mai
Te wai o te hika o Marama.
E patu ana mai
E te komurimuri hau
Na runga mai o Waihi,
Te iringa mai te ra o Tainui.
U-ura te ra,
Wewero te ra,
Nga tangata i whakiririka
Mamau ki te taura.
Kia tu matatorotia atu
Taku tu-matatoro.
Ihu o waka!
Turuki, turuki!
Paneke, paneke!

(Translation.)

Haul away Tainui,
To float upon the ocean!
Who shall haul her?
I and Whakatau shall haul!
Hear ye the troubling of Earth's waters,
The troubling of the waters of the sky?
Come, come, O Tane!*
Soon shall we float upon the waters
Of Pikopiko-i-Whiti,†
And there behold
The myriad tribes of man.
'Twas I that brought thee forth
From the Vast-Woods-of-Tane.
Now rejoice, O Tane!
The dew of Marama's sinful love
Drips from her like the rain.
A gentle breeze blows hitherwards
From Waihi, where Tainui's sail
Was spread out in the sun.
How red the sun!
Like spear-pricks its hot rays.
Now, all hands on the rope
And haul away!
Be strong, and move her.
Canoe-bows there!
Move, lift, and glide along!
Haul away!
Haul away!

*The canoe is here poetically addressed as Tane, the God of the forest, hence of all hewn timbers and of canoes.

†Pikopiko-i-Whiti is a river in Hawaiiki, often mentioned in legends and songs. When the hull of the Tainui was first launched it is said to have been floated down this stream.

The final words "*Turuki, turuki, pāneke, pāneke!*" were repeated as a chorus by all the people on the drag-rope.

The *unu-waka* was chanted in vain, however, according to most accounts, and Tainui was re-launched on the Tamaki, and sailed out of the Hauraki and all the way up round the North Cape, thence down the west coast to Kawhia and Mokau. Rakataura, the *tohunga*, it is said, left the canoe at Tamaki, with a number of followers, and travelled down the western side of the island. He afterwards met the Tainui people on their landing on the West Coast. Tainui visited the Mimi, near Pukearuhe (White Cliffs), and

Maketu, Kawhia Harbour. The landing-place of the Tainui Canoe.

making North again entered the mouth of the Mokau River, where Hoturoa planted three poles in token of his taking possession of the new land. Here, at Mokau Heads, are to be seen the celebrated groves of *Pomaderris tainui*, a small tree with a leaf somewhat like that of a loquat tree, which is found here and nowhere else in New Zealand; legend says that it sprang from the skids laid down on the beach for the purpose of hauling the Tainui up above high-water mark. Here, too, on the beach close to the Mokau settlement, is the anchor or mooring-stone of the Tainui, a peculiarly-shaped grooved and polished rock something like an hour-glass in outline, and about four feet in length. This stone *punga* or anchor is to this day regarded with great

veneration by the Tainui people at Mokau Heads, and is looked upon as the local *mauri-ika* or sacred emblem which ensures an abundance of fish.

But the Mokau was not the final resting-place of Tainui. Her crew sailed her back up the coast to Kawhia Harbour, which she had been unable to enter coming down. Hoturoa and Rakataura had met by this time; they had quarrelled but now became reconciled, and set up a joint *tuahu* or sacred altar at Mocatoa, and Hoturoa gave the priest his daughter, Kahu-rere (Flying Hawk), to wife.

The canoe was hauled up on the shore at Heahea, on the northern side of the harbour, and close by the immigrants built their first village, and named it after Maketu, a village in their far-away homeland. On this same spot stands to-day the little Maori settlement of Maketu (see page 68); it was an important Kingite gathering-place in the two decades which succeeded the Waikato war of 1863-64, and was for a time the home of King Tawhiao. Near by Hoturoa set up a *tuahu* or altar, and called it Ahurei, after a sacred place in Tahiti. The traditional resting-place of Tainui is to be seen to this day, in a clump of tall *manuka* just to the south of Maketu village. It is a very *tapu* spot in Maori eyes. Two white stones, each about four feet high, and sunk in the ground, mark the bow and stern of the canoe, which was buried here, say the Maoris. The distance between the two rocks is a little over sixty feet, which would probably be about the length of the canoe-hull; and it is remarkable that the clear space of ground in the heart of this *tapu* thicket, with the white stones at each end, is somewhat the shape of a Maori canoe. Whether the Tainui was actually buried here or not, there is no doubt it is the spot where she was finally drawn ashore. The Maoris aver that she lies there beneath the soil, turned to stone; but some inquisitive *pakehas* who wished to satisfy themselves of this with the help of a spade, were threatened with shooting. The sacred shrine of Tainui is jealously watched by Hoturoa's

descendants. The two white stones were, according to Tainui history, set up there by Hoturoa and Rakataura. That nearest the beach is known as "Puna," and the other as "Hani." Hoturoa planted "Puna" as an emblem of fertility and of the increase of population (*whakatupu-tangata*); "Hani," set up by the priest, was emblematical of the destruction of men in battle, the war-spirit (*whakarere-tangata, i runga i te tikanga o*

The Sacred Grove of the Tainui, Kawhia.

Tu). The photo on this page shows these two stones and the supposed resting-place of Tainui.

Some years ago the old Kingite chief Patara te Tuhi (whose photo appears as a frontispiece to this book) carved a very artistic model of his famous ancestral canoe Tainui. Patara is something of a *tohunga*, and was in his younger days noted as a very skilful wood-carver. This canoe model he carved in the best Maori style, a single canoe, equipped with little triangular sails of *raupo*, paddles and bailers, and all complete. I said to the old man:

"But was not Tainui a double canoe? How could a long narrow single canoe like that cross the ocean in safety? Were there not two canoes joined by a platform, like the Arawa?"

"Kahore! [No!]" emphatically replied Patara. "It was a single canoe, just like my model. That is the description handed down from my ancestors. As for crossing the Great-Ocean-of-Kiwa, why it is under the protection of our gods. Our wise men, the *tohungas,* were on board, and by their prayers and invocations they placated Tangaroa and Tawhiri-matea, the gods of the deep sea and the winds, and made a path through the seas for Tainui. And up above was Uenuku, the *atua* of the sky. It was Uenuku who guarded my canoe and brought it safe to shore. Uenuku was the protector of my ancestors, and he is the guardian of the Waikato people to-day. He is up above there"—and the old chief pointed to the sky; "you Europeans call him God or Jesus Christ, we Maoris say he is Uenuku. When you see the rainbow shining in the heavens that is his *aria,* the form and shape of Uenuku."

That Patara was correct in describing Tainui as a single canoe I have no doubt; it must have been one of the strong outrigger canoes called *va'a-motu* ("island-canoes") used in former days in the Society Islands.

Each of the canoes brought to New Zealand its sacred emblems, carven stone images of gods, and its *whatu-kura* or talismanic stones *karakia*'d over by the priests and deposited in the new land as *mauri,* to *pupuri* (literally "hold") the fertility of the soil, the abundance of fish and birds, and other food supplies, and the vitality and increase of the tribe. The Arawa canoe brought the stone images Matua-a-Tonga (a *kumara* god) and Itupawa. The Tainui brought amongst other sacred treasures the famous stone-carved bird known as "Koro-tangi," which is still in existence, and is probably the most remarkable of all Maori relics, pointing as it does to a remote connection with Asiatic shores, a memento of the sea-roving Polynesians of untold centuries back.

The "Korotangi" is in possession of a half-caste family, of high rank on the mother's side, and is at present in safe-keeping in a bank in the city of Wellington; there are casts of the original in several museums. I give a photo which the owners permitted me to have taken some years ago.

The Maoris say that the "Korotangi" was brought to these shores in the Tainui canoe from the olden home of the race. Te Heuheu, of Taupo, in giving me an ancient song about the carved bird—he sang it over "Korotangi" when we inspected the famous relic one night—spoke of it as "*he taonga, no runga i a Tainui, he mea hari mai no Te Hono-i-Wairua*" ("a treasure, from on board Tainui, a thing brought here from the Meeting-place-of-Spirits.")*Beyond that its history is unknown. It is not of Maori manufacture—that is certain. The old song says:—"*E hara tena he manu Maori*"—"That is not a Maori bird." It has been compared with an ancient Japanese bronze bird in a New Zealand museum; the two carvings are in some respects very similar.

The Korotangi.

The stone bird is not unlike a pigeon; a Polynesian interpretation of its name would be "The Crying Dove." It is carved as on a perch, measures ten and a-quarter inches from point of beak to tip of tail, and is carved with high artistic finish out of a very hard and heavy dark-green metallic stone. Its weight is four pounds ten ounces. The carving is in a wonderful state of preservation (except that a portion of the tail has been broken off)

*The Hono-i-Wairua, or Meeting (or Joining) Place of Departed Spirits, is a symbolical term for some of the ancient homes of the race, most probably in the Central Pacific.

considering the vicissitudes through which it must have passed since first the unknown artist fashioned it so cunningly.

What a romantic mystery envelopes this little "Crying Dove!" What questions does it not suggest! Was it borne like the Roman eagle in some ancient Asiatic ship? Is it the one lone relic of some captured foreign ship, cut off by the piratical Vikings of the mid-Pacific? For how many long centuries has it not traversed the Great-Ocean-of-Kiwa, from island unto island where the Son of Day has his flaming uprising—first, perhaps, in some far-cruising proa or junk, then in the long sailing-canoes of the Polynesian sailormen! If the "Crying Dove" could but speak what an Odyssey-like epic could it not tell us?

The Maoris say that the Kawhia and Waikato people —the descendants of the Tainui stock—carried "Korotangi" with them on their expeditions of war, and consulted it as an oracle. The bird was set up on a hill-top (*taumata*) by the taua, the war-party, and *karakia*'d to and invoked for assistance and good fortune. It was a tribal *mauri* or talisman, the bare-legged army's mascotte.

"Korotangi" was lost at Kawhia some generations ago (probably its last *tohunga* custodian died without revealing its keeping-place), and remained hidden for many years, no one knowing its whereabouts. Waikato and Tainui grieved greatly for their treasured bird, and dirges and laments were composed bearing on its disappearance. In course of time these poetical *waiata tangi* were adopted as funeral songs; a lost loved one was compared to "Korotangi," beautiful and rare, vanished for ever. But in modern times (about 1880) it was recovered, found at Kawhia under the roots of an old kahikatoa tree which had been blown down (where it had no doubt been hidden), and came into the possession of the Maori wife of the late Major Wilson, of Cambridge, Waikato. From far and near the Maoris (who instantly recognised the bird from the description preserved in tribal traditions) came to weep over it as if

it were a friend back from the dead. Old King Tawhiao, the celebrated warrior-chief Rewi, the Kingite leader Te Ngakau, visited it, and *tangi*'d loudly over their bird, sacred to them as the Ark of the Covenant which the Israelites bore in their weary journeyings.

This is the ancient song which the Maoris chant over "Korotangi"—a lament composed by a Kawhia woman long generations ago, when the bird was lost, and sung to this day by the Waikato and allied tribes at funeral gatherings as a *waiata-tangi,* a poetic "keen" for the illustrious dead. The Maori version begins:—"*Kaore te aroha, Mo taku nei manu*":

(Translation.)

Deep is my grief,
My little bird, for thee!
Nightly my sorrow bubbles up,
As low I lie within my house,
And ever long for thee,
My darling vanished one!
See ye, O maidens mine,
The water-birds at play—
(But Koro' is not like those),
'Tis not a Maori bird.
Oh, give it to me that I may
Gaze upon its curling feathers carved
In distant lands,
Brought hither from Tawhiti.*
Daily I pine for thee, my bird,
I tarry day by day and ask,
'Oh, where has Korotangi gone?
Haply he has flown afar
To feast on green pohata leaves.'
Nightly I sleepless lie,
And call for thee;
Thou wert the guardian of our treasures,
The warrior's oracle
Set up on battle-hill.
And now for help I turn my face
To Kawa-tapu-a-rangi!"

According to the Maoris of Waikato, this stone bird has a *mana tapu*, a sacred influence or spell, attaching to it. The possession of it involves the proprietor in as

*In the original:

"Homai me titiro
Ki te huruhuru whakaingoingo
Mai no Tawhiti."

serious a responsibility as that of the owner of a "hoodoo" ship. The Maori wife of its late owner, Major Wilson, was a lady of rank. When she had it in her charge, the chief Te Ngakau urged her to throw it into the Waikato River, which flowed past her house, for fear she would be bewitched (*makuturia*). In fact her death was by some of the Natives put down to the "evil eye" on account of her possession of "Korotangi." The relic is now in the hands of Major Wilson's children.

"Korotangi" is certainly not Maori; it is plainly the handiwork of a people more advanced in industrial art. Then where did the ancestors of the Maori obtain it?

This picture, a woodcut used as a head-piece in a genealogical document printed by the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe a few years ago, represents in Maori idea the arrival of the Tainui and Arawa canoes from Hawaiiki. The man paddling his own canoe is Rakataura the priest. Some of his descendants say that he did not come in the Tainui, but that he crossed the ocean riding on the back of a *taniwha*, a great fish called "Pane-iraira" ("Speckled-Head"), while his son, Hape-ki-tuarangi, accompanied him in a whirlwind *(hau-rauwhakarewarewa)*. Others again claim that, as shown above, he came neither in the Tainui nor on the *taniwha*, but that, like the founder of the Clan McPherson, who declined a passage in the Ark at the time of the Deluge, he had "a boat o' his ain."

The Arawa.

The Arawa was a large double canoe; she came from the island of Tahiti, calling at Rarotonga. Her captain, Tama-te-kapua, by stratagem, enticed Ngatoro-i-rangi, a celebrated priest or *tohunga,* on board the canoe, and carried him off, together with his wife Kearoa. Ngatoro-i-rangi was to have sailed in the Tainui, but Tama-te-

kapua, being without a priest or wizard of sufficient *mana,* had to resort to kidnapping one. Out at sea, Tama' seduced Kearoa—apparently she was very ready to accept his love-making. Then in revenge the priest drove the canoe into the very jaws of the terrible maelstrom known in Arawa tradition as "Te Waha-o-Parata," ("Parata's Mouth"), or "Te Korokoro-o-Te-Parata" ("The Throat of the Parata"), an emblematical term apparently for some unusual disturbance of the ocean, probably by a submarine earthquake or volcanic eruption. The canoe swiftly approached the spot where the ocean-monster sucked down the waters with an awful roaring noise. The story is told in much detail in Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology." I give the following brief narrative as told me by a direct descendant of Ngatoro-i-rangi. It contains the invocation of the chief Ika, which does not appear in Grey's version:—

"When Ngatoro-i-rangi found that his wife Kearoa had committed adultery with Tama-te-kapua, he was stricken with great anger. He turned the bows of the canoe, by his powerful *karakia,* so that the Arawa headed straight for Parata's-Throat. The canoe began to descend into the Throat; then the people cried out to him, 'O Ngatoro'! the pillow has fallen from under Kearoa's head; release the canoe [Unuhia!].' But Ngatoro' would not pay any heed to them, and the canoe was in great danger. Then up rose Ika, one of the chiefs on board, and he lifted up his voice in a prayer to the gods for help. He recited an incantation beginning *'Tenei toka nuku, te kiri o Tane'* in which he appealed to his *atua* to save the Skin-of-Tane the Tree-God floating on the waters, to hold it firmly back from the destruction that threatened it; he called to Rangi the Sky-god to descend and save the drowning Ribs-of-Tane, and cried, too, to Tangaroa [the Maori Neptune] to beat down the destroying waves of ocean.*

*As this ancient *karakia* has not previously been recorded, I give the original here, as a specimen of the Polynesian invocations to the gods in time of danger at sea; it is a *ruraku* or "firmly-binding" spell:

"But the canoe did not respond to this powerful spell, and continued to drift to destruction. Great confusion and terror fell upon the people on board, the men, women, and children. Then they cried again to Ngatoro' to save them. And the priest now took pity on his people, and he recited his most powerful *karakia*, his spell to release the canoe from the Throat. By this time some of the cargo of the Arawa had fallen or been washed overboard. The invocation which Ngatoro' recited was that beginning:

"'Unuhia, unuhia
Te pou tapu,
Ko te pou mua, ko te pou roto,'" &c.

Tenei toka nuku, te kiri o Tane;
Ko tai-pito, ko tai-ngahoa.
Hoa ita, hoa ita.
Te kupu tenei hoki te ruruku
Ka mau, ko te ruruku nui na Ika.
Rukutia mai hae kia u.
Tapu te raka kia u
Rukutia nga atua kia u.
Tapu te raka kia u.
Rukutia Tainui, te Arawa,
Kia u!
Tapu te raka kia u.
Rukutia nga tangata kia u.
Tapu te raka kia u!
E—i!
E Rangi e!
Ko Rangi taua iho.
Ko Rangi taua ake,
Ko Rangi tau apiti te tuahiwi,
Te tuahiwi o te Rangi.
Ka moumoua te Kaokao o Tane,
Tena toka whenua.
Whakamau atu te ruruku
Ki te ihu o te waka;
Whakamau atu te ruruku
Ki te ihu (? iho) o nga tangata.
Turou parea.
Pera hoki ra Tangaroa
I te horomea
I tukitukia ai, i taitaia ai.
O—oi!
Kani Tangaroa!
Whano, whano!
Haramai te toki!
Haumi e!
Ui—e!
Taiki—e!

"In this the *tohunga* besought the gods to draw out the canoe from the terrible Throat, the sacred canoe that once grew as a tree (*pou-tapu*) in the Great-Forest-of-Tane; he called upon the spirits of Rnarangi, of Mauitikitiki-o-Taranga, to descend by the path of Tawhaki the god, from the high heavens, and clear from perils Ngatoro's ocean track, the way by which Ngahue had aforetime sailed to the far land.

"The chant went on:

> " 'Rise, O Tangaroa, rise!
> Rise, O canoe and glide along!
> We gather way,
> 'Tis a propitious tide;
> The danger's o'er!'

"And immediately the priest had ended the recitation of that sacred *awa-moana,* the tumult of the ocean ceased, the Throat-of-Parata closed, the heavens grew light, and the canoe was saved."

The other incidents of the Arawa's voyage need not be recounted here, as they have already been fully recorded. Her people landed at Maketu, and took possession of the country extending thence to Rotorua, and eventually settled it here and there down as far as Lake Taupo. We know it must have been about midsummer when the canoe made the coast at the East Cape because the traditions tell us that the *rata* and *pohutukawa* trees that fringed the cliffs were in full bloom.

Paikea.

One of the most celebrated Hawaiikian immigrants was Paikea, about whom some marvellous legends are told. He arrived apparently shortly before the Takitimu, from Rarotonga; some accounts say he swam across the ocean, others that he came riding on his *taniwha,* a sea-monster. Evidently his descendants have forgotten the name of his canoe. Paikea, it is said, escaped from the destructive Tai-o-Ruatapu—the "Tide of Ruatapu"—probably a great earthquake wave, which devastated his Island home; some East Coast legends say that Ruatapu

scuttled his canoe at sea (apparently near Rarotonga) and that Paikea alone of all the crew escaped, and that he gathered his people on Hikurangi Mountain and so saved them from the terrible wave with which Ruatapu threatened them. ('Ikurangi is the present name of a mountain on Rarotonga Island). Some of Paikea's long incantations, supposed to have been uttered while he was swimming, as potent charms to bear him to land, are preserved by Ngati-Porou.

Tuta Nihoniho, one of the *kaumatuas* of Ngati-Porou, tells me that Paikea, he has heard from old *tohungas* of

This picture is from the title-page of the Maori newspaper "Te Puke-Ki-Hikurangi" ("The Mount at Hikurangi"). It depicts the Maori conception of this famous traditional peak as the Polynesian Ararat, where the people took refuge from the Flood of Ruatapu.

his tribe was the first to give the name "Aoteä-roa" to this country. Paikea, he says, came across the Great-Ocean-of-Kiwa on a *taniwha's* back—which recalls sundry fables of the Old World, such as the Greek story of the dolphin on whose back the musician Arion was borne safely to the shore, the benevolent sea-creature now immortalised in the constellation Delphinus. The first land Paikea reached was the Great Barrier Island (at the entrance to the Hauraki Gulf) which he named "Aoteä," after a certain place in Tahiti, meaning "clear day," or "broad daylight." Then, sailing his *taniwha*

The following genealogy gives the descent of a member of the Ngai-Tahu tribe (South Island) from Paikea:

Uenuku
|
PAIKEA
|
Tahu-potiki
|
Ira-tuhoe
|
Raka-te-huru-manu
|
Tahumuri
|
Nukuroa
|
Raka-waha-kura
|
Rakai-whaka-ata
|
Tuhaitara
|
Tama-raeroa
|
Te ao-hikuraki
|
Tu-ahuriri
|
Tane-tiki
|
Moe-ka-herehere
|
Te Rua-tu-whenua
|
Puaka
|
Te Raki
|
Te Ua-whakataka
|
Te Hau-raraka
|
Te Whe
|
Ka Heihei (f)
|
Kumea (f) married Thomas Green (a *pakeha*)
|
T. E. Green
(Half-caste Chief of the Ngati-Hinematua hapu, Tuahiwi, now about 65 years old).

The genealogy of which the above is a portion goes much further back, and traces the descent of Green's mother Kumea from the traditional Polynesian hero Maui. The number of generations from Maui to T. E. Green is given as fifty; this would indicate that Maui the navigator lived 1,300 years ago, about the beginning of the seventh century.

further on, he reached the mainland, the *tuawhenua*, the North Island of New Zealand, which he named Aoteä-roa—"Long-Aoteä." It was after this, says Tuta, that Tamatea, the captain of the Takitimu, making the New Zealand coast near Whanga-paraoa, in the vicinity of the East Cape, and gazing upon the far-stretching glittering white cliffs of the new land (*pari teä*, *pari kanapa*) shining in the summer sun, also called the Island "Ao-teä-roa," which in that sense would signify "Long Bright World." This was Tamatea's *pepeha* for the new country.

Some accounts say that Paikea first landed at Ahuahu, the island now known as the Great Mercury, lying off Mercury Bay, on the East Coast of the Auckland province. Ahuahu (literally meaning the little mounds of earth heaped up round *kumara* plants) is identical with A'ua'u, the ancient name of Mangaia Island, in the Cook Group. It is probable that Paikea named Ahuahu after some fancied resemblance to the tropic island. Mr. Percy Smith, however, thinks that Paikea, after escaping the general fate of those who went to sea in the canoe which Ruatapu scuttled, landed on the island now known

as Maugaia and then as A'ua'u, which in later times became identified with the New Zealand island so named.

The Takitimu.

The Takitimu (or Takitumu) canoe brought Tamatea and other chiefs; Ruawharo was her priest. Her crew were the ancestors of the Ngati-Porou, Ngati-Kahungunu, and other East Coast tribes, and also the ancestors of the Ngai-Tahu tribe of the South Island. Her voyage from Hawaiiki must have been a very protracted one, seeing that according to legend some of her people (probably slaves or children) were killed and eaten at sea, because the food supplies had given out. She sailed down the East Coast, calling at various localities and leaving some of her crew here and there, and ended her voyage in Murihiku (Southland), where the Takitimu range of mountains is called after this Hawaiikian pilgrim-ship.

Takitimu was a very sacred canoe, not only by reason of the many and varied ceremonies performed over her by the *tohungas* to render her seaworthy and proof against the waves and tempests of the Great-Ocean-of-Kiwa, but because her chiefs and priests were the repositories of the ancient lore (*kura*) of their race, and it was they who brought much of the old Hawaiikian knowledge taught in the *whare-wananga* or lodges of instruction to this new land of Aotea-roa.

There is a celebrated East Coast *haka* chant and chorus, frequently performed by the young men of the Ngati-Porou tribe, which embodies a portion of the ancient paddling-song of the Takitimu. This canoe-chant (*hautu-waka*) is a fine example of the rhythmic songs, with their regular beats and frequent repetitions, in which the Maori delights. The original is said to have been chanted by the chiefs of the Takitimu on their voyage from Polynesia to New Zealand; it is an excellent time-song for canoe-paddlers.

The *kai-hautu* or *kai-tuki waka,* the fugleman or captain, standing up amidships, begins:

(TRANSLATION.)

Papa te whatitiri, hikohiko te uira,
I kanapu ki te rangi; ru ana te whenua.

The thunder crashes, the lightning flashes,
Flashes in the heavens, and the earthquake shakes the land.

Then, waving his whalebone *patu* or his paddle, now on one side, now on the other, he chants:

He tia, he tia, he tia,
He ranga, he ranga, he ranga,
Whakarere iho te kakau o te hoe
Ko a Manini-tua, i Manini-aro
I tangi te kura, i Tangi-wiwini
I tangi te kura, i Tangi-wawana.
Tera te haeata takiri ana mai
I runga o Matateră
Ana Whaiuru, Whaiuru, Whaiuru
Ana Whaiato, Whaiato, Whaiato
I arara tini, i arara tini,
I arara ri-i!
E ko tena, tena;
E ko tena, tena;
E hara ko te wai o taku hoe,
Ko te wai o taku hoe.
Hei koti, hei koti, hei koti-i-i!
E ka rere te rere i te waka,
E kutangitangi, e kutangitangi;
E kura tiwaka taua,
E kura tiwaka taua!
E kura wawawa wai,
E kura wawawa wai-i-i!

Dip lightly, dip lightly!
Now a long stroke, a long stroke!
Plunge deeply your paddles,
The paddles Manini-tua and Manini-aro
Tangi-wiwini and Tangi-wawana.*
See, dawn is breaking yonder
On the peak of Matateră.
Now, Whaiuru, Whaiuru,
Now, Whaiato, Whaiato!†
Now a long strong stroke!
(Here the paddlers pause, while the canoe sweeps through the water under the impulse of the last stroke.)
Now, again, again!
Again, and again!
That was not the water from my paddle,
The water from my paddle.
Now dig in, cleave it,
A long strong stroke!
Now we're going along,
How the canoe flies!
How fine the paddles sound
All together!
My grand canoe,
My treasured canoe,
A treasure of the waters!
(A long strong stroke).

OTHER CANOES.

The canoe Mahuhu, the ancestral pilgrim ship of the Ngati-Whatua and certain other Northern tribes, is believed to have come to New Zealand many generations before the Arawa and other historic canoes of the great fleet. Her people settled at the mouth of the Kaipara Harbour.

The canoe Mamari, from whose crew most of the numerous Ngapuhi tribe, of North Auckland, are descended, landed at Hokianga Heads, where the majority

*Names of sacred paddles belonging to the Takitimu.
†Names of Hawaiikian chiefs.

of her crew settled. Her chief was Nuku-tawhiti, and her time of arrival was about the period of the Arawa, Tainui, etc. She is said to have come from the Society Islands (Tahiti or Raiatea) and to have called at Rarotonga.

The tribes of North Auckland are also in part descended from some of the arrivals by the Mata-hourua (Kupe's canoe) and Mataatua; the former called at Hokianga, on the west coast, and the latter visited the northern coast before going south to Whakatane, where she landed the people who became the ancestors of the Ngati-Awa and (in part) the Urewera tribes.

The canoe Horonta is believed to have arrived here about a hundred and fifty years before the arrival of the main fleet. Some of the descendants are amongst the Ngati-Porou tribe, East Cape, and also amongst the Tuhoe or Urewera tribe. A curious story about the Horouta is told by Mr. Elsdon Best, in his "Notes on Ancient Polynesian Migrants." There is a tradition, he says, that a number of black men came with the Maoris in the canoe; they spoke a different language from that of the Maori people, and were known as Ngai-Tama-Whiro, being the tribe or descendants of Whiro. These black-skinned men, who are surmised to have been Melanesians of Fiji, settled near Matatā, and no doubt intermarried with the Maoris. This evidently is one of the sources from which some of the Maoris derive their part-Melanesian physiognomy.

Other canoes, whose arrival on these shores has been recorded by Mr. John White, Colonel Gudgeon, and Mr. Elsdon Best, were the following:—Nukutere, crew landed on east coast; Rangimatoru and Oturereao, landed at Ohiwa, Bay of Plenty; Mangarara, landed at East Cape; Pangatoru or Papakatoru, Ariki-mai-tai, landed in Taranaki; Te Rua-karamea, Waipapa, Te Mamaru, Riu-kakara, and Moe-kakara, east coast of North Auckland district.

More than one canoe of olden times not only reached New Zealand from the Islands of the Eastern Pacific, but also boldly sailed back again, making a round voyage of

probably from four to five thousand miles. Ngahue and Kupe were, as has been seen, captains of two of these canoes, and Maku was an even earlier sailor-visitor. Later, some six or seven hundred years ago, there was the remarkable voyage of the Ara-tawhao, manned by a crew of the aboriginal people of New Zealand, from this country to the islands of the Eastern Pacific, for seed-*kumara*. The story of this canoe has been gathered in interesting detail from the Ngati-Awa tribe, of the Whakatane Valley, by Mr. Elsdon Best, and is told in his "Notes on Ancient Polynesian Migrants" (Transactions of the New Zealand Institute, vol. xxxvii., 1904).

The Moeraki Boulders. See page 62.

Chapter VI.

THE NEW LAND, AND HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

These islands of New Zealand, with their great extent of coast-line, their immense, apparently illimitable expanse of forest, their many large rivers, and their towering mountain ranges, must have seemed a vast and wonderful land to the immigrants from Polynesia after the confined spaces of the mid-Pacific islands and atolls. They had left their tropic homes in search of a place where they might have more freedom and more spaciousness, where one tribe need not jostle another and fight for the possession of a breadfruit-tree or a *taro*-patch. Here surely in this big new country there would be room enough and to spare. There was; but it was not always easy to select new homes, for some of the most inviting parts of the coast were already occupied by the *tangata-whenua*, the aborigines, who no doubt opposed the landing of the new-comers in several cases, though only one Maori tradition mentions the fact. This was most probably the reason why most of the canoes made long voyages from place to place along the coast before their crews eventually landed. In the end, as they increased in numbers, they got the better of the *tangata-whenua*, sometimes by peaceful alliance but more often by conquest, or, as the Maori phrases it, by the *ringa-kaha*, the "strong hand," by force of *rau-patu*, "the blade of the weapon."

With joyful feelings these brown-skinned colonists beached their long canoes on the sands of Maketu, of Kawhia, of Whangara, of Taranaki, and found themselves free to explore the strange new land of Aotea-roa. They wandered up the valleys, crossed the wooded ranges, built *mokihi* or rafts of flax-stalks to

cross the deeper streams, and looked with wondering eyes on the wide plains of the interior, covered with forests or with leagues upon leagues of flax and fern and *raupo* and white-flagged *toetoe*, through which wound the silver thread of many a river. They appraised with the true eye of the pioneer the "eyes" of the land, the most suitable places for settlement, where they might build their thatched huts and plant their crops. The chiefs *takahi*'d (literally "trod") the land, claiming it for themselves and those who were to come after them, and gave names to all the principal features of the landscape —mountains, hills, lakes, rivers, often even to particular or remarkable trees and rocks. A chief frequently named places after himself or his relatives; this constituted a full and complete title to the land, that is provided he was the first of the explorers so to name or *tapa* it. Pointing to a mountain range, he would say, "That is my backbone" (*tuara*); or to a hill, "That is my head" (*upoko*); or he would name a tree under which he rested, his *rakau-whakamarumaru*, his "sheltering tree." These names were preserved, and in modern days they have been successfully adduced in the Land Courts as proofs of ancestral discovery and occupation.

Though in many parts there were aboriginal tribes, yet the interior the immigrants prospected must have been almost a virgin land. Dense forests, dark and mysterious, covered the greater part of the country; wild birds swarmed in incalculable numbers. The voice of man could scarce be heard on the forest outskirts in the early morning for the chiming and chanting of the birds, the teeming *tui*, the sweetly-tinkling bell-bird, the screaming noisy *kaka* parrot, the *ku-ku*-ing pigeons, and the countless other feathered children of Tane, the Forest-Father. The pioneers set up their cunningly-devised snares for the forest-birds, and speared them with long limber barbed spears; they made rat-pits and set spring-traps (*tawhiti*) for the *kiore maori*, the native rat; built eel-weirs of stakes, and set *hinaki-tuna* or woven eel-pots for the myriads of eels in the creeks; and

manufactured long seines of flax for sea-fishing. They religiously set up their *tuahu* or shrines of worship and oblation immediately they settled anywhere; these *tuahu* consisted generally of stones, sometimes roughly carved, representing the various gods whom they held in fear or reverence. Their hereditary priests offered to the gods the first-fruits of everything, whether a bird taken in the snare or with the spear, a fish taken in the net, the first of the *kumara* or *taro* crops—or the heart of the first enemy slain in battle. They discarded their too airy *tapa* garments for the more substantial ones woven from the useful fibre of the *harakeke*, or flax, and the *toi*, the strong-leaved mountain-palm. They foraged mountain and bush and swamp for the foods of Aotea-roa. Such well-schooled children of Nature as they were not long in finding out for themselves the usefulness or otherwise of every plant that grew. Of some trees and shrubs they ate the berries, from other berries they expressed juice that made an agreeable drink; of the *ti*-palm or *kauru* they cooked and ate the saccharine roots.

In such fashion they lived. They multiplied, and became numerous enough to construct great hill-forts with fosse and palisade and entrenched *tihi* or citadel; and soon held dominion over the old *tangata-whenua*, the aboriginal tribes.

Many natural objects in New Zealand bear names that are identical, after allowing for slight dialectical differences, with those of somewhat similar objects in Samoa, Tahiti, Rarotonga, and other Hawaiikian islands. Many trees and birds in these islands bear names that are widely distributed through the Pacific; but it does not follow, however, that the species are the same. They are not, but the general resemblance led the Maori pioneers to bestow upon the creatures and forest-trees of the new land names they had brought from their tropic homes. The name of the *nikau* palm is an interesting instance. *Niu*, with its variant forms of *ni'au* and *ni'ao*, is the present general Polynesian term for the coco-nut; an exception is to be noted in Mangareva

(Gambier Islands), far to the east, where a remarkably pure form of the Maori tongue is spoken. It has been surmised that the Maoris gave the New Zealand palm *Areca sapida* its name *nikau* because to their disappointment it was unlike the useful coco-nut of their old homes and bore no milk-nuts (*u*=milk), and therefore was *ni-kau*—"nothing but leaves." But the fact that far away in Mangareva, the coco-nut is still called *nikau* and that in some islands the tree is called *ni'au* or *ni'ao* goes to show that *nikau* was the original name of the tree, and that in the intervening islands the "k" has in course of time been elided, as in so many other words.* The beautiful *karaka*, one of the most ornamental of New Zealand's indigenous trees, the berry of which was universally used as food by the Maoris, is said in tradition to have been brought from Hawaiiki; but botanists say that this particular species does not grow in the South Sea Islands. It is the opinion of some Maori investigators that some *karaka*-berries may have been brought from Sunday Island, in the Kermadecs, at which the "Aotea" canoe is believed to have touched, and planted by the Maoris in their new home. Certainly the Taranaki natives believe that Turi, the captain of the Aotea, introduced the *karaka*. "Look around you at these plains of Waimate," said the old *tohunga*-warrior Taukē to me one day at his little village Hokorima; "and see those *karaka* trees. They are not of this land, they are from Hawaiiki; it was my ancestor Turi who planted them here and covered the country with them." There is a tree very similar in appearance to the *karaka* growing on Niuē (Savage Island); it has the same shining

*The term *niu*, applied by the Maoris to the throwing-sticks or rods used by the priests in a form of divination—an ancient Asiatic and Hebrew practice—is also, I have no doubt, to be traced back to the *niu* or coco-nut of Polynesia. In certain of the Polynesian Islands it was customary for the wizards to spin the coco-nut in divination; and those who have taken part in a Samoan *kava*-drinking ceremony will remember the peculiarly deft fashion in which the chiefs send the polished coco-nut shell spinning back across the floor after they have drunk. In the days of the Hauhau war, the Maoris applied the term *nui* to the flag pole, rigged like a ship's mast, round which they marched in their *Pai-marire* ceremonies.

rich green foliage and the same abundance of yellow drupes, and it is called the *kalaka*; but it is said to be of a different species from that of our familiar New Zealand tree. On Niué, too, is a shrub called *poro*, very similar to the *poroporo* of New Zealand. Both plants bear an abundance of berries, which are eaten by the natives. It is rather curious that the Niuē people, who anciently had no direct communication with New Zealand, as far as is known, should possess Maori names for plants which are identical in general appearance with those of Maori Land. Some other Niuē tree-names, such as the *kafika*, closely resemble those of common forest trees in New Zealand; but the resemblance in the case of the *kafika* is only in name; our New Zealand *kahika-tea* and *kahika-toa* are not found in Niuē.

Had the northern part of New Zealand extended only a few hundred miles nearer the tropics, there is no doubt the coco-palm would have been successfully introduced here by the Polynesians. Most likely they planted cocoanuts on their arrival, and probably they also planted the breadfruit, but New Zealand is too far south for these tropic children of Tane. The *uwhi* (*ufi*), or yam, it is said, was grown in the North for a time, but died out. The *taro*, *kumara*, and *hue* were the only food-plants that survived. The *aute*, or paper-mulberry, was grown for a time in certain parts of the East Coast, but has long been extinct. Its light bark-cloth, beaten out like South Sea Island *tapa*, was often used for kites, which were called *manu-aute*, or "birds-made-of-*aute*-bark."

Maori songs and chants often contain words and names imported from Hawaiiki, of which the original significance has been lost to the New Zealand natives. The names of places, trees, etc., of old Polynesia are recited in these poems, but the Maoris who so carefully rehearse the centuries-old chants can seldom explain much about them. It remains for *pakehas* who are students of Polynesian history, the traditions and

legends of Tahiti and Raiatea and Rarotonga, to elucidate these allusions.

Recently I obtained from an old member of the Arawa tribe a song which I found crystallised a reference to the breadfruit tree of the Pacific Islands, a tree quite unknown to our Maoris. This song is a *tau* or lament composed and chanted by one Hinewai, a woman of the Ngati-Uenukukopako *hapu,* for Te Arakau, her grandson, who was killed at Ohinemutu about a hundred years ago by Ngati-Whakaue. She was living at Te Ariki, on the shore of Lake Tarawera, when the news of her favourite grandson's death reached her, and she sang her song of lamentation, a chant well-known in all Rotorua villages to-day. This is a portion of the *tangi* chant for the young warrior who had, as the mourner phrased it, "gone to the Night":

Wawa tangi o te moana
Ki Rotorua,
Wawa tangi ki to tupuna,
E wheoro iho nei i te rangi,
Te kite au i to matenga,
Ka whakahehe mai au i Tarawera.
* * * *
Rakau tapu o Hawaiiki,
O tera taha o Tawhiti-nui,
Ko te kuru whakamarumaru
O te whare o Uenuku,
Ko aho-tea, ko nga pu-rakau o te Arawa.
Ko tou rite ia i tuaina
Ki te toki nei ki a Hahau-te-rangi
Ka hinga i te awatea na,
Ka kino te kiri o Kahukura-i-te-Rangi e!

(Translation.)

Sadly the murmuring waters roll
On Rotorua's shores,
Crying thy death-song to thine ancestors
Whose fame sounds through the sky.
I did not see thy death,
And when I heard of it believed it not.
* * * * * *
Oh, thou wert as the sacred tree
Of far Hawaiiki, beyond the isle
Of Great-Tawhiti,
The breadfruit-tree that shaded Uenuku's house.
Thou wert as the trees cut down
To build the Arawa canoe,
The trees felled with the axe Hahau-te-rangi.
The glory of the heavens has gone!

Hera te Ata, a Chieftainess of the Ngati-Kahungunu Tribe, Wairarapa.
Died at Taueru, 1898, aged about one hundred years.

The line in this song which will particularly interest students of Polynesian folk-lore is that referring to the "tapu tree of Hawaiiki," "*te kuru whakamarumaru o te whare o Uenuku.*"

Uenuku is remembered as a great priest and chief who lived in Hawaiiki (either Tahiti or Rarotonga); his dwelling was shaded by a tree of whose fruit Tama-te-kapua, the commander of the Arawa canoe, was said to have surreptitiously eaten, having entered the garden on stilts (*poutoti*) in order to prevent discovery. Now, in most Maori traditions, including the history of the Arawa written for Sir George Grey by Wi Maihi te Rangikaheke and other Rotorua Maoris, this historic tree is spoken of as a *poroporo*, which is the *solanum*, a common New Zealand berry-bearing shrub—the early settlers' "bull-a-bull." The present song tells us what the tree really was that shaded Uenuku's house; it was the *kuru*, which is the general Polynesian name of the breadfruit, that beautiful and useful tree which is so highly prized in all South-Sea villages, and which is often planted around the natives' houses, to give both fruit and shade. The Maoris have long forgotten what the *kuru* tree was; but the word has been carefully handed down through many generations.

One other instance in which the *kuru* tree is mentioned in song occurs in a *pihapiha-ko-kumara*, or *kumara*-planting chant, recited to me by old Tamarangi, of Mokoia Island, Lake Rotorua. This chant was repeated by the *tohungas* on Mokoia when the planting of the *kumara* began each season. There is reference to Waeroti and Waerota, the legendary South-Sea Island homes of the sweet potato, and the *karakia* proceeds:

> "*Te tau mai ai te hua kuru, horahia whakatake te hua o te kauri.*"
> (Though we have not here the fruit of the *kuru*, spread out, fallen, is the fruit of the *kauri.*")

Several New Zealand birds have widely-known Polynesian names, such as the *kahu*, or hawk. *Rupe*, the ancient Maori poetical name for the wood-pigeon, we

find as *lupe* in Samoa. There is another bird name, the *makomako* (or *korimako*), our New Zealand bell-bird—whose sweet notes are seldom heard in the North Island now, but are familiar in the South, and on some of the outlying islands—which is similar to that of a forest-bird in Samoa, a resemblance that has not been previously noted, as far as I can ascertain. This Samoan bird, which has a very sweet note, and is, like our bell-bird, a harbinger of dawn, is called the *ma'oma'o*—the New Zealand name with the "k" elided.

As for place-names, the Polynesian was as fond as any English or Gaelic emigrant of taking his loved home-titles with him across the sea. Our New Zealand maps are covered with names which have been transplanted from Tahiti, Raiatea, Rarotonga, Samoa, and even more distant Hawaiikis of the race. Such New Zealand names as Rangiatea, Aorangi, Arorangi, Whangara, Tawhitimui, Tokomaru, Ahurei, Maketu, Motutapu, Hawai, Rakiura, Arahura, Ahuahu, Aotea, Tokerau, Rapanui, Waihi, Morea, are of Hawaiikian origin, and it is through them that we are often enabled to trace with exactness former abiding-places of the Maori in the tropic seas.

The Name "Aotea-roa."

In the legend of Paikea, given in the previous chapter, there is a Maori explanation of the reason why the name Aotea-roa was bestowed upon the new land. The name is indeed capable of many interpretations, of which "Long White Cloud" is the least acceptable. "Ao" in the sense in which it is used in this name connotes, indeed, anything but a cloud. "Ao-tea" signifies the æther; the bright light of morning, the brilliantly clear light of day; it is really a variant of "awatea," clear daylight; the full dawn. "Aotea-roa" thus may be literally interpreted as "Long Daylight"; or "The Long-Lingering Day."

Then there is another permissible translation, supported by a tradition of the Takitimu people. Tamatea, the captain of the Takitimu canoe, sailing in towards the

land at Whanga-paraoa (near Cape Runaway) bestowed the name "Aotea-roa" on the new country, as his *pepeha* or terse descriptive phrase for the land that lay stretched out before him. He called it "Aotea-roa"—"The Long Bright World"—because of the long white cliffs shining in the sun (*pari teä, pari kanapa*), that belted the land as far as the eye could see. Here the adjective "*teä*" carries the idea of brightness and light, just as it does in "Titi-teä," the Maori name for Mount Aspiring, in the South Island—"the sharp peak of glistening white."

To understand the full descriptiveness of such a name one should cruise along the East Coast anywhere northwards of Hawke's Bay. Lit up by the morning sun, some of these great cliffs glitter like chalk or pumice, landmarks a long distance away at sea. A typical precipitous stretch of coast bluff, such as I can well imagine would have justified the Maoris in naming this country "The Long Bright Land," is the singular "tattooed cliff" at Kaokaoroa, near Matatā, in the Bay of Plenty; a flashing white wall of rock, its brightness intensified by the beautiful groves of *pohutukawa* that droop their great boughs over the edge of the bluff.*

The late Judge J. A. Wilson, in his "Sketches of Ancient Maori Life and History," gives "Long White World" as his interpretation of the place-name Aotea-roa. The Maoris bestowed this name upon the new country, he writes, because when they arrived off the coast and sailed along it for hundreds of miles they "were impressed with its extent and its white appearance. From the western precipices of the Great Barrier and Mercury Islands, to the beaches and headlands of the Bay of Plenty, and from Te Mahia to past the East Cape, all the coast-line was more or less white in colour as the eastern summer sun shone upon it. The few dark rocks brought the white into relief, and increased the

* "W.B." [Mr. William Baucke], of Te Kuiti, in one of his fine articles under the title of "Where the White Man Treads," considers that the general idea meant to be conveyed in naming New Zealand Aotea-roa was "The Land Made Bright by the Rising Sun."

impression, and they were partially hidden too, by the foliage of the *pohutukawa* tree, that was not to know the white man's axe for several hundred years to come."

However, Mr. S. Percy Smith, in his book "Hawaiiki; the Whence of the Maori," states that Aotea-roa was an old name of the island of Tahiti, the last Maori Hawaiiki. It is indeed very probable the name is an extremely old one, a term coined by the ancient Polynesian sailors long anterior to the historic migration.

"Te Aotea-roa o te Maori," Mr. Smith also notes, is an expression which occurs in an ancient Tahitian chant, evidently referring to New Zealand, the latest Aotea-roa.

Whatever the exact circumstances were that led to the first giving of this name, I think we are fairly justified in making use of it nowadays as a descriptive term; and that "The Land of Long Daylight" or "The Long Bright Land" are permissible interpretations.

The Tangata-whenua.

Of the *tangata-whenua*, the ancient aboriginal tribes, there are a great many interesting traditions, legends and songs. As a race they bore many names, some of which are plainly allegorical or mythical; the Turehu or Patu-paiarehe, the fairy people, who dwell high up on the misty mountains and in the tangled depths of the forests, are evidently really memories of conquered aboriginal tribes whose remnants took to the more inaccessible places in the land. The Kahui-maunga or People-of-the-Mountains are remembered as one of the aboriginal tribes of Taranaki driven into the wilderness by the more aggressive and enterprising descendants of Turi and his people of the historic canoe-fleet. The *tangata-whenua* tribes seem to have been particularly numerous on the eastern side of the island. Those who lived on the shores of the Bay of Plenty appear to have been in general known as Te Tini-o-Toi, "the Multitude of-Toi," called after their eponymous head-chief. This

Toi-kai-rakau ("Toi-the-Eater-of-Forest-Foods")
Rauru
Hatonga
Maahu-nuku
Maahu-rangi
Maahu-titi
Maahu-tapoa-nui (This chief's son is said to have become a *taniwha*, or water monster, and is credited in Maori fable with the formation of Lake Waikare-Moana.
Te Rangi-taupiri
Tamaka
Wairere
Te Rangi-hinepi (a woman of the tribe Tini-o-Toi; she married Tane-potakataka of Ngati-Ruapani)
Te Kapiti
Tope
Hoputaua
Hine-te-moa (married Pakatoi)
Hinekahu
Te Amotaua
Pakitua
Karatau
Hinemare
Tohi
Paora Puketapu (died 1899)
Hurae Puketapu (born about 1855)
Te Herehnia (Hurae's daughter, aged about 30)
Tare Paroa (a child)

Toi is generally known as Toi-kai-rakau, or "Toi-who-lived-on-forest-foods"—the principal vegetable fare of the aboriginal people being, besides the *hue* gourd, the pith of the *mamaku* fern-tree, the shoots of the *pikopiko* fern, *tawhara* (the fruit of the *kiekie* or *Freycinetia banksii*), the *karaka*, *tawa*, *hinau*, *koroi* (*kahikatea*) and other berries, and above all the fern-root or *aruhe*; the *kumara* and *taro* were not introduced from the Pacific Islands until the canoes of the fleet brought them in the fourteenth century. The Tini-o-Toi were a very numerous tribe, with large villages and many strongly trenched and walled hill-forts. The people who came in the canoe Mataatua intermarried with them, and with the other aboriginal tribes that held the valleys and mountains from Whakatane to the East Cape and inland to Lake Waikare-moana. A genealogy from Toi-kai-rakau to a present Waikare-moana family is given in the margin (allow a generation of twenty-five years for each name). The Tini-o-Te-Marangaranga were an important and numerous section of the *tangata-whenua*; they occupied the valley of the Rangitaiki, and the adjacent country, and

were conquered by the descendants of the Hawaiikian immigrants.

The following names of the ancient tribes of *tangata whenua* or aboriginal people who occupied the Rotorua district and the shores of the Bay of Plenty prior to the Arawa immigration are given me by a member of the Ngati-Whakaue tribe of Ohinemutu. Most of these tribes were named after trees and plants and other natural objects:

Waiohua;
Kahu-Pungapunga (garments dyed yellow with the *raupo* bulrush pollen);
Pakakohi (a kind of edible fern-root);
Kokomuka-Tutara-Whare (the creeper that spreads over the sides of a house);
Tururu-Manku (the drooping fern-tree);
Raupo-Ngaoheohe (the quivering *raupo* bulrush);
Haere-Marire (travel peacefully);
Te Ngaru-Tauwharewharenga (the curling wave);
Te Hune-Raupo (the soft fluffy down of the *raupo* rush);
Te Pirita (The supplejack);
Te Aruhe-Toro-rararo (the long creeping fern-root).

Most of these tribes were conquered by the descendants of the Arawa and Mataatua immigrants.

The Waiohua were also the people who thickly inhabited the Auckland isthmus in ancient days, and terraced the many great *pas* on the volcanic hills of Tamaki-makau-rau.

The *urukehu* or fair-haired strain in the Maori race is said to have come from some of these *tangata-whenua* tribes.

The Travels of Ngatoro-i-Rangi.

The descendants of the various pioneer canoe crews have preserved in great detail the accounts of the exploration, naming, and settling of the new land by their Polynesian ancestors. I will give something of the Arawa story as illustrating the way in which these chiefs and priests of ancient days *takahi*'d the new land.

The Arawa's crew, landing on the Bay of Plenty coast, gradually made their way southwards until they had explored the land as far as the great central lake of Taupo, and the volcanic mountains of Tongariro, Ngauruhoe, and Ruapehu.

Just as in the case of the Tainui, the priest or *tohunga* of the Arawa was the most enterprising explorer of all his crew. Tama-te-kapua went north as far as the Hauraki Gulf, and died, and was laid to rest on the lofty summit of the mountain-cape which *pakehas* call Cape Colville, but which to the Maori is Te Moehau-o-Tama-te-kapua, "Tama's Sacred Sleeping-place." But it is Ngatoro-i-rangi, the high-priest of the Arawa, whose exploring deeds are handed down in tradition, hazed by the lapse of time with a mist of the supernatural and the miraculous.

Ngatoro-i-rangi, with a number of companions, set out from Maketu southwards to view the land. Penetrating the forests, he emerged on the shores of Lake Rotorua, and passed on south to Lake Tarawera. Thence he struck out across the desolate Kaingaroa Plains, the great pumiceous plateau which extends eastwards to Galatea, in the valley of the Rangitaiki, and southward to the eastern shores of Lake Taupo, a huge prairie expanse clothed chiefly with tussock grass and the *manoao* shrub, and dotted with *ti*-palms, or cabbage trees. The middle of the plateau is practically waterless; only at the eastern and western sides are there springs. About three miles from Waiotapu, in the direction of Galatea, eastwards, just where the Kaingaroa is entered, there is a water-spring famous amongst the Maoris; it is known as "Te Wai-puna-i-takahia-a-Ngatoro-i-rangi"—"The Fountain caused by Ngatoro's Stamping."

The legend accounting for the origin of the spring says that Ngatoro-i-rangi, when crossing this part of the country from Tarawera, became very thirsty, and sought in vain for water. So, like Moses, he struck the ground with his staff, and he stamped upon it and

uttered an invocation to his gods, and immediately a beautiful fountain burst forth, and he and his followers drank and were satisfied, and ever since the spring has borne the name of the great magician of the Arawa. It is an ever-flowing clear spring of very cold pure water welling mysteriously from the earth, and disappearing as mysteriously a short distance away. This "*fons Bandusiæ*" of Maori Land is close to the old Maori track from Waiotapu across the plains. Should you drink from it, say the Maoris, you must be careful to observe a little ceremony before you quench your thirst, for this is a sacred spring and one that should be highly thought of. You must with your hand scoop up a little of the water and throw it out to each side of the well, two handfuls to the right and two to the left. This is a thank-offering to the gods of Ngatoro-i-rangi and the ancestral spirits, the *Wananga*, the *Tauira*. Should you fail to observe this Maori grace before drinking, the spring will dry up. This ancient observance resembles the Samoan custom, to be observed to this day at any ceremonial *kava*-drinking, of pouring out on the ground a libation from the *kava*-cup before drinking, as an offering to the *Aitu*, the deities of the household, the ancestral lares.

Another legend of the semi-deified wizard of the Arawa contains a reference to the *ti*-palms of the Kaingaroa Plains. Some of these *ti*, it is said, were originally women, and were changed by enchantment into trees, which for ever kept moving about the plains in the strange days of old, so that the traveller might set his course towards them but never reach them. They are called "Nga Ti Whakaaweawe-a-Ngatoro-i-rangi" ("The Elusive Palm-trees of Ngatoro-i-rangi"). One of these tall *ti*, *tapu* to Ngatoro-i-rangi, is, however, to be readily approached by the wayfarer, who may see it by the side of one of the old Maori tracks over the plains, some distance from the present road to Galatea, about half-way across the plateau. It has three branches, and its butt is curiously carved with stone axes.

Ngatoro-i-rangi, say the Maoris, was passing this spot when he plucked a hair (*makawe*) from his sacred head and uttering a charm (*karakia*) cast it down here. Immediately this *ti*-palm sprang up to mark the place. In after years it became a *tuāhu*, or shrine, where pious Maori travellers laid offerings as they passed, and repeated short invocations to propitiate the *genii* of the plains. At the foot of the tree lies a heap of *matā-tuhua*, splinters of obsidian, used by the natives to lacerate their flesh at funeral gatherings, and also to cut the hair of *tapu* persons—an operation always performed at a sacred place. This is but one of innumerable instances of tree-veneration amongst the Maoris.

A Descendant of Ngatoro-i-rangi: Te Heuheu Tukino, the head-chief of the Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribe, Taupo.

Ngatoro-i-rangi travelled south to Tongariro and climbed that mountain. The story of how the sacred fire—the fabled genesis of the thermal district hot springs—was sent to him from Hawaiiki to save him from perishing of cold has often been told, therefore I need not repeat it here.

A story of Ngatoro-i-rangi that has not been told, however, is that of his encounter with Tama-o-hoi, Tarawera mountain. Tama-o-hoi—who was evidently a chief of the *tangata-whenua*, the aboriginal people—was the man who owned Tarawera, and he dwelt there at the foot of the mountain. He was a cannibal, and frequently waylaid and murdered and ate stray travellers passing through his lakeland domains. The Arawa high-priest determined to put a stop to this. He went to Tama-o-hoi's *kainga*, and meeting the cannibal of the mountain, he said to him:

"So you are the man who slays and devours travellers, are you? Go down into the earth and remain there for ever!"

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So saying he stamped with his foot on the ground and formed a magical *rua* or chasm, into which he forced Tama-o-hoi, and *takahi*'d (literally "stamped") him into the earth, which closed over the *tangata-whenua* chief. And Tama-o-hoi dwelt there in the heart of the mountain in a slumber of full five centuries, the quiescent demon of the land. Until Tuhoto aroused him. Tuhoto was the much-feared reputed sorcerer, a centenarian in years, who in Maori belief caused the eruption of Tarawera in 1886, by invoking his long-slumbering ancestor Tama-o-hoi and Ruaimoko, the God of Volcanoes, to rise and destroy Te Wairoa and the Tuhourangi tribe. In that outburst half the Tuhourangi tribe perished; and let us hope that Tama-o-hoi, too, was finally disposed of when his ancient mountain-home was shattered in his terrible vengeance on Ngatoro-i-rangi's descendants, and that the volcano-god of Tarawera will no more arise to trouble Maori or *pakeha*.

The Maori was now cut off from Hawaiiki. Canoe-voyaging to the distant tropic isles ceased altogether, and for probably three and a half centuries, until Captain Cook brought Tupaea to these shores in the "Endeavour" in 1769, the Maori neither saw nor heard of his Tahitian cousins. He was isolated in Aotea-roa, a South Sea navigator no more.

Chapter VII.

MAORI COSMOGONY AND RELIGION.

The ancient religion of the Maori-Polynesian may be broadly said to have consisted in, first, a belief in and reverence for the personified powers of Nature, and secondly, a worship or propitiation of the spirits of dead ancestors. A belief in the animation of all Nature pervaded and influenced the whole life of the Maori, and equally strong was his faith in the divinity of his great *Ariki* forefathers, ancestors who had long passed to the Reinga-land, yet whose spirits still held dominion over their descendants, and were powerful to bless or ban. To the Maori

> "All Nature was a human face,
> A sybil with a thousand tongues."

He invested the elements and forces of Nature with names and human attributes; these and his reverenced dead stood to him for deities. That universal primitive religion which takes the form of Animism is nowhere to be found more copiously embodied in priestly ritual or *karakia* and in sacred legend than amongst the native people of New Zealand and the Islands of Polynesia; and nowhere are ancestral spirits so revered, their names held so sacred that their repetition is in itself a prayer. Nowhere are genealogies more carefully preserved, so carefully that their recitation forms a large portion of many a *karakia* or prayer and any mistake made in repeating them destroys their efficacy, and is even fatal to the suppliant.

It is impossible to obtain from the average Maori of to-day a connected idea of the ancient and very grand cosmogony of his race. White missionary teaching has transformed his mind, to this extent at any rate that the

Biblical versions of the Creation and other matters are often confused and intermingled with those of the Maori-Polynesian. But there are still men, the *kaumatuas* of the tribes, who are able to recite much of the old Nature-mythology and explain the successive æons of Po (Darkness) and Kore (the Void) which preceded the giving of form to the Universe, the coming of Light and the birth of the Heavens and the Earth. Many tribal genealogies go back to the Source of all things, to the time when the world was "without form and void."

Beneath all the personification of natural things, of the Sun and Moon and Stars, the Winds and the Ocean, there are faint traces of some still more ancient faith, the belief in a great First Cause. This supreme being or power is Io, a name occasionally to be heard in ancient chants and genealogies. The resemblance of the name to Devus, Deo, Zeus, Ionis, and other forms of the Old-world names for the Supreme God has frequently been remarked upon, but probably the likeness is merely verbal; Io is no doubt a form of *iho,* the core, or animating force of all things, the primal energising principle. The name is an exceedingly sacred one in Maori ideas, and is not to be lightly mentioned. "Io was really the God (Te Atua)" says a Maori; and in John White's and C. O. Davis's writings there are invocations addressed to and referring to this deity. "*Te maru a Io,*" "the protection or shelter of Io," is an expression in an ancient *karakia.**

There is something very grand in the ancient Maori cosmogonies. The Maori could conceive of uncountable æons of Chaos and primeval Darkness, these gradually giving place to light until the Ao-mārama, the World of Light, was evolved. Ages upon ages of Nothing, as the old *tohungas* recite, preceded the gradual Dawn of Life and the coming into being of the Heavens and the Earth. It is a stupendous conception.

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*In a Ngati-Porou (Takitimu) cosmological recital given to me Hā is coupled with Io as one of the two high deities. Hā, however, really means the breath of life, the original vivifying force.

But the idea that seems most strongly to pervade the Maori mind, the conception that colours all his theories as to the origin of everything in nature, is the dual principle, the great generative power of male and female, of the active and passive forces. Everything he endowed with sex, even the successive periods of Darkness and of Light, before man was. Light was to him the primal active generating force, operating upon Po, the Darkness, the passive, the receptacle for the mysterious Vivifier.

The following cosmological recital is the first portion of a very long genealogy which I obtained some years ago from one of the chief families of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe in the King Country. The *whakapapa* or genealogy begins with the seldom-uttered name, Io, the mystic First Power, and then come the successive cycles of Darkness and Light opposed to each other as Female and Male:

IO.

WHETU (the Stars)

(Female Line)	(Male Line)
TE MARAMA (the Moon)	TE RA (the Sun)
Te Po-nui (the Great Darkness)	Te Ao-nui (the Great Light)
Te Po-roa (the Long Darkness)	Te Ao-roa (the Long Light)
Te Po-papakina (the Darkness that can be felt)	Te Ao-papakina (the Light that can be felt)
Te Po-pakarea	Te Ao-pakarea
Te Po-ki-tua (the Darkness Beyond)	Te Ao-ki-tua (the Light Beyond)
Te Po-ki-roto (the Darkness Within)	Te Ao-ki-roto (the Light Within)
Te Po-tawhito (the Ancient Darkness)	Te Ao-tawhito (the Ancient Light)
Te Po-ruru (the Sheltered Darkness)	Te Ao-ruru (the Sheltered Light)
Te Po-aio (the Calm Darkness)	Te Ao-aio (the Calm Light)
Te Po-whero (the Red Darkness)	Te Ao-whero (the Red Light)
Te Po-ma (the White Darkness)	Te Ao-ma (the White Light)
Te Po-pango (the Black Darkness)	Te Ao-pango (the Black Light)
Te Po-whakaruru (the Darkness Agitated)	Te Ao-whakaruru (the Light Agitated)
Te Po-kumea (the Darkness Drawn Out)	Te Ao-kumea (the Light Drawn Out)
Te Po-whakarito	Te Ao-whakarito
Te Po-i-runga (the Darkness Above)	Te Ao-i-runga (the Light Above)
Te Po-i-raro (the Darkness Below)	Te Ao-i-raro (the Light Below)
Te Po-i-matau (the Darkness to the Right)	Te Ao-i-matau (the Light to the Right)
Te Po-i-mani (the Darkness to the Left)	Te Ao-i-mani (the Light to the Left)
PAPA-TU-A-NUKU (The Earth)	RANGI-NUI-E-TU-NEI (The Heavens)

Rangi and Papa, the Sky-Father and Earth-Mother, were the parents of the following deities, who are the chief gods of the Polynesians and the Maoris:

Rongo (God of Cultivations).
Tane (God of Man, also Forests and Birds).
Tangaroa (God of the Ocean and Fish).
Tawhiri-matea (God of the Wind and Storms).
Haumia (God of Fern-root and Uncultivated Foods).
Ruai-moko (God of Volcanoes and Earthquakes).
Tu-mata-uenga (God of Man and of War).

To resume the genealogical recital: from Tu-mata-uenga the divine descent to Tiki, the first man, is as follows, each name representing a distinct stage in the evolution of man:

Aitua; Aitnere; Aitu-kikini; Aitu-tamaki; Aitu-whakatika; Te Kore; Te Kore-nui; Te Kore-roa; Te Kore-para; Te Kore-te-whiwhia; Te Kore-te-rawea; Kore-te-oti-atu-ki-te-po; Ngana; Ngana-nui; Ngana-roa; Ngana-ruru; Ngana-maoe; Hotu-wai-ariki; Tapatai; Tiki; Tiki-te-pou-mua; Tiki-te-pou-roto; Tiki-i-ahua-mai-i-Hawaiki (Tiki-who-was-made-in-Hawaiki; the first human being).

Following upon the begetting of their seven children (there are many others mentioned in legends and genealogies, but the foregoing are the principal and deified ones), came the separation of Heaven and Earth. For ages Rangi, the Sky-Father, and Papa-tu-a-nuku, the Earth-Mother, clung closely to each other and no glimmer of light penetrated to their numerous children. At length these rebelled, and forcibly parted the primal pair. One of the carvings on the very *tapu* old Hauhau prayer-house at Te Mumumurunga, Te Whaiti, in the Urewera Country, represents the God of the Forests, Tane-mahuta, who is carved head downwards, in allusion to the mythological concept of the separation of Rangi and Papa. It was Tane-mahuta who forced his parents apart by standing on his head and thrusting Rangi upwards with his feet. Tane's limbs were the trees; it was with these forest-pillars that he propped up the leaning sky, so that the Sky-Parent henceforth dwelt on high, dropping down his tears on Papa's face in the form of rain and dew. "Tears" are a poetic euphemism for

the procreating and fecundative powers of the Sky, the Clouds, the Rain, and the Sun. These potent influences Rangi showers upon his spouse the Earth, who in return brings forth abundantly of all plants and trees and foods, and who ever exhales her tokens of love or *aroha* in the form of mists and soft clouds. These vapours of *aroha* are night after night wafted on high to her Sky-Husband, her *Tane*, whose face and breast are so grandly adorned with myriads of stars. Papa (a term interchangeable, as word-students know, with the equally universal "mama,") is the all-nourishing, all-begetting one, the great *Mater Genetrix*.

A Greenstone Tiki.

Tane, the God of Man and of the Forests and all that dwell therein, is in Maori mythology the creator of man. There are numerous legends describing in great detail his formation of a woman from the earth, named Hine-ahu-one, the "Earth-formed Maid." Into her he breathed life, and when she became a living being, he took her to wife, and their son was Tiki, the parent of mankind. One of Tane's daughters was named Tiki-kapakapa, which seems to be an allegorical name for the birds of the forest, sometimes spoken of by the Maoris as "*Nga aitanga kapakapa a Tane*" ("Tane's wing-flapping children"). It was Tane's daughter Hine-a-Tauira who descended to the Po, the Underworld, and took the name of Hine-nui-te-Po, the Great-Woman-of-Night. She is the personification of Death. Human

beings are spoken of as "*Nga-aitanga-a-Tiki*," the begotten of Tiki. The Maori greenstone neck-pendant, carved in grotesque resemblance to a human form, and called Tiki, is probably a representation of Tiki, the father of mankind. It is an interesting coincidence, if nothing more, that the image of the goddess Thinei was worn suspended from the neck by the chief judge in ancient Egypt.

The Maori strongly believed in his divine descent. His genealogies all go back to the gods. The following is a translation of an *oriori*, or chief's lullaby to his little son, frequently sung at the present day in the Wairarapa and along the East Coast by the people of Takitimu descent:

From heaven's pinnacle thou comest,
O my son,
Born of the very Sky,
Of Heaven-that-Stands-Above.
Yes, from the Sky-God thou art,
From the vast and lofty Rangi;
From Tane, too, and Paia,
Who raised on high the firmament
At the separation of Heaven and Earth.
From the very elements, the Winds,
The whistling, swirling Winds of Heaven,
The brightly flashing Lightning,
And the rumbling, loudly crashing Thunder.

Deep in the heart of the Maori-Polynesian was the belief that everything in nature had its *mauri* or soul-force. "Everything," says a Ngati-Porou *tohunga*, "has a *mauri*: Heavens, Sun, Moon, Stars, Seasons, Lightning, Wind, Rain, Fogs, Winter, Summer, Darkness, and Light—there are religious ceremonies appropriate and peculiar to each. Man has a *mauri*, so also have animals, the earth, mountains, trees, food, birds, rivers, lakes, and the many things of the earth, and there are incantations and ceremonies proper to each."

The term *mauri* is a difficult one to explain clearly to the *pakeha* mind. It can be generally translated as "soul," but the Maori does not intend to convey the idea that animals (*kararehe*) have souls, when he speaks of

their *mauri*. Again forests and cultivation-grounds have their *mauri*, the intangible quality that makes them fruitful as sources of food supply. When the historic canoes landed in New Zealand, the new arrivals deposited their sacred stones (*kura*, or *mauri-kohatu*) in the forests to preserve the *hau* of the birding-grounds, that is their power of productiveness. The expression *hau*, as applied to man, is used in the sense of soul or life-essence, but it is not always easy to distinguish between *hau* and *mauri*. A man's *hau*, the intangible embodiment, if the expression is intelligible, of his vital principle, could be taken by an enemy, by means of witchcraft, and unless the spell was counteracted, his *mauri-ora* would depart from him, and he would die. Man's *mauri-ora* has been interpreted as "vital spark."

Wairua is the common Maori term for man's spirit or soul, which is capable of leaving him at times and communing with other souls. When a person is asleep, the *wairua* wanders abroad, and visits the Reinga, the underworld, or spirit-world; visions in dreams are those which one's *wairua* sees when temporarily absent in the spirit-land. An often-sung Maori love-ditty begins:

> Hokihoki tonu mai te wairua o te tau,
> Ki te awhi-Reinga ki tenei kiri e.
>
> (Oft may the spirit of my love return to me,
> To embrace in Reinga-land this form of mine.)

The Reinga is here the Land of Dreams.

Besides the great deities, the seven of Rangi and Papa, there were the innumerable lesser deities of the Maori pantheon, a vast company of *atua*, to whom invocations and propitiatory incantations were addressed; *atua* of earth and sky, of cultivation and food, of fishing and seafaring, of the forests and waters, and particularly of war. These were in general deified beings of mortal origin. Amongst a people whose great glory was in battle deities of war held high place. Each tribe had its war-god, and each god had its *kaupapa* or medium,

the person into whom the god was supposed to enter, when it was desired to invoke or consult him. Uenuku was the special war-god of several tribes, including those of Waikato and Taranaki; his *aria* or visible form is the rainbow. The god Maru is the Mars of the Whanganui tribes. Kahukura (synonymous with Uenuku) is the principal god of the Ngai-Tahu tribe. The Arawa tribe recognise Uenuku, Maru, Rongomai, Itupawa, and Makawe as their war-gods. The Urewera people have several who were invoked in time of war; belief in them has not yet disappeared. Eru Tamaikowha, the fierce old fighting chief of the Ngai-Tama and Urewera at Waimana, in the Whakatane district, professed not long ago to be the medium of the war-gods Te Hukitā and Te Rehu-o-Taimi.

Besides the national and tribal deities, each family also had its special *atua*, its ancestral spirits, the manes of chiefs of sacred rank and priestly powers. A person often had—and still has, in Maori belief—a kind of astral guardian. Says Te Heuheu Tukino, the present head-chief of Ngati-Tuwharetoa, of Taupo:

"Our tribal gods are Rongomai, Uenuku, Kahukura, Tawhaki, Puhaorangi, and others. Some of these were ancestors. Rongomai is my personal god. I am a Christian, and believe in the *pakeha* God, nevertheless my own god has not vanished. The saying of my family is 'Ko Rongomai te Atua, ko Te Heuheu te Tangata,' ['Rongomai is the God, Te Heuheu is the Man']. He is our guardian *atua*, and our god of war. His *aria* [form] is a star; in the olden days it was a shooting star [*uhetu-rere*]. Rongomai still appears on certain occasions. He has accompanied me on my travels at night. I was once riding along the shore of Lake Taupo, when the *tohu* [sign] of Rongomai appeared to follow me in the sky as I went on my way. He is my *kai-tiaki*, my protector."

In this case Rongomai appears, from the Ngati-Tuwharetoa genealogies, to have been an ancestor, who

lived five centuries ago, and who was deified, probably on account of his warlike deeds.

There is a remarkable modern instance of this tendency to exalt tribal and national heroes to the rank of gods. Te Kooti, the famous—or notorious—warrior (the adjective depends on the point of view, that of the Maori or the *pakeha*) who led his wild Hauhaus from 1868 to 1871, continually chased by the Government

From a photo, 1907.

A Maori *Tuahu*, at Hauraki, near Puhirua, Rotorua. The stones set in the ground represent the principal gods of the Arawa tribe: Maru-te-whare-aitu, Rongomai, Hungaru, and Itupawa. The *tuahu* was the sacred altar of the priests, and here the gods were placated by *karakia* and offerings.

forces but never captured, is regarded as little short of a god by the Urewera people. "For three years he fought your Government troops," they will tell you, "and yet you never got him. He was a wonderful man, and he had *mana-tapu* and influence with the gods. Indeed he was a god himself (*he atua ano*)." Many singular stories are related of Te Kooti's supposed supernatural powers—he was undoubtedly a very clever

fellow, and very successfully imposed upon his superstitions followers—all of which go to satisfy the Maori mind that he was in himself an *atua*.

Of the Arawa tribal god Makawe, it is said that he was an *atua-kahukahu*, the deified spirit of a still-born child—the frequent genesis of an *atua* in Maori stories. His earthly mother was a woman of Rotorua; his father Waimi, of the Ngati-Maru tribe. One of my Arawa *tohunga* friends, a descendant of Oho-mai-rangi, speaks: "Makawe is still prayed to if needed. No set *karakia* is really required, though the prayer of '*whaka-ngungu*' to him is sometimes used to avert the evils of *tapu*. But if one of our people, when in dire need, calls upon Makawe, addressing him as 'E Para,' he or she will be saved. We call upon him when our lives are in danger or we are in fear of the evil powers of *makutu* [witchcraft]. I was once on a visit to Te Wairoa, on the East Coast, and while there an old witch-woman would have caused my death by means of *makutu*, had I not uttered an appeal to my god Makawe. His *aria* [incarnation] is that of a noble young man clad only in a waist-mat of *toi*-palm leaves, and bearing a *taiaha* [spear walking-staff] in his hand. But he is visible only to the *tohunga*, and this only in twilight or in the very early morning."

Rongomai and Makawe are two typical tribal and personal *atua*. A deity of another kind is the astral guardian or palladium of the Waikato people, the starry cluster of Matariki, the Pleiades, that constellation of world-wide reverence.

Then there were the *genii loci*, the deities of particular forests and lakes and streams, to whom incantations of the *uru-uru-whenua* order were repeated whenever their sacred homes were approached. These were the dryads and water-wraiths of Maoridom. In many a native district, certain trees, rocks, etc., are pointed out as being inhabited or haunted by these local *atua*. An example of these is the sacred *matai* "Hinehopu," a tall tree standing just by the side of the main road leading from Rotoiti to Rotoehu, along "Hongi's Track," in the

Rotorua Lakes District. The Maoris say that "Hinehopu" is the material form or abiding-place of an ancient chieftainess of that name, who was wife of the chief Pikiao. She is a *tipua*, a spirit, of the place. In the foot of the tree there is a hollow, facing the road; and to this day natives from other districts, when passing the famous sacred *matai*, never fail to pluck some leaves of *raurekau* or other shrub, growing close by, and place them reverently in the hollow opening. Should a traveller omit this observance of *tipua*-placation, it is believed a storm of rain will surely come on and delay him in his journey. The last time I saw the sacred tree "Hinehopu," there was a heap of freshly plucked leaves lying at her feet, the offerings of a party of Ngati-Awa people who had passed through that morning on their way to Whakatane.

This is a fragment of tree and ancestor worship, which prevails in many countries. In Erman's "Travels in Siberia" mention is made of a sacred larch tree, in a hollow opening of which the superstitious people were accustomed to place their offerings. Travellers have observed similar examples of reverence for the forest spirits in Sumatra, the Philippine Islands, Mexico, and elsewhere—and indeed our own British and Celtic ancestors were tree-worshippers.

At the foot of the lofty fern-clothed Ngatuku Hill, round which the coach-road winds before sweeping down to the Waikato bridge at Atiamuri, the traveller will see on the roadside a great rock, known as Hatupatu's Stone. Ages ago this rock tumbled from the precipitous hill-side, and for generations past it has been venerated by the Maoris, who to this day perform there the ancient rite of "*uru-uru-whenua*," the propitiation of the *genius loci*. There is a deep cavity in this fetish stone—a hollow so smooth and regular that it almost seems as if it were artificially carved. The cavity is generally found to contain a heap of small branches of *manuka*, the offerings of passing Maori travellers. It is the custom to break a green sprig of *manuka* and place it in the hollow stone;

should a passer-by who is from another district neglect this ancient rite it will be uncomfortable for him, for a great storm of wind and rain or hail will surely befall him. By the imaginative local Maori it is said that this was the very rock in which their ancestor Hatupatu took refuge when pursued by the ogress Kurangaituku from her cave on the mountain above, and, in proof of this, certain grooves or scratches on the stone are the marks of Kura's sharp claws.

Chapter VIII.

TAPU, AND THE TOHUNGA.

The system of *tapu,* so widely spread throughout the islands of the Pacific, was carried to its highest pitch of development as a social law in the land of the Maori. Its operation was arbitrary, and often ridiculous to European ideas, but it had its uses. It was really the only law save that of the spear and the *patu* that the Maori possessed, and the fear of *tapu* and the unseen tempered the too free exercise of brute force in a community where war was the chief end of man.

Tapu was the "*noli me tangere*" of Maori Land. Literally the word may be briefly translated as "sacred" or "holy" or "forbidden," but its variations and peculiar applications are innumerable. There was a personal *tapu* and a local *tapu*; and *tapu* of some kind or another faced the ancient Maori everywhere. It was the Maori's quarantine law, and it served the same purposes as some of the old Jewish laws of prohibition. With the *Ariki,* or sacred high-chief of priestly rank, and the *tohunga* or ordinary priest and sorcerer, lay the exercise of many of the mystic powers of *tapu,* and they were respected and dreaded accordingly. Domett wrote of the *tohunga* class in his epic "Ranolf and Amohia,"

> "Departed spirits were their dumb police
> And ghosts enforced their lightest law."

The inherent personal *tapu* of the priests was partly hereditary and partly acquired as the result of their education in the sacred house of instruction (*whare-maire, whare-wananga,* or *whare-kura*). A great *Ariki* such as Te Heuheu Mana-nui, of Taupo, was exceedingly *tapu* in person; his head especially so. No man would dare to touch any remains of food of which the Heuheu

had partaken, to use a drinking-vessel which he had used, or to touch his sacred sleeping-mat. His *mana-tapu* —an expression which it is very difficult to translate into English that will convey its true sense, but which may be baldly rendered as personal sacred power and essential psychic force—was something of which the ordinary man stood much in awe. The ancient *karakia*, or prayers, and *whakapapa*, or genealogies, were in themselves exceedingly *tapu*, the former being supposed to have been communicated by the *atua* or gods to man, and the latter possessing a sacred character because of the names of *atua* and of *Ariki* ancestors which they enumerated. Of these *karakia* and *whakapapa* and the other sacred lore of old, the religious ceremonies for the various needs of life, the traditions and history of the tribes, the art and ritual of *makutu* or witchcraft, the *tohunga* were the repositories. The Maori looked upon his great *tohunga* with an exceeding respect, which carried more of dread than of love. To his superstitious mind a sacred priest was surrounded by multitudes of spirits, was the medium of communication with the numerous *atua* of heaven and earth and ocean, and indeed was a god in himself. The remains of the dead and of all connected therewith were (and are) highly *tapu*; and such places as *wahi-tapu* (burial grounds) and the sites of ancient *tuahu* or priestly altars and places of offering, are not lightly to be approached. The association of food, particularly cooked food, with anything *tapu* is most objectionable in Maori eyes. A man who handled the remains of the sacred dead became infected with a particularly powerful form of *tapu*, and could not dare to touch food with his hands until he had been freed from its malign influence. Food should not be taken into a sacred house. This belief is strong to-day amongst the Maoris; an illustration of it is the custom, frequently observed, of leaving such articles as pipe and tobacco outside a church before entering. Tobacco is regarded by the Maoris as food; they speak of smoking as "*kai-paipa*," that is, "eating-pipe." A Maori asking

another to bring him some tobacco will often say "*Tikina mai he kai paipa moku*" ("Bring me some food for my pipe").

The applications, ramifications and trammels of *tapu* were innumerable. As a general religious institution and social law it has long been superseded by the religion and customs of the *pakeha*, and personal *tapu* is no longer what it was, but local *tapu* is still strong in many districts. On Mokoia Island, in Lake Rotorua, for example, one cannot go many yards without learning that such and such a place is *tapu* because someone died there, or that yonder tree is *tapu* because some ancestor's bones were hung up there, or that this little reed-grown spot on the verge of the rippling lake is *tino tapu*—highly sacred—because of the fact that in olden days it was the place where warriors, returning from a fighting expedition to the mainland, used to land from their canoes and be exorcised by the heathen priests. In many cases the younger generation deride, in public, the efficacy of the *tapu*, but the older generation in such places as Rotorua, the Urewera Country, Taupo, Taranaki, still respect certain forms of the *tapu*. The *karakia* or formulæ for removing the ban of *tapu* from afflicted persons are still known and are often used by the learned men and women.

A special *tapu* attached to the cultivation of the *kumara*, the sweet potato. The old chief Tamati Hapimana, of Mokoia Island, Lake Rotorua— a patriarch long since gathered to his fathers—describing to me the ceremonies of his youthful days, said:

"When the time to plant the *kumara* came, the priests went forth to the woods for branches of the sacred *mapau* tree. On that day and the day following, everything was *tapu*. The people fasted and did no cooking. The waters of the lake were *tapu*; no canoes were allowed to put out and no fishing was done. The priests took the *mapau* twigs to the stone image of the *kumara*-god, 'Te Matua-a-Tonga' [which is still kept on Mokoia Island], and laying them on the image repeated

invocations to Pani, the deity of the *kumara*, to Maui and Rongo and other gods of the Maori, praying for an abundant harvest. In the evening they went to the garden-grounds and stuck the *tapu*'d branches in the earth, repeating the appropriate incantations. Then in the morning the people entered the sacred bounds of the cultivation and planted the seed-*kumara*, while the *tohunga* again recited their *karakia*, and chanted sacred songs. And the skull of a tribal chief of *Ariki* rank was disinterred from its place of concealment and was placed beside the *mapau* sticks, so that the *mana* of the dead chieftain might watch over the plantation and assist in bringing a bountiful harvest."

The ban of *tapu* is frequently applied to rivers, lakes, or other waters in which people have been drowned. After the wreck of the steamer "Wairarapa" at the Great Barrier Island, in 1894, with the loss of a hundred and twenty-five lives, the Maoris of that Island, who live in a bay a few miles from the scene of the wreck, *tapu*'d all fish within a certain area for a long period. During this time of interdiction no native would eat or touch any food of the salt sea.

The great *tohunga,* the men of rank and learning in the sacred *whare-maire*, the priests from whom John White and Richard Taylor received so many of the traditions and incantations which they have recorded, have long since passed away. There are *tohunga* of a sort to-day, but those who so style themselves are chiefly really faith-healing "bush-doctors," who travel from place to place practising their particular brand of the Christian-Science doctrine amongst the natives. They use incantations or prayers of meaningless and unintelligible character, often composed by themselves, over their patients, and these and cold-water bathing and sprinkling seem to be their principal stock-in-trade. But they are very often successful, for the Maori imagination is strong, and the patient's faith works wonders. These *tohunga* generally profess to have special gods or family spirits of their own.

Apart from these faith-healing professors, however, there are many Maoris of *Ariki* descent who have been schooled by their fathers in the sacred lore and prayers of the past, and it is from these that the real Maori ideas of the supernatural and the unseen are to be gathered to-day. Some priests of reputed great and uncanny powers survived up to quite recent times. One of these was the celebrated Tuhoto Ariki, who was buried under the volcanic debris in the Tarawera eruption in 1886 but was dug out alive after four days' imprisonment. Another was the savage old priest Te Ao-Katoa ("The Whole World"), of the Ngati-Raukawa tribe, who died in the Waikato in 1885. Weréweré te Rangi-pu-mamao, of Taupo, was another. A pupil, or *tauira*, of Weréweré's was Te Rangi-tahau, of Opepe, who escaped with Te Kooti from the Chatham Islands in the schooner "Rifleman" in 1868 and was one of the Hauhau leader's fiercest fighting-men during the three years' war that followed. Te Rangi-tahau, or Tahau, as he was generally called, a dour, tattooed, white-moustached old warrior, died suddenly at Rotorua in 1900, shortly after performing the ceremony of *whai-kawa* or removing the *tapu* from a newly-built carved house. His death was by some of his people attributed to his having inadvertently committed what is known as a *whati*, that is an omission or mistake in repeating some of the incantations, and also to *makutu*, or the exercise of the "black art," by a rival *tohunga*, old Tumutara Pio, of the Ngati-Awa tribe, who took part in the *tapu*-laying

From a Photo by Burton Bros.
A *Tohunga*, Werewere te Rangi-pu-mamao, of Taupo (died about 1892).

rites. But the venerable Pio himself survived the opposition wizard only a few weeks.

From one of my notebooks I take the following description of an old-time *tohunga,* given me in 1902 by the late Mr. Charles E. Nelson, of Whakarewarewa:

"Thirty-five years ago, when I was living in the bush at the Kaipara, I stayed for some months with Te Kāhé, an old *tohunga* of the Ngati-Whatua tribe. He was an excellent type of the Maori priest and seer. In figure he was a man rather on the small side, thin and lean. His eyes were his most striking feature; they were very powerful, hard and glittering. His hair was long and hung in curls and twists something like a Polish Jew's, and his beard was long and white. He had very sharp and hawk-like features and nose. He used to take me into the bush, far away from the *kainga*, and go through his *karakia* and sacred ceremonies. Once, when travelling through the bush from the Kaipara to Whangarei, Te Kāhé took up some of the *karā* stone (a very hard black stone anciently used for making axes) from a creek-bed and showed me how the *tohungas* were able to split it by magical means and so save the trouble of much grinding. He repeated a *karakia* and struck the stone with a *karamu* wand, breaking it in two pieces exactly in the place he wished. Again, he would sometimes say 'So-and-so is coming to-day,' and sure enough the person named would come. I am convinced he had the gift of telepathy, and knew a good deal about what we call magic. I, being so much with old Te Kāhé, and being his *tauira* or pupil, acquired a reputation as a *tohunga,* and when he died, the Ngati-Whatua people looked upon me as his successor."

In later years, "Tāré," as the Maoris called Mr. Nelson, was certainly looked upon as a *tohunga* by the Maoris of the Arawa tribe, some of whom had not a little dread of his uncommon knowledge of *karakia,* and

in particular of those relating to *makutu* or the "black art."*

There is little doubt that the old Maori *tohunga* possessed some of the strange powers that Indian priests and fakirs exercise to-day. They certainly seem to have had the ability to make people believe that they have seen things which as a matter of fact did not exist. I have heard of numerous instances of this strange power, mesmerism or hypnotic suggestion or whatever it may be, and it has not yet been quite lost to the race. Telepathic powers the Maori *tohunga* undoubtedly had, and the power of projection of the will, by which he was enabled to afflict his enemies fatally. Many of the singular stories told of the occult powers of the adepts in *tohunga*-ism are obviously exaggerations and fables, but there is sufficient of fact left to suggest that the Maori priest enjoyed certain faculties which were widely possessed in the early stages of human history, but which through disuse—and civilisation—have been lost to common knowledge.

Of the multitude of spells and charms in the Maori's armoury of *karakia*, such invocations as the *atahu* or love-charms are well known to-day. These *atahu* are supposed to have the value of the Indian *mantra*, the repetition of which, accompanied by personal psychic influence (what the Maori would call *mana tangata*), causes any person to be obedient to the will of the invoker.

The following, given me in the South Taranaki district, is a potent *atahu*, in Maori belief, for gaining a girl's affections.

*Judge Maning, in "Old New Zealand," narrates how he once was under the ban of *tapu* because of having handled a human skull. "Tāré" Nelson was in a similar plight on one occasion long after Maning's experience. While living with the Ngati-Whatua people he coffined an old chief who died (I think it was this same Te Kahe). "In consequence," he said, "I was *tapu'd* for a week or two and had to be fed just like the *tohunga* in Lindauer's picture in Mr. Partridge's Art Gallery in Auckland. A girl used to come and bring me food three times a day, stick bits of meat and potatoes on the end of a piece of fern stalk and feed me in that way. I was not allowed to touch the food with my hands."

Should the lover be doubtful of his success, he must go out into the bush and by using a *pepe* or call-leaf, or by chirruping in imitation of bird-notes, gather the birds around him. He then kills one of the little birds with a stick, and taking it in his hand ("a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush") repeats the charm, likening the desired girl to the captured bird. Straightway, should the lover have sufficient *mana tangata*, the girl's heart – no matter at what distance she might be—will fill with love for him and she will be his "*manu-tupu-tangata*." These are the words of the charm:

	(Translation.)
He hara wa te manu?	What is this bird?
He pitori te manu,	It is a wood-robin,
He hara wa te manu?	What is this bird?
He karewa te manu,	Now, 'tis a sparrow-hawk.
I whano ki reira, "Ti-ti" ai,	'Tis jumping hither and thither, chirping "Ti-ti!"
I whano ki reira, "Ke-te" ai,	'Tis jumping there, calling "Ke-te!"
I whano ki reira tutu mai ai;	It is skipping, flitting from bough to bough.
Te manu atu tupu ra tangata,	This is the bird that is to bring forth men,
Matua i a Tane.	The parent of mankind.
Tahu—ē	O wife of mine,
Nau mai,	Come hither!
Kia piri, kia tata.	Approach and fly to my embrace.

Again, to come to more prosaic matters, should you get a fish-bone stuck in your throat, and be in danger of choking, the *tohunga Maori* is useful. You must send for the medicine-man and leave the case to him. He will tap you smartly on the back of the neck, with his hand held edgeways, and repeat his powerful incantation beginning, "*Whiti, whiti—whiti rawa te paraoa*," and ending,

"*Nuku ki roto*
Nuku ki waho,
Tukua ai, e Poké!"

("Move inside,
Move out of that,
Let go, oh Poké!")

(Poké is the demon who is holding the bone fast in your throat.)

Only, seeing that the *karakia* is a rather long one, and takes some considerable time to repeat, as fast as the *tohunga* can lay tongue to it, you may be beyond all aid by the time he reaches his heathen doxology.

The belief in *matakité* or the gift of second-sight is universal amongst the Maoris. Those *pakehas* who have lived much with the natives and understand them do not laugh at *matakité*.

The following story illustrates the belief that dreams are often warnings from the spirit-world:—

About two hundred yards out in Rotorua Lake from the headland of Kawaha, there is a venerable post, a *totara* tree, which was hewn into a pole and carved, and driven into the bed of the lake. It used to project above the water until recently, when the crew of one of the lake-launches tried to haul it out because it was a source of annoyance to fishermen; they succeeded in breaking off the upper part of the post. This old sunken post is known as Te Purewa; it is a post to which the *koura* (crayfish)-catchers of old used to fasten the lines of their nets, and it belonged to the ancestors Wahiao and Tunohopu. One night, eighty-six years ago, a woman named Tōna, while sleeping in her house at Ohinemutu, had a strange dream in which this *pou-totara* was concerned. She dreamt that she heard the carved post Te Purewa calling to her and singing a mournful song; and as she listened she caught the words of the song. These are the words the singing tree uttered:

Kaore te aroha i au
Ki Mokoia ra e,
E tu kau noa ra
Ki Rotorua moana,
E tere noa mai ra.
Ka ngaro te tangata,
Ka memene ki tawhiti,
Ka nui i au te aroha
I—i—i!

(Alas! the sorrow within me
For Mokoia's isle,
Standing desolate yonder
In the sea of Rotorua,
Whose waters drift lonely to and fro.
Lost are the people,
Dispersed and driven far away.
Sorrow wells high within me,
Alas!)

In the morning Tōna told her dream to the assembled people, and repeated the ominous words of the singing *totara*. This dream was interpreted as a *matakité*, a

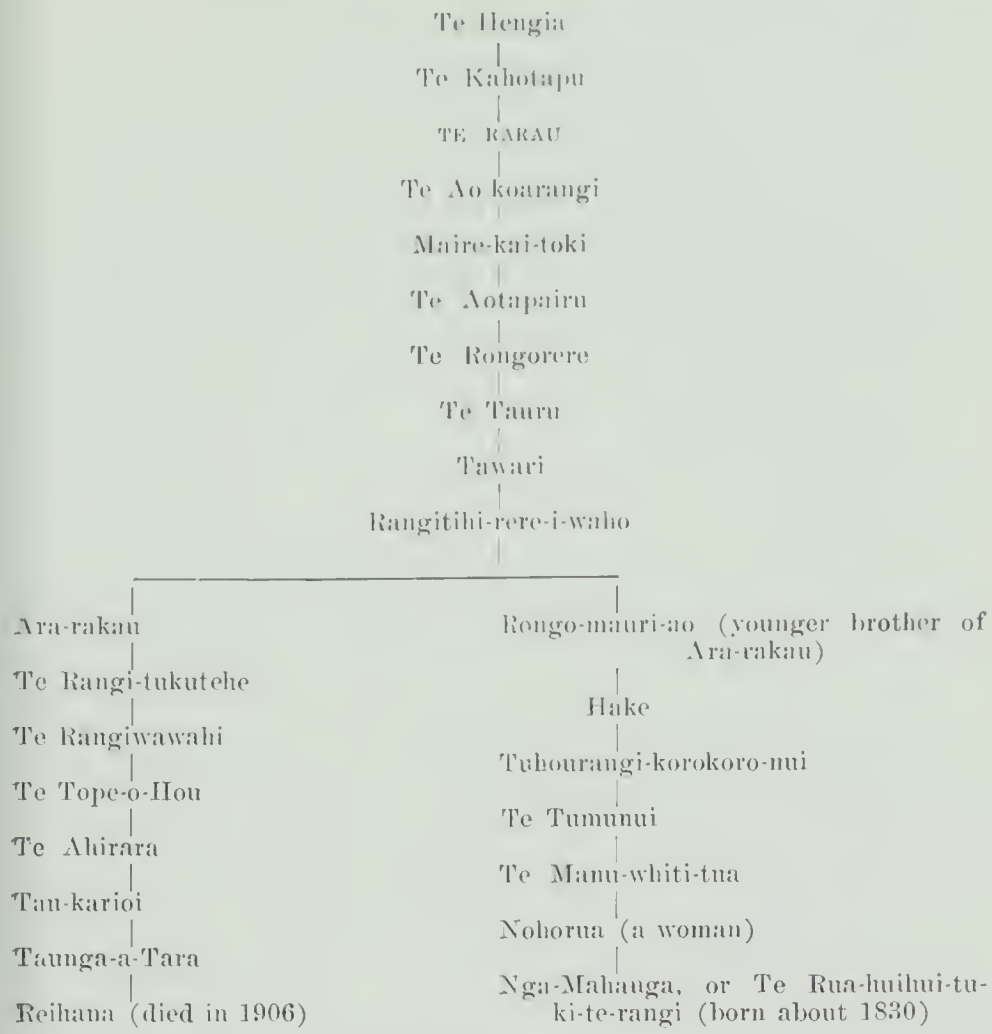
prophetic communication from the spirit-world, and a *tohu-maté*, an omen of disaster and death. The people of Rotorua were indeed at that time in imminent danger of disaster and death, for Hongi Hika, the Maori Napoleon, with his musket-armed warriors, was even then preparing to set sail with his canoe-fleet for the Bay of Plenty, on his way to invade Rotorua. The dream was verified, for, as the old Maoris relate, in three moons from the time Te Purewa's warning voice was heard by Tōna's *wairua,* the Ngapuhi under Hongi had assaulted and captured Mokoia, and routed the Arawas with great loss. The waters of the lake drifted lonely and desolate, ruffled only by the canoes of the cannibal conquerors. On Mokoia's isle rose the smoke of the ovens in which the Arawa dead were cooked, and the survivors were scattered to the forests and the wilderness. Te Purewa's song and Tōna's *matakite* were fulfilled.

The Maori *tohunga* was often accredited with terrible malevolent powers. For instance, a legend of Lake Rotoma, in the Rotorua district. There is, according to the Maori story, a sunken *pa* in Rotoma, a village which was submerged by supernatural agency about sixteen generations ago (four centuries). Its name was Motutara; it was an island occupied by a populous village which was defended by stockades. From the antiquity of the village it is probable that it was inhabited by some of the pre-Maori inhabitants, the ancient aboriginal tribes who occupied this country before the historic Hawaiikian canoes arrived, and who were gradually absorbed in the new comers. The Maori narrative of the submergence of the *pa*—a catastrophe which was in all probability caused by an earthquake—is told me by old Nga-Mahanga of Lake Rotoiti, the descendant of a long line of priestly ancestors. It was Nga-Mahanga's *tohunga* ancestor Te Rarau, in fact, who is credited with having destroyed the *pa*. Te Rarau, who was a priest of god-like powers and a dreaded worker of *makutu*, or witchcraft, arrived on the shores of this lonely lake of the woods one day after a long and

wearisome journey from Waitahanui, near the great Otamarakau Pa, on the sea-coast between Maketu and Matatā. Desiring to cross the water to the *pa*, he looked about for a canoe but could not find one. The island was only a short distance from the shore, so Te Rarau shouted to the people of the village to send a canoe for him. "*Haria mai te waka!*" he cried, but there was no response. Again he shouted, but in vain. No one took any notice of him. Deeply affronted, he resolved upon revenge. He set to at his terrible *karakia* to the powers of darkness, to the demons of the waters, to the gods of the underworld, to destroy the *pa*. And he combed his hair with a *heru* or sacred bone comb, an operation which was supposed in Maori eyes to give additional efficacy to the invocations, and by his wizardry he called spirits from the deep. A *taniwha*, or water-monster, at his behest undermined the doomed island, and that night it suddenly subsided into the lake, and all its people were lost. Those who were not drowned fell to the *taniwha*. So Motu-tara was severely punished for its inhospitality to "the cloth" of Maoridom.

The following genealogy recited by Nga-Mahanga is interesting as showing his descent from the wizard-priest Te Rarau and from Puhaorangi, a great Polynesian ancestor who was deified, like so many other illustrious men in Maori legend; it goes back twenty-seven generations, or over 675 years.

Puhaorangi
|
Ohomairangi
|
Muturangi
|
Tauuga
|
Mawake-Nui
|
Uruika
|
Tarawhata
|
Uruika-tuarua
(Came to New Zealand in the Arawa Canoe)
|



Old Nga-Mahanga, whose face bears the tattoo scrolls of a past generation, is himself something of a *tohunga,* and has a memory stored with a great number of stories, legends, songs, and *karakia* of his tribe, Ngati-Pikiao. Many chiefs named on his ancient family tree are famous amongst the Rotoiti Maoris, because of the wonderful powers of occultism said to have been possessed by them. The first two were *atua* or gods, so-called; then down to Nga-Mahanga all were of what is called the *Ariki-taniwha* line, the "Lords of Dragons," and all but one were of the male line, *aho-tane.* Te Aotapairu is said to have upon his death become a *taniwha.* Tuhourangi-korokoro-nui ("Great-throated Tuhourangi") was another notable man. He is said to

have had an extraordinarily powerful voice; he could make himself heard over many miles, and upon occasion would shout from the *pa* on top of Mount Matawhaura, Lake Rotoiti, to his servants at Maketu and at Kaikokopu, on the coast, some twenty miles away as the wild duck flies, ordering them to prepare food for him. Which interesting story is, no doubt, as Mark Twain said of the report of his own death, "greatly exaggerated."

The Maori tribes still credited with a knowledge of the incantations and ceremonies used in *makutu* or the art of fatal bewitchment (the projection of thought, and the malignant use of the power of suggestion) are the Ngaiterangi and Whakatohea, of the Bay of Plenty, the Urewera people, Ngati-Porou of the East Cape, the Ngati-Kahungunu living in the Wairoa (Hawke's Bay) district, the Waikato, and the Ngati-Ruanui of Taranaki. The spells believed to be efficacious in counteracting the *makutu* are also known, and will be handed down for many a generation yet. The efficacy both of the *makutu* and the anti-*makutu* incantations depends to a large extent on the secrecy with which they are used. The *karakia* must be repeated early in the morning or late at night; and not in a house used in common by the people or in a house in which food is eaten.

The late Hone Heke, M.P. for the Northern Maori district, a young Ngapuhi chief with a good English education, was warned in 1900 against the Waikato people *makutu*-ing him in revenge for his political campaign undertaken against the *mana* of the Maori "Kingdom." His old people were very angry with him for his want of caution in daring Waikato, and in spending so much time in their country on a mission which won for him Waikato animosity. To this day amongst Ngapuhi (and some other tribes) if a person is going on a journey to a distant place, he or she is often *karakia*'d over by the old people as a measure of protection against the spells or the "evil eye" of some ill-disposed *tohunga* of an alien tribe.

The practice of the "black art" in modern times amongst the Maoris has its humorous side. A few years ago, in a football match played between teams from different *hapus* or sub-tribes of the Ngaiterangi, near Tauranga, the losers attributed their defeat to the fact that they had played on land belonging to the opposing *hapu*, who had made sure of victory by carefully *makutu*-ing the playing ground beforehand; and they decided that in future they would play only on Crown land, which, being the property of the white man, was exempt from the baleful influence of the *makutu*!

Another whimsical instance of the belief in the multitudinous ways in which one's precious life can be attacked by the *tohunga-makutu*.—A number of deaths having occurred in one of the *hapus* of the Ngaiterangi, the clan held a meeting and came to the conclusion that a certain bridge, over which vehicles containing food had passed on their way to the village, had been *makutu*'d by an evil-minded *tohunga* belonging to another section of the tribe. The bridge was under a ban; and no more food could be brought in over it; so, to get over the trouble, a rival practitioner of the "black art" was called in to remove the curse with his *karakia* and his baked *kumara* and other Maori equivalents of the Old-world *tohunga's* bell, book, and candle.

There are means, in Maori belief, by which one can be rendered proof against *makutu*. Taua Tutanekai Haerehuka, an elderly Rotorua native, who is a lineal descendant of the Tutanekai of romantic memory, and who comes of a long line of priestly ancestors, noted for their skill as *tangata-makutu* or workers of witchcraft, says that he himself was rendered immune against sickness or *makutu* at the hands of other *tohungas* by the celebrated old priest Tuhoto Ariki, him who was buried at Te Wairoa by the showers of volcanic mud in the Tarawera eruption of 1886, and who was, wonderful to say, dug out alive four days afterwards. When Taua was a boy he was *tapu*'d by Tuhoto—who was even then an old man—and he swallowed the sacred *whakangungu*

stone. This was a small black volcanic stone (*rangi-toto*) about half an inch in diameter. Tuhoto, after reciting certain *karakia* over the boy, who was a relation and protege of his, gave him this stone, and told him to place it on his tongue and swallow it; it would preserve his *mauri-ora,* or life-principle, and avert witchcraft and untimely death. Tutanekai did so, and he attributes his freedom from illness and from the machinations of rival *tohungas* to the *whakangungu* ceremony and the potent *tapu* of Tuhoto Ariki.

It was pointed out to Tutanekai that swallowing a stone of that size would probably cause serious trouble in the interior of even a Maori *tohunga.*

"*E tama!*" said Tutanekai, "an ordinary stone, might, indeed, kill a man if he swallowed it, but this was no ordinary stone. It was a very potent and *tapu* one, charmed by the greatest *tohunga* of the Arawa, for the very purpose of averting death. And see, it has fulfilled the purpose, for I have never had an illness, and, though I have been in battle, I have never been touched by bullet or tomahawk; and I am alive and well yet and am going to live to be a hundred!"

Chapter IX.

PAPATAUNAKI, THE ENCHANTED TREE.

The Story of a Retribution.

My old friend Haré Ernera was a King Country half-caste who had received a fairly good English education. A stout, black-bearded, stalwart fellow, he was quite "*pakeha*-fied," played the violin well, wrote shorthand, and, amongst his more solid accomplishments, he was a good carpenter. He once built a church at Kihikihi, though at the same time he scoffed at all "sky-pilots," both *pakeha* and Maori. His principal and most remunerative occupation was that of Native interpreter and agent; being a very capable man, Haré (Anglice, Harry) conducted many cases in the Land Court. And though he ridiculed all *tohunga*-ism and occultism, and anything that was not hard matter-of-fact and materialistic, still, as I very well remember, Haré in the course of his fight in the Land Court for his own particular block at Kiokio, in the King Country, based his claim to the land on the ground of his direct descent, on his mother's side, from a renowned ancestor of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe who crossed the Pacific Ocean from Hawaiiki to New Zealand on the back of a great fish, and from another ancestor, who was whisked from the summer isles of Eden to these shores in a whirlwind. And he got his land, too.

Now, three centuries ago a certain ancestor of Hare's, a chief named Rua, lived on the banks of the Upper Waipa, near the present township of Otorohanga, through which the Main Trunk railway line runs. This

Rua possessed a great treasure, a fine greenstone axe, which was extremely sacred, and possessed a special *mana* of its own, being accounted the abiding-place of a spirit.

One day, according to the tribal legends of the Ngati-Maniapoto and Ngati-Matakore people, Rua was out parrot-snaring, on the banks of the Manga-o-Rongo Creek, which flows into the Waipa River some miles below Otorohanga, when he had the misfortune to lose his much-prized axe, the name of which was Papataunaki. He was endeavouring to get some young *kaka* parrots from a nest which he had discovered in a big, hollow *totara* tree by the river-bank, when his sacred axe slipped from his grasp and fell clattering down into the inner recesses of the great tree, lost for ever. Rua was greatly distressed, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the sacred *mana* of the greenstone weapon had entered into the tree, which now became known as Papataunaki.

In the course of years, Rua died, and was borne to the tribal burial cave, and in time the tree by the Stream-of-Rongo became associated with his name and fame, and was reverenced by the Maoris as the material embodiment of the chiefly ancestor.

Several generations later the venerable tree fell and lay partly on land and partly in the Manga-o-Rongo Creek. The sacred spell still clung to it, and it was honoured and feared as a *tipua*, a demon-tree, with which it was not wise to take liberties. Some curious tales are told of manifestations of Papataunaki's *mana*.

The next I know of Papataunaki's history is that in the eighties a very heavy flood shifted the old tree from its resting place on the creek-side, carried it down the stream, and deposited it at last across the creek close to Hare Ernera's house, where he lived surrounded by his family of pretty olive-coloured children, and his tribal relatives. The subsiding waters left the tree lying across the stream, supported by its roots and branches;

one of the large branches broke off; and gradually the old *totara* became a fixture on the bank.

Then began the work of desecration, which was Hare's undoing. The impious man was fully aware, from what the old chiefs and historians of his tribe had told him, that this tree was, so to speak, his own ancestor, and as such invested with a terribly thick coat of *tapu*. But Hare, being an advanced man, and, therefore, believing in nothing, laughed away the warnings of his tribespeople, and, horrible to relate, actually cut his sacred ancestor up for fencing posts. In vain did old Hopa, the Rangianini, and other wise men of the tribe implore him not to lay axe or maul to the venerable relic. Hare informed them that they were a pack of old women, and forthwith set two Europeans, who were in his employ fencing his section, to split up Papataunaki. This was in the year 1893.

The brown-skinned descendants of Matakore gathered by the dark sluggish Manga-o-Rongo to see the sacrilegious work, fully expecting to witness some *aitua* or omen of vengeance from the dread spirits of Maoridom. And they were not disappointed.

One of the men splitting up the tree was a big Irishman, M'G——— by name. The other was a poor Sassenach. They had split the trunk of the tree in half, and were proceeding to split one of the halves, by means of wedges. The Irishman stood on one end of the tree and the Saxon at the other, and they were pounding away with their heavy mauls, when the *totara* suddenly split into pieces. One half sprang up and in a trice hurled the Irishman off the bank into the water, and the man at the other end, not being quick enough to get clear in time, was also knocked over by Hare's wooden ancestor, and fell into the creek.

As the dripping Celt emerged all he could say was, "Wurra! Wurra! Sure and the divil's in the tree!" But the Maori onlookers were delighted, and none more so than old Hopa. Here was a real miracle, the hand of the gods, before their living eyes! "*Anana*!" they cried;

"the spirit of Papataunaki still lives! *He Atua ra!* A god indeed!"

But signs and omens were lost on the interpreter. In due course the bones of Papataunaki stood round the paddocks holding up the wires. And, worst of all, Hare gathered the small pieces and chips of his ancestor, and with a certain mischievous satisfaction at knocking the bottom out of the silly old superstitions of his people, used them for cooking purposes.

This was the finishing stroke. The horrified Maori members of the household withdrew, and all the womenfolk as well as the men left Hare to his own resources for some months. The awful impiety of using one's own sacred *tupuna* for cooking one's daily food was too much for even the modernised billiard-playing Ngati-Matakore. Not a Maori would enter the house, fearful of the *tapu,* and Hare began to feel that an iconoclastic policy had its drawbacks.

After a time the tribe, in conference assembled, took pity on the victim of the *tapu,* and decided that Hare had been sufficiently punished by the three or four months' boycott. So one day an ancient pagan ceremony took place in front of the interpreter's house. The old warrior and *tohunga* Hopa—whom I remember from my boyhood as a small-bodied man with a very massive head, and a very thickly tattooed dark grim face—was the master of ceremonies. A fire was kindled, and some *kumara* roasted. The food cooked, it was handed round to the Maoris, who ate the sweet potatoes while the old chief recited his potent *karakia,* incantations to the Maori deities, for the purpose of lifting the *tapu.* This done, the house and the half-caste were *noa* and free to all again.

The interpreter's crime, however, was too heinous to be overlooked by the invisible spirits of earth and sky and wood, or else Hopa's personal *mana* was not sufficiently powerful to overcome the virulent effects of the Maori *tapu.* Whatever the cause, Hare sickened and took to his bed. Paralysis crept over

his limbs. The doctors could do nothing for him. They said it was locomotor ataxia; but the tribal elders of Ngati-Matakore, as they sat in the *wharepuni* by the Manga-o-Rongo, knew better. It was a case of aggravated *tapu*, which no *pakeha* doctor can cure.

A visit to the Rotorua hot springs did Hare no good, and he returned to his home in the Rohepotae. Towards the end of 1897 I saw my old friend again, and he laughed as he told me the history of his *totara* progenitor and of the *tapu's* ban.

One night the Maoris on the Manga-o-Rongo, ever on the look-out for signs and omens, beheld the forked lightning strike three times on a hill behind the interpreter's house. The cry was raised, "*He tohu mate!* A portent of death!" It was the last *aitua* for the doomed half-caste.

In two days, Hare died; and nothing would persuade his Ngati-Matakore relatives that his death was not the direct effect of his infringement of the *tapu* of Papataunaki.

Chapter X.

THE SHRINE OF AN ATUA.

Old Rangiriri took his pipe and tobacco and box of matches out of his pocket and laid them on the ground beside a flax bush. "Now," he said, "we will enter the *urupa*, the sacred burial-place of my tribe, and view the Whetengu *pa*. And should you have tobacco or pipe with you, it will be well to leave them here with mine, for it is not right to contaminate sacred places with anything of that sort. Perhaps the *tapu* might not have any influence over you, because you are a *pakeha*, but it certainly would smite me were I to violate it by taking tobacco, which is food, into the shrine of the gods."

We had dismounted and tethered our horses to the shrubs on the crest of a long ridge, the Tihi-o-Tonga ("Pinnacle of the South,") which swells gently up from the plains of Rotorua in beautiful green slopes and then falls precipitously on the southern side to a woody valley. South of this sudden cliffy break, the valley stretches away for two or three miles, then rises again into very wild and bold volcanic country, the forested ranges of Paewhenua and the remarkable crateral cone of Haparangi. Right on the crest of the Tihi-o-Tonga are the fern-grown earth walls of an ancient *pa*, long deserted and abandoned to wild Nature, to the flax and fern and the black-berried *tutu*-thickets. From the shadowy woods below came the song of the *tui*, now like a flute and again ringing like a bell.

To this lonely beautiful spot, the blue lake of Rotorua spread out to the north, and many a misty purple peak cutting the skyline to the south, my old Maori friend

had brought me to show me one of the most sacred spots of the Arawa country, the "holy of holies" of his *hapu*, the carved stone goddess Horoirangi and the *tuahu* of the pagan priests. He was the last keeper of these sacred relics of his tribe.

Within the green-embowered ramparts of the old *pa*, right on the edge of the cliff, was a little clear space, surrounded by a low bank. This Rangiriri explained, was the site of the sacred *tuahu* of the priests who once dwelt in the *pa*, the place where the images of certain of the tribal gods were kept, and where the operation of cutting the chiefs' hair with flakes of *mata-tuhua* or obsidian—always a semi-religious ceremony—was performed by the priests. Just to the east, and occupying the highest part of the ancient village, was the *urupa*, the burial-place where the old *rua* or *kumara*-pits were used as graves. The bones of the dead had been removed, but the *tapu* of the tribe's departed ones, long gathered to their Earth-Mother, still clung to the sacred hill-top.

From a Photo.

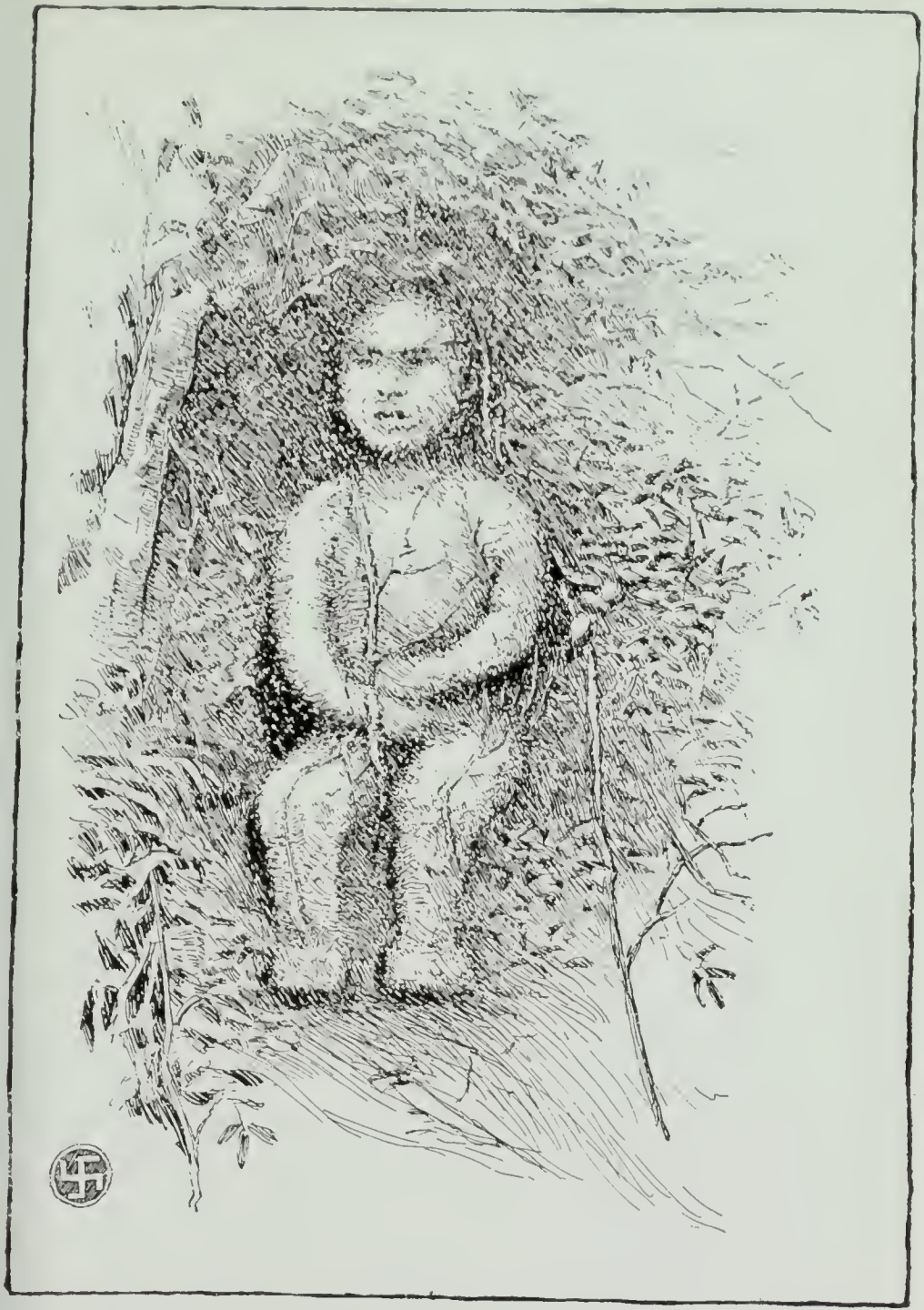
Rangiriri.

"I was born in this *pa*," said Rangiriri, "and my grandfather was buried here. My grandfather was a powerful *tohunga*, and he taught me many *karakia* and

sacred ceremonies, and now I alone am left of all the men of my *hapu* who know the history of this exceedingly sacred spot and who possess the knowledge necessary to avert the evils of the *tapu*. Let us rest awhile on this *taumata* in the sunshine and view the land, and I will tell you the story of this hill-fort, Te Whetengu, before we descend the path which is called The Steps-Carved-by-Tutanekai, and look upon the stone face of my goddess Horoirangi."

And Rangiriri, a small-built wiry veteran of about sixty, who had carried rifle and tomahawk on many a wild forest trail in the campaigns against the Hauhaus, told of the building of this *pa* by his ancestor Paiaka. This Paiaka was a chief of the Ngati-Uenukukopako section of the Arawa tribe, and he lived about two hundred and fifty years ago. Paiaka named his hilltop-hold Te Whetengu, but when, after his day, it was occupied for a time by Tutanekai—the famous young chief of Mokoia Island, for whose sake Hinemoa swam Rotorua Lake—it was called Te Pa-Arakari-a-Tutanekai ("The Fort-where-the-Path-was-Carved-by-Tutanekai") because of the fact that the chief had steps cut down the cliff face from his *pa* to the bush below and to the spot where the images of the gods reposed. Tutanekai and his *hapu*, the Ngati-Tuara, had come to the Tihi-o-Tonga for the purpose of growing *kumara* in the rich warm volcanic soil of these uplands—where their descendants raised fine crops of wheat fifty years ago—and of snaring and spearing the birds that abounded in the woods below.

Leaving the breezy *taumata*, we presently descend the shrub-hung cliff by a rather slippery row of roughly-cut steps, hacked out with stone axes from the soft rock two centuries ago. The steps are half covered with decayed vegetation. They end about twenty feet below the edge of the cliff, where suddenly we come face to face with the carven *atua* in a kind of little recess sheltered by the cliff-wall and the surrounding trees and shrubs and ferns. A sphinx-like little effigy in stone looks out at us from the cliff on the right. It is a relief carving



From a sketch, 1909

Image of the goddess Horoirangi, carved on the cliff at Tihi-o-Tonga, Rotorua.

in the semblance of a human figure, with the out-turned knees always seen in stone carvings, and with its hands held in front of it. The figure is about two feet in height and about ten inches wide. It is covered with a smooth coat of beautiful red moss and a little *aka* forest-vine that has grown up across it adds to its appearance of great age. It is a perfectly preserved little figure except for its nose, part of which has been irreverently chipped off, but the friendly moss has endeavoured to repair the injury done by man. Rangiriri says that a Waikato and Ngati-Maru war-party, which passed through here about eighty years ago on an expedition to Lake Taupo, wrought the damage, but that the gods squared accounts with the raiders for their sacrilege. They were defeated at the Motu-o-Puhi *Pa,* on Lake Roto-a-Ira, by the Ngati-Tuwharetoa, and lost many men.

It is a beautiful little object, this *atua*, sacred as "Odin's mossy stone of power," contemplating us silently from the wall of its *tapu* grotto. How many a wild savage scene it has looked out upon since it was first carven with obsidian axes from the rocky cliff! For here came the cannibal war-parties, headed by their leaf-girded priest with his terrible offering, a human heart, and here rose the chant to Tu, the Angry-Eyed, the deity of war and blood.

Just opposite the carved figure and close to the foot of the stone stairway is a singular cave-like opening, a recess cut in the face of the cliff. It is about four feet deep, and about the same width, but the mouth is much smaller, about twelve inches by fifteen inches; the sides are squared and shaped as if a wooden door once closed it. This *rua* or cave, Rangiriri said, was the sacred *pataka*, or storehouse of the gods, and in it was kept the image of the great war-god of the Arawa tribe, Maru-te-whare-aitu.

Standing there before this curious altar of the ancients, the old *tohunga* gave an uncommonly interesting account of the stone image and the sacred *pataka*, and the religious ceremonies connected therewith.

The stone-carven figure, he said, represented the goddess Horoirangi, who was a deified ancestress of the Ngati-Uenukukopako tribe, a powerful clan of the Arawa. It was carved out of the rock three hundred years ago, before the steps known as the Ara-kari were cut. The image was the *mauri* or emblem which ensured the fertility of the land about the *pa*, and enabled the tribe to hold that land ("*hei pupuri te mana o te whenua, hei pupuri te kaha o te tangata*," as Rangiriri put it), and it was also the guardian spirit which preserved the wild birds and fruits in which the surrounding forest abounded. At certain times sacred food was offered to the image by the *Ruahine* or priestess of the *pa*, and incantations were recited before it. The first-fruits of the *kumara* harvest, and the first birds taken in snaring or spearing expeditions for *koko* (*tui*), *kaka* parrots, *kuku* (pigeons), and *korimako* (bell-birds), and other "wing-flapping children of Tiki" were also laid at Horoirangi's feet. "In the morning other incantations to the gods were repeated by the priests," said Rangiriri, "after the people's sleeping-mats had been turned [*i muri i te hurihanga o te takapo—te takapau-wharanui*]. Three earth-ovens were made in which sacred food was cooked by steam. One was the *umu-parapara*, containing food for the priests only. One was the *umu-kaha* [oven of strength] for the *ure-tu*, the males, of *ariki* or first-born aristocratic blood, and the third was for the women of rank. Then, besides, there was a fourth oven, a *waharoa*, of larger size, in which food was cooked for the general body of the people; this was a *hangi-kai*, an ordinary food-oven. Some of the food cooked in the sacred oven was laid before the image; this was what was called *whangai-atua*, or feeding the god. All these ceremonies were accompanied by appropriate prayers of placation and propitiation recited by the *tohunga*. After these sacred feasts were held, any remnant of food was carefully buried in the earth at the *tuahu* or altar; it must not be left to be eaten by those not entitled to do so, for it was *tapu*, nor allowed to lie

where any enemy could get it, for by its means he could *makutu* or fatally bewitch the tribe."

The original Horoirangi, Rangiriri explained, was a *wahine-atua*, or deified woman, who was the wife of Taharangi, the younger brother of the chief Whakaue, who lived about three hundred and fifty years ago. But there was also a Polynesian goddess of that name, invoked by the ancestors of the Arawa tribe before the canoe migration from the islands of the Eastern Pacific to New Zealand.

The story of the ancient moss-fringed cave-storehouse was next told by the old warrior.

"The name of that stone *pataka* or *rua*," said he, "is Pata-tō-rangi. In it my people kept the exceedingly sacred symbol of Maru, our god of war. This symbol was a lock of human hair, which was enclosed in a *waka* or wooden box hewn out of a block of *totara*. The box had a lid fitted to it, and was wrapped round with *rimu* bark, and with *aka*, forest vines. The priests came here to invoke Maru in time of war, and repeated the prayers when the war-party was about to set out; and here after a battle human flesh was brought, often the heart of the first of the enemy slain in the fight, and offered as food to the image of Maru. This man-flesh (*kiko-tangata*) was placed in the *pataka* alongside the receptacle in which Maru lay."

The *pataka* where the horrid offerings from many a cannibal fight were laid is now empty. Maru has disappeared. Many years ago Rangiriri and another man of *tohunga* rank removed the *waka-atua* and its sacred relic from the shrine and concealed it in a cave below. The other *tohunga* is dead, and Rangiriri alone of all his tribe knows the hiding-place of the war-god. This is as well, for he alone in his *hapu* has the knowledge of the *karakia* necessary to avert the *tapu's* spell. The younger people, in spite of their civilisation, dread the *tapu*, and still in their hearts believe that something very serious, perhaps even death, might befall them if they handled the symbols of their fathers' gods.

There is another venerated relic in these secret places of the Tihi-o-Tonga. Down in the forest below us is a sacred stone, a *tuapa* or *pae-manu,* resorted to in former times by the bird-hunters of the Pa-Arakari. A favourite device of the Maori birding parties and one to be observed to this day in many native districts was the *pepe* or call-leaf. This leaf, often of the *raurekau* shrub, is held between the lips in a certain way, and a peculiar cry or whistle is made which quickly attracts the *kaka* and other inquisitive birds to the spot where the hunter with his fatal stick is in hiding. The leaf used in the *pepe* method of bird-killing was first of all laid on the sacred stone so that it might imbibe the *mana* or power of the *mauri,* the emblem which stood for the productiveness of the forests, the birds, and fruits, etc. Offerings of *miro* and other berries of the woods and also of the birds caught were laid before the *mauri* by the hunters, with appropriate prayers.

Chapter XI.

MAORI SOCIAL LIFE.

The social organisation of the Maori tribe was as well-nigh perfect a commune as can be imagined. It was communism almost pure and undefiled; a commonwealth in which practically all had equal rights—except the slaves, who were not of the tribe, but had been taken from other tribes in war—and in which every man was a self-respecting and respected unit. In the Maori society each individual took a full share of the tribal duties, and in return each individual had the whole tribe at his or her back to redress an injury or avenge an insult.

The Maori was a barbarian, but he had no starving poor, no neglected and unfed children. There were no loafers, no unemployed, no criminal classes, no "unfortunate women," no hereditary non-workers. These, at least, were the advantages of a pure and savage socialism.

The autocracy of the chiefs was really a nominal one. The Maori commoner considered himself as good as his lord or *Ariki* in most points. If a chief lost the respect of his people, his place as leader in emergency, such as war, could be filled by others. What he could not lose was his sacred *Ariki*-ship, which was vested in him by heredity. The real ruler of the people was the institution of *tapu*.

The abject serfdom in which certain classes of the community in Polynesia and Melanesia were held by the high chiefs did not prevail in Maori Land. In old Tonga and Fiji, and in some of the islands of Eastern Polynesia, a subject could approach some of the great chiefs only on hands and knees or in some other servile fashion. The Maori, in these more temperate climes, had cast off this servility, or else had never known it. The average Maori held too good an opinion of himself to be thrall to any

man; and this is a strong characteristic of the race to-day.

There were no very rich men in Maoridom, even as the riches of those savage days went. The custom of *muru*—referred to later in this chapter—operated against the excessive accumulation of wealth. The principle, if crude, was not a bad one; there was always the chance that you might be able to *muru* some one else some time or other in retaliation for the spoliation of your own goods and chattels.

Life in a Maori *kainga* in ancient days was the reverse of idle, though it may often have been monotonous. There were the *kumara* and other crops to be attended to; there were fish to be caught, the birds of the forest to be speared and snared, trees to be felled, houses to be built, canoes to be hewn out. In all important undertakings, the full force of the tribe was employed, and, though it had its drawbacks in other ways, in these the communistic stage of society showed its advantages to the full. The felling and splitting of a great forest tree and the burning-out and stone-axe-hewing of a shapely canoe from its trunk were probably the most laborious works devolving upon the Maori of old. They were really tremendous undertakings, when we consider the very primitive appliances at the command of these people, who had never seen or known of an iron tool till the white man came.

Every man in the Maori commune was a skilled artisan in a variety of crafts. Some attained exceptional skill in arts such as wood-carving, tattooing, and canoe-building, and devoted themselves to those occupations; a professional tattooer, or *tohunga-tā-moko,* was held in high repute. The women were hard workers, in the food-gardens, and at the cooking ovens; and from their skilled fingers came the beautiful soft cloaks and shawls of dressed flax, often with institched plumage of birds, the *kaitaka*, the *korowai*, the *kahu-kiwi,* and *kahu-kura,* and other handsome articles of Maori attire. The art of weaving (*whatu-pueru*) has fortunately not deserted the

wahine Maori. There has been quite a revival in it of late years, and in many a native home, particularly in such districts as Rotorua, the Bay of Plenty, Waikato, and the Urewera Country, you may see the *turuturu* or weaving-sticks of the lady of the household with a partially made *korowai* or *hihima* or other garment stretched thereon. But your glimpse of them as they are set up may be only momentary; for it is a native weaving custom to suspend work and lay the *turuturu* down should a stranger enter, otherwise the unseen *tapu* that belongs to the *whatu-pueru* art may give trouble.

The fortified village of the olden time was a well-ordered one, with everything in its place, and all its appurtenances betokening a considerable degree of savage culture. M. Crozet, who visited the Bay of Islands in 1792, as second in command of the French expedition under the unfortunate Marion du Fresne (who was killed there by the Maoris), has left on record an excellent description of the *pas* that studded the coast-line of the beautiful Bay, the Tokerau of the Maoris. Crozet's Journal details with praise the large well-constructed cleanly villages that stood on the commanding hill-tops overlooking the Bay: their stout rows of palisading, and deep trenches; their fighting-towers 25ft. above the ground, commanding the narrow entrances to the forts; and their complete magazines of food, of arms, and of fishing-gear. The navigator particularly describes the armoury, or store of weapons, one of which stood in every village. These Maori temples of Mars contained large numbers of every kind of native weapon—bone and whalebone *patus*, spears and *taiahas*, dart-throwing sticks (*kotaha*), and so on, some stacked around the house-pillars just as *pakeha* soldiers stack their rifles around the tent-poles. The large storehouse in which the fishing-gear was kept was full of ropes and cordage in various stages of manufacture, nets, bone and wood and shell fish-hooks in great numbers and of every size, sinkers, floats, and other fishing appliances, and the paddles of the war-canoes.

The old-time *whare*, roofed with *raupo*, *nikau*, or *toetoe*, and the floor covered with native mats (*takapau* or *whariki*) is disappearing. The less picturesque and, says the Maori, less comfortable weatherboard house, too often an ugly shanty, is taking the place of the olden reed hut. The old people like the low-eaved *whares* of their ancestors. Communal habits are still strong; and in eating, working, and sleeping the Maori likes plenty of company. Periodical feasts, *tangis* and political meetings relieve the monotony of life in Maori *kaingas*. In the North a party of tribespeople go off to the gumfields, in times of scarcity of food or when money is particularly needed, to "*keri kapia*" or dig for *kauri* gum for a few weeks or months. It was in this way that several Maori tribes in the Auckland province a few years ago raised the necessary funds for the establishment of brass bands. These brass bands were at that time the prevailing craze amongst the Maoris, who readily adopt any new idea, and often drop it as quickly. There are still a number of bands amongst the native tribes, and some of them very good ones too.

The Maori menu is not usually a very varied one. European food is used generally by the Maoris who live in the neighbourhood of townships and stores; but in the Maori *kainga*, as a rule, the staple diet consists of potatoes, *kumara*, pork, eels, fish, and occasionally mutton. Pigeons and other forest birds, when available, are added to the list, and in bush districts these birds form a very considerable portion of the food supplies. *Kaka*, wild duck, *tui*, and other birds are eaten; and in the Urewera, Tuhua, Upper Wanganui, and other bush districts, the natives frequently pot the pigeons and *tui* in large numbers, preserving them in their own fat in *totara*-bark baskets, in which they will keep for months. Mutton-birds, or *titi* are largely preserved in the south in *poha*, or receptacles made of the great seaweed called bull-kelp. The ancient art of taking the birds of the forest by snaring them is practised now only amongst the older men and in a few localities, chiefly

the Urewera Country, where the people's fare for centuries past has largely consisted of birds. Along the Waikato river and its tributaries and similar places, eels form one of the great staples of food, the hauls made in the big eel-pots in the creeks and swamps of the Lower Waikato are sometimes very large indeed. *Inanga*, or white-bait, are taken in many streams and lakes. In Lakes Rotorua and Rotoiti the fresh-water *koura*, or crayfish, was also a plentiful food until the *pakeha* trout was introduced. Nor must we forget the oyster, the *pipi*, the *kutai*, and other shell-fish, and the finny food-treasures yielded up by Tangaroa, the God of the Ocean; the coastal tribes enjoy a much more varied diet than those of the interior.

Of the Maori cultivated foods, the *kumara* was the most important in ancient days, and even in these times it is more valued than the potato because, unlike the pakeha's esculent, it is not much affected by blight.

The garden patches in a Maori village of to-day, such as the reposeful little *kainga* Owhata, on Lake Rotorua, are a pleasant sight. Potatoes, *kumara*, maize, and *torori*, or native tobacco, grow particularly well on this rich warm volcanic soil. The well-sheltered *kumara*-plots face the east; and the rows of *kumara*-plants run diagonally across the garden-patch. Great care is observed by the villagers in the cultivation of the sweet potato, for it is a semi-tropical plant and requires much attention. The tubers are set with the cut ends facing the rising sun; sand is carried up from the beach and is mixed with the earth in the little hillocks (*ahuahu*) heaped round each plant; and the women diligently weed the beds. The young *torori* (tobacco) plants, in the heat of midsummer, are carefully protected from the scorching midday rays of the sun by a screen of three or four small stones set up around and over each plant.

Children in the Maori commune are petted and given a great deal of liberty by their parents. A father may often be seen nursing his *potiki* or youngest child for hours, carrying it about with him on his back in his

shawl or blanket. Young girls were allowed to do pretty well as they pleased, and they and the boys enjoyed full liberty in sexual matters, unless indeed a girl was a *puhi*, like the *taupo* or village maid of Samoa, or was *tapui*'d or betrothed to some young chief. But when a girl became a wife all that was changed, and promiscuous love-making was interdicted, punishable by a *taua muru* or often the tomahawk.

A plurality of wives is in some quarters still considered the perquisite of a *rangatira*. A man with more than one wife is called a *puna-rua*, a man of "two wells." A few of the old stock, like Tamaikowha, the sturdy old fighting chief of the Ngai-Tama and Urewera tribes, at Waimana, generally have two or three wives to uphold their dignity and keep their *kumara* patches in order, and are not averse to taking a fresh spouse or two ocasionally. The most-married Maori of to-day is Ruatapu, the prophet of the "Rocky Mountain." Ruatapu has constituted himself the arch-priest and political leader of the Urewera people, and in his new weatherboard town of Hiruharama Hou ("The New Jerusalem") away up on the woody slopes of Maunga-pohatu, he has his harem of seven wives. These wives have been sealed unto him quite in the Brigham-Young manner. I once asked Ruatapu whether he had any precedent for taking seven wives, thinking that he would point to the fact that a Maori *rangatira* in former days took as many wives as he liked, and that, as in the case of the celebrated Te Heuheu Mana-nui, of Taupo—who had eight wives—a plurality of *wahines* was indicative of rank and influence. But the long-haired prophet based his title to the harem on a very different authority. He took Biblical sanction for it. "You know the Bible, don't you?" he said. "Well, doesn't it say this in the fourth chapter of Isaiah, 'In that day seven women shall take hold of one man'? That's my authority. I am the one man appointed by the *Wairua-tapu* [the Holy Spirit], and my seven wives came to me. I didn't take them; the people gave them to me; they came and wished to be my wives, one from one tribe and one from another."

This is marriage *whaka-Maori,* in native fashion. Although there was a ritual or *karakia* for marriage, invocations pronounced by the *tohunga* over young couples, the practice does not appear to have been much observed except in the case of those of considerable rank

From a photo., 1908.

Ruatapu, the Prophet of the Urewera Country. Ruatapu is about forty years of age. His father, Kenana ["Canaan"], was killed in a fight with the Government troops in December, 1868, at Wharekopae. He and many of his followers wear their hair long, following an ancient practice; Ruatapu also quotes the example of Jesus Christ, whom he fancies he resembles in appearance.

and importance in the tribe. As in olden days, before a man and girl become husband and wife the consent of the two interested *hapus* or families still has to be obtained in formal council meeting. Otherwise, there is

no ceremony—unless the minister or priest of a European church is called in—beyond the marriage feast gathering, the *pā-kuha*.

"What is your marriage ceremony here? Have you any *karakia*?" I asked old K———, the head man of a little Hauhau *hapu* who was temporarily squatting on another tribe's land at Otautu, in the South Taranaki bush. A youth and girl of the *hapu* were being married on the day I visited the settlement, and a barrel of beer had just arrived—in contravention of the law—from the nearest township for the wedding festivities. It was rolled up on to the *marae*, where a merry and noisy crowd welcomed it with a song and dance.

"*Karakia!* This is my *karakia*," said the old reprobate, grinning. He filled a tin pannikin with beer and held it up. "I say to Timi—that's the boy—'You drink this,' and then to Pare, the girl, 'You drink.' When they take a drink each, I say to them, 'Now, you are married' (*me moe korua*). That's all my *karakia*—good enough, *ne!*"

There was no lack of amusement in the *kainga* Maori, either by day or by night. Of the olden games and amusements that have survived to this day, the *poi* and *haka* posture-dances, with their amusing and often Rabelaisian songs, are the most popular. The "dancers" do not really dance, but stand in rows and twirl the light *poi*-balls (made of dry *raupo*-leaves) over their heads, from side to side, beating them at intervals on their heads, breasts, shoulders, and even their feet, all in perfect time to the rhythm of the song or the musical accompaniment. The *poi* is often an action song—some represent the work of planting food, some the action of paddling a canoe, some imitate the fluttering of the wild birds. The Taranaki Maoris are amongst the cleverest *poi*-dancers in New Zealand, but the *poi* has always been something of a religious ceremony in their district. The Maori prophet Te Whiti and his chief men at Parihaka village had their oracular utterances and their chants and prayers rehearsed and publicly sung by the *poi*-

women. It was a very pretty sight to watch a large party of these girls and women, their heads all decked with white feathers—the *tohu* or emblem of Te Whiti-ism—going through the evolutions of the *poi,* with wonderful rapidity and deftness, to the accompaniment of a very high and wild chant—for the Prophet of the Mountain did not look with favour on accordeons and mouth-organs and other *pakeha* innovations.

A specimen of an ancient *karakia* now sung as a *poi*-chant is Turi's Paddling-Song, given in Chapter V., p. 54.

In places like Rotorua—where a number of the interesting old games have been revived for the amusement of white visitors—and in many a little settlement around the Bay of Plenty and the East Cape and the Urewera Country, such amusements as the *whai*, or cat's cradle, *matimati* and *titi-to-ure* (now bowdlerised in Rotorua to *titi-torea*) are still to be observed. One old Arawa man at Ohinemutu is particularly expert in the intricate *whai* string-work intended to represent Maui, the magic fisherman, and his brothers, the Aratiatia, or "Ladder," Rapids, etc.; and the *titi-torea* game is played with four sticks in a wonderfully deft fashion by several of the Ohinemutu women. The players, six or more in number, sit or kneel in a circle, a little distance apart; four of them hold sticks, about 3ft. long, in the right hand. A rhythmic chant is sung and in time to the words the sticks are swung to and fro or up and down, and at a certain word in the song they are thrown from one to the other and caught. There are variations of the movements, all of which are done in exactest time to the song chanted by the leader.

Another game, *matimati*, performed sitting, is played with the hands, in pairs, the two players sitting opposite each other; words and short sentences are repeated by the players very quickly and at each cry the hands are moved in a particular manner. One must watch it to appreciate the great dexterity and mental alertness required in what at first may appear a childish game.

These and many other games, the musical *poi,* with its rhythmic tap-tap-tapping, and the exciting *haka* made the evening hours pass away in the crowded *whare-tapere* of old. Nowadays *pakeha* games have been added and the pack of cards and draughts or *kai-mu* are seen in most meeting houses where the sociable Maori *hapu* congregate after the evening meal.

Of outdoor games, the pastime of the *koki* was an interesting one, in which the Rotorua and adjacent tribes were particularly fond of engaging.

Nearly half way up the lofty precipitous face of Matawhaura, where that beautiful forested mountain juts out like an enormous wall over the deep waters of Lake Rotoiti, there is a bare bluff called Pakipaki, to which a steep track leads from the canoe landing below, and on which in former times a little fortified *pa* stood. Here, high above the blue lake, the young people of the Matawhaura stockaded refuges used to gather and amuse themselves with the *koki* (from *kokiri,* to dart). For this diversion they gathered the large handsome leaves of the *wharangi* plant (*Brachyclottis repauda*) which are dark green on the upper and white on the under side. These were attached to a light stem of some strong grass, and tails or streamers (*hihi*) were added, made of *wiwi* or other light reeds or rushes, sometimes two or three feet in length. Then the broad leaves were held up and balanced in the hand, with their streaming tails, and after repeating a song in chorus the players darted them out over the lake, each striving to cast his *rau-wharangi* farthest. If there was a fair wind blowing, the leaves with their dancing *hihi* were carried for considerable distances before falling into the water far below. This is the little song which the players chanted as they held their sailing-leaves aloft, a chant often heard at the present day as a *haka* song amongst the Maoris of Tapuaeharuru and adjacent Rotoiti villages:—

Ma tiki koki ki runga,
E tae ra koe
Ki wai-o-rikiriki,
Ki wai-o-rakaraka,
Te piho o te rangi.
Hoki hoki hoki mai, hoki!

(Translation.)
Sail away, my leaf on high,
Sail thou o'er the waters far,
Fly up to the sky, and then
Come, come back to me again.

The *moari,* a kind of swing, or rather "giant's stride," was formerly to be seen in many a Maori village. There is a good picture of the *moari* in G. F. Angas's "New Zealand Illustrated," from a sketch in the Taupo district in 1844. There were many *moari* around the shores of Lakes Rotorua and Rotoiti till recent times. The *moari*

From a sketch by G. F. Angas.

The *moari.*

was a tall elastic tree or ricker stripped of its branches, and with five or six long flax ropes attached to its head. It generally stood on the edge of a stream or a lake. The players would each grasp a rope and, after singing a song in chorus, swing off all together into space and land either on the ground again or drop off with a splash into the water below. The old people of Mokoia Island, Lake Rotorua, point out the site of a celebrated five-rope

moari which once stood on the hill-slope at Te Rewarewa, an ancient *pa* on the top of the island, now a tribal burying place.

Another diversion, one hugely enjoyed by the water-loving Maori, was that known as *rerenga-wai,* or "flying into the water." At many of the Rotorua lakeside villages, for instance, certain trees, chiefly *pohutukawa,* which extended long strong branches out over the water, were made use of as diving-boards. A suitable limb of the tree would be stripped of its twigs and leaves, the upper side adzed down and smoothed, and the end of the branch ornamented with carving. One noted Rotorua *rakau-rerenga-wai* was that which stood on the banks of the Waiteti stream, overhanging a deep pool in the river. On hot summer days, when the cool clear waters of the beautiful streams and lakes glistened so invitingly, the young people of the village would often gather by the water-side for the sport of the *rerenga-wai.* Throwing off their garments, the young men and girls would stand out along the elastic tree spring-board, holding each other's hands, and sing in chorus a lively song. The following is a specimen of these Rotorua diving-songs:—

From a photo. by Allen Hutchinson.

An Arawa Woman, Rotorua.

Te koko e rere atu ra ra.
E rere ra i Puke-whanake,
Ki te kawe-korero
Kia Te Iripapa;
Kaore e hoki-i.
Ka tu au i te rahui whakairoiro
Na Tokoahu.
Kai te ruhi noa,
Kai te ngenge noa,
Ta te raumatihanga.
Po-o-o ki roto wai
Ruhi ai!

(TRANSLATION.)
See yonder *tui*-bird that flies
O'er the slopes of Palm-tree Hill;
'Tis a little messenger
Carrying tales to Iripapa.
It flies away, and won't return.
Here I stand
On Tokoahu's carven tree;
Here I stand
Weary of the summer's heat,
So into the water I'll go!

And at the final word all together the divers dropped down with a mighty splash into the cool waters, and there they swam and chased and splashed each other like a company of brown mermen and mermaidens. The young women were not without vanity even in that primitive social state; the softer sex delighted in having their hips and the upper parts of their legs blue-tattooed in symmetrical spirals and in the artistic design known as the *puhoro* (which can be seen to-day used in the decoration of rafters in a carved house), for the public admiration when they went out to bathe from the carven tree that stood by the diving-pool. A really well tattooed man or woman in ancient Maoridom created as much admiration and envy as a *pakeha* lady of to-day in an expensive up-to-date costume and the latest Parisian picture hat.

The bath was often the social gathering-place, particularly in the Hot Lakes country. Ruapeka, the little sandy bay at Ohinemutu, Rotorua, was the great bathing place of that Arawa village. Here in the pleasant warm waters, heated by many hot springs, practically the whole population of Ohinemutu would gather in the evenings for social gossip and song. It was the most unconventional of "musical evenings." There is a local proverbial saying that indicates the free-and-easy conditions which obtained amongst this water-loving tribe, where mixed bathing was the fashion—"*Kaore he ture ki Ruapeka*," which means "There is no law in Ruapeka." That is to say, should a man discover, for example, that his wife was flirting with another man at one of these social gatherings, he need not complain about it, for men and women could do as they pleased in Ruapeka; it was a place where the customary code of conduct was relaxed. If he wished to keep his wife to himself, he should keep her away from Ruapeka. She could "hang her clothes on a gooseberry bush," in the words of the old rhyme—or in lieu thereof, a flax bush—but she mustn't go near the water. But as the husband often preferred to indemnify himself by making love

under cover of the darkness and the steam to someone else's wife, matters were adjusted all round and everyone was very merry in Ruapeka Bay.

The South Sea Island sport of surf-swimming and surfboard-riding is not unknown amongst the Maoris on the East Coast of New Zealand. The children in some of the seaside villages near the East Cape are fond of swimming out into the surf taking with them a piece of board, and lying on this they come riding shorewards on the top of a wave. This was also an old-time sea-sport on some parts of the South Island coast, such as the beaches at the entrance to Waikouaiti Harbour, Otago.

Most of the primitive customs of the native people have disappeared since the *pakeha* tide swept over them, but one still sees certain phases of old Maori life in the villages, on the occasion of large meetings or at the mournful *tangi*. The dances of the *tutu-waewae* and *haka*; the picturesque *tuku-kai,* or formal presentation of food to guests, and the *powhiri,* or reception of visitors from a distance, with songs of welcome and waving of green boughs and garments, are still universal. An often-sung chant of welcome to visitors, particularly appropriate in such places as the Waikato River villages, where guests arrive by canoe or boat, is the ancient *powhiri*-song beginning "*Kumea mai te waka*" ("Haul up the canoe"), ending with a stentorian chorus of "*Toia mai te waka ki te urunga*" ("Pull the canoe to the resting-place"). In welcoming visitors and in making set speeches the Maori follows the poetical custom of his ancestors.

Up in the North, the Hokianga waters and the West Coast generally are known as "*Te tai tama-tane,*" which literally means "the man-like sea," having reference to the boisterous and stormy sea of the West Coast. In contradistinction to this the Bay of Islands and neighbouring localities of the East Coast of the Island are figuratively referred to as "*Te tai tamahine*" ("the sea of girls") because of the more tranquil sheltered waters of that coast where girls might safely paddle out in their canoes.

Thus when a party of natives from the Bay of Islands pay a formal visit to a *tangi* or other social gathering at, say, Waima, Hokianga, they are welcomed with cries of:—

"*Haere mai! Haere mai! e te manuhiri tua-rangi! Haere mai! e te iwi tai-tamahine! Haere mai!*"

which means:—

"Welcome hither, O strangers, from beyond the sky! Welcome, O the people of the peaceful sea, welcome hither!"

Maori Women's Canoe Race, on the Waikato River. *L. Hinge, photo.*

And when the Omanaia or Mangamuka people leave the Hokianga district to discuss *kumara* and dried shark with their cousins at Kerikeri or Waitangi, Bay of Islands, the hosts will welcome the coming guests as visitors from the "*tai tama-tane*," whose home borders the thundering surf and the flying surges of the wild West Coast, an essentially "man-like" sea.

A ceremonious and pretty rite of hospitality is the formal presentation of food to visitors, the *hari-kai*, or *tuku-kai* ("food-bringing"), as it is called. The guests remain seated on the ground in the *marae* or village green and their hosts bring them their meals, to the accompaniment of song and dance.

At a *tuku-kai* I witnessed not long ago, on the occasion of a large congress of the tribes, there first advanced a long line of merry girls and women, each carrying a plaited basket or *kono*, of green flax, containing a steaming "first-course" of potatoes and pork, hot from the *hangi*. As they came they chanted a lively song, keeping time with a skipping dance, a kind of "Here-we-come-gathering-nuts-and-may" turn, swaggering and swinging their plump bodies from side to side. Then they retired in good order for another course. Next a number of young men advanced in two long lines, yelling a *haka* song as they did so, each bearing a loaf of bread or a handful of biscuits, and others carrying buckets of tea, all of which were laid out on the grass in front of the visitors, a large party of Arawa tribespeople. Then a squad of Ngapuhi natives came forward carrying more bread, and pannikins for the tea. They, too, *haka*'d as they performed their share of the *tuku-kai,* and shouting a welcome song. "Here we come," chanted their leader, "bringing our gift—the fifteen pannikins of Ngapuhi!" Next, half-skipped, half-danced forward, singing lustily as they came, a large party of Whanganui men, carrying baskets and dishes of boiled *kumara* and preserved pigeons. Then there marched up, bringing more *kai,* headed by a brass band of Maori youths playing a quick-step, a party of Ngati-Apa and Ngati-Raukawa people. Ngati-Apa were headed by an enormously stout woman, whose fat body quivered and shook as she danced along the line, grimacing. The Ngati-Kahungunu people in their turn advanced, singing as they stamped, and turned this way and that, "Here we come, bringing *kumara* and birds," and swishing their flax waist-mats in Highland fashion as they swung up to the dining-table of the Arawa—the grassy green—and laid their offerings on the ground.

The bill-of-fare completed, the hosts fell back a space, and their spokesman formally presented the food to their guests. A tattooed old chief, for the people of the Lakes, acknowledged the gift in his dignified fashion, and in a

few moments thereafter the happy Arawa were making serious inroads on the heap of *kai-kai* and the steaming buckets of tea.

Sometimes the entertainers will jocularly lament their inability to provide a fitting feast for their visitors. In a Rotorua *tuku-kai* song, often chanted when presents of food are being carried into the *marae* and placed before visitors, these words occur:—

	(Translation.)
Hai aha Kawaha?	What's the good of Kawaha?
Te whenua kai-kore!	It is a foodless place!
Ka pa tau ko Mokoia	Now, if you were at Mokoia
Tenetene ana to korokoro	Your throats would be distended
I te kumara.	With the abundance of the *kumara*.

(Mokoia Island is famed for its fertility and for its abundant yields of the *kumara* or sweet potato.)

There is sometimes an amusing introduction of English phrases or popular catch-words into these *tuku-kai* chants. For instance, a song I once heard a jolly gang of young fellows bawl out lustily as they danced into the meeting-square, laden with hard ship's-biscuits, their contribution to the feast:—

	(Translation.)
He aha te pihikete?	What are the biscuits for?
Pihikete?	The biscuits?
Hei whakapiri ki te taha o te kau	Why, to stick close alongside the beef!
Ooh-ooh-ooh!	(imitating the *ante-mortem* bellow of
What ho she pump!	the "beef").

And at the word "pump" each cheery youth appropriately bumped his burden down beside the boiled beef and the potatoes with a hearty thud energetic enough to shatter the most adamant of "hard-tack."

Occasionally the easy tenor of life in peace-time was varied by a little diversion in the form of a *taua-muru* or "robbing party." This forcible distraint upon property for offences committed still prevails in some Maori districts, particularly Rotorua and the Bay of Plenty, and in the Urewera Country. Women and land were the roots of all evil according to the Maori. Disputes about both very often ended in war; but it was often

possible to settle a matter in which the ladies were concerned by a peaceful robbing-party. The usual *take* or pretext for a *taua-muru* is matrimonial infidelity. Lapses of this sort generally become quickly known amongst a communistic people like the Maoris, where one person's business is everybody's. The injured husband, or wife, and their friends go in a body—in former days they always went armed—to the *kainga* of the offender, and there, after angry speech-making and a good deal of abuse, the visitors lay hands on the goods and chattels of the villagers. In old days the place was given up to general plunder at the cry of "*Murua*!" ("Loot!") from the chiefs. A general confiscation of valuables in the dwellings of the offender and his relatives is still carried out in some instances, when a *taua-muru* visits a village on *utu* intent; in others a certain quantity of property, in the form of clothing, heirlooms of greenstone, horses, cattle, pigs, saddles, vehicles, or what not, is formally presented to the visitors in satisfaction of the trouble.*

About a year ago an old Maori acquaintance of mine in a native district near Rotorua invited me to join a *taua* which was setting out from his village that morning to *muru* the people at another village a few miles away.

"Tuki's wife has been naughty again," he explained, "and we're very angry about it, so as Tuki belongs to us we're going to *muru* the other man and the wife's people. It's very bad, very bad, all this *puremutanga*. But I might get a good *kahu-kiwi* or something of that sort out of it if I'm smart. Tuki's grandfather married Rauriki, you see, and Rauriki's younger brother was my wife's uncle, so that's why I'm going with the *taua*. Come along, and see all the *rarurarn*,† and you might pick up something yourself if you're lucky."

*A recent instance of a *taua-muru* was one which took place at Ohinemutu, Rotorua, in October of the present year. The cause was the usual one, a marital trouble; the offender and his relatives were visited by a large punitive party who danced *hakas* and made violent speeches, which they followed up by confiscating a large number of articles, such as greenstone treasures, flax and feather cloaks, clothes, guns, etc., belonging to the "co-respondent" and his *hapu*.

†*Rarurarn*: trouble, confusion, turmoil.

A feeling of *pakeha* delicacy about robbing a fellow for a little thing like that prevented my joining the *taua,* and moreover I was not related to Tuki's grandfather. But I was rather sorry next day that *tauas* weren't for *pakehas* when I met the old man strutting around with a fine *korowai* flax cloak over his shoulders. He informed me that he had done pretty well out of the *taua.* Though someone else secured the valuable *kahu-kiwi,* the beautiful cape of *kiwi* feathers, which the naughty Mrs. Tuki was known to possess, he had managed to "*muru*" not only the *korowai,* which was nearly as good, but also a couple of fowls, which were by this time cooking in the hot spring at the back of his 8 x 10 domicile.

Not so many years ago, however, a *taua* was often attended with rather serious consequences for the Don Juans of Maoridom. They had to submit to the ordeal of the spear. I remember a yarn a certain other Maori acquaintance of mine once told me.

We were at Waahi, the village of Mahuta the "King," on the banks of the Waikato River. An old, old man, thickly tattooed, with long white hair and beard, an old blanket around him, was squatting blinking in the sun on the grassy *marae* in the centre of the village. It was the ancient man Tu-ata, one of the highest born chiefs of Waikato, and some sort of great-uncle of Mahuta's.

"Look at old Tu-ata," said my friend, "Sunshine,"—he was well-named, a big jovial man, with a face like a rising sun, slightly browned. "You wouldn't think he had been a smart fighting man once, would you? And even when he was an old fellow, he was a very good man with the spear, too, my word!"

"Sunshine" chuckled to himself a while, and I asked him what he was grinning at.

"I was thinking of something," he said. "This was the way of it. A good many years ago, when I was a young fellow, I lived with the Kingites at their big settlement on Hikurangi hill, which is away up on the slopes of Mount Pirongia, where the track to Kawhia goes up from the Waipa. [This was about the year 1878.]

Old King Tawhiao lived there, in a fine large *nikau* house at the top of the hill. Now, Tawhiao was very fond of young wives, and every time he went away on a trip to other Maori tribes he was presented with a new young wife, and he brought her home to put with the others. Well, I was a young *autaia* those days, and I couldn't help making love to the girls. There was one of the King's wives, and she was a very nice girl. I became very fond of her, and she liked me much better than the old King. But some inquisitive old woman found Hera in my *whare* one night, and then there was trouble—a great *raruraru*, and talk, talk, talk.

From a photo. by W. Beattie, 1906.
Tu-ata, of Waahi, Waikato.

"Well, then the *taua*. All the people gathered on the *marae*, and I had to stand out there before them all, to be speared at in punishment. And that old Tu-ata was the spearsman. He was an old man then, and he was Tawhiao's foster-father [*matua-whangai*]. He it was who made sharp his hardwood *tao* to avenge the King. I stood there, with only a blanket on, tied round my waist. I was not allowed to have a spear to defend myself; all I was given was a short stick, a *karo*, to ward off the spear.

"Now, Tu-ata came dancing and *taki*-ing forward, slapping his thigh, and looking very angry, as if he were determined to kill me. He charged at me, and hurled his sharp spear with all his force. *Anana!* it whistled through the air. I just dodged it by jumping aside. I made a quick bound—like this—else had I been speared through the body. That was all, except the *muru*-ing; I lost most of my clothes and my watch and gun. The old man was only allowed to throw one spear. But, my word, I did jump!"

"And you didn't make love to any more of Tawhiao's wives?" asked the *pakeha*.

"No," said "Sunshine," "not for a long time after that."

Chapter XII.

THE WHARE-WHAKAIRO.

There are three things, say the Maoris, the possession of which is the mark and token of a chief—a *patu-pounamu*, or sharp-edged club of greenstone, a *kahu-waero* or dogskin cloak, and a *whare-whakairo* or carved house.

Most Maori villages of any importance contain at least one *whare-whakairo*, a large house which is used as the communal assembly hall, council-place (*whare-runanga*), house of amusement (*whare-tapere*), and guest-house (*whare-manuhiri*). Often, too, it is the village sleeping house, or *wharepuni*, where the whole of the people, men, women, and children, spend the night. The erection of these carved houses is generally a tribal affair, but occasionally a moneyed chief will put up one at his own expense, and very proud he is of it, when the *whai-kawa* ceremony is over and the people are admitted to admire the tattooed figures of ancestors grouped round, the bright scrolled rafter designs, and the beautiful *arapaki* lattice work, and to recline on the soft flax *whariki* mats that cover the floor.

Some of the best known carved houses are those at Ohinemutu and Whakarewarewa, in the Rotorua district. Rotorua is the home of the best carvers in New Zealand, members of the Ngati-Whakaue and Ngati-Tarawhai tribes, and such men as Anaha, Neke Kapua, and Tene Waitere have turned out much really beautiful specimens of the wood-carver's art. But in many lesser-known districts there are some very large tribal *whare-whakairo* adorned inside and out with fine carvings, the product of many months' patient work with axe and chisel and mallet.

About the largest of these is the great council-house "Te Whai-a-te-Motu," at Mataatua, in the Ruatahuna Valley, the ancient headquarters of the Urewera tribe, deep in the wild mountain-land. It is over eighty feet in length. A photo of this big *whare* is reproduced on this page. The house was really a Hauhau temple; it was built by the Ureweras in 1890 for the war-chief Te Kooti, and for some years it was held so sacred that no white man was allowed to enter it.

A night in such a house as this is an interesting experience.

Photo. by W. A. Neale, Tapui.

"Te Whai-a-te-Motu," the carved meeting-house at Mataatua, Ruatahuna Valley, Urewera Country.

A bell at the porch of the "Whai-a-te-Motu" tinkles as the darkness falls over misty peak and woody valley, and fires twinkle here and there through the village. The bell is the signal for evening prayers. The Urewera here still hold to the faith promulgated by Te Kooti, the ritual known as the "*Ringa-tu*," the "Uplifted Hand" —a medley of the Psalms of David and the Church of England prayer-book. "Te Whai-a-te-Motu" ("The Chase of the Island"—so named in allusion to the pursuit of Te Kooti by the Government soldiers for over three years) is soon packed with people, and the scene

is passing weird. The only light is a fire on the earth floor, just at the foot of the central house-pillar, the sacred *poutoko-manawa*, where the carven wooden statue of Toroa, a semi-deified kingly ancestor of the tribe, stares forth with scornful visage, beautifully scrolled with blue lines of tattoo. Strange shadows dance with the flickering of the fire, and the carved effigies of ancestral heroes grouped round the walls seem alive, ready to start forth on the war-path again—stern figures grotesquely fearful with their huge distorted heads and leering mouths from which project enormous red-painted tongues, their three-fingered hands grasping stone weapons, their faces tattooed in exactest imitation of the intricate *moko* of men. Some of the wall-slabs are carved into fantastic figures of fabulous water-monsters, *taniwha* and *maraki-hau*, scooping in their victims with long funnel-shaped tongues; others represent the mythical creatures known as the *manaia* and *wheku*, with bird-like beaks and snaky tails all coiled in endless spirals. The wide rafters are decorated with handsome black and red scroll-work and with rude paintings of trees and birds and bird-spearing. On the latticed walls hang weapons of war and implements of the chase—a Terry carbine, trophy of the war; some rifles and shotguns, glistening greenstone clubs and bone-handled tomahawks, and a bundle of long limber smoke-blackened bird-spears, tipped with sharp bone and iron barbs.

Another large tribal meeting-house of this character is "Te Tokanga-nui-a-noho," at Te Kuiti, in the King Country. It belongs to the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe. The *whare* is 75 feet in length by 32 feet in width, with a height to ridge-pole of about 20 feet. It was built in 1878 as a Hauhau *whare-karakia*, or prayer-house, for Te Kooti, and first stood at Tokangamutu, half-a-mile or so from the township of Te Kuiti. This house-name, "Te Tokanga-nui-a-noho," holds a story. It means "The Great Food-basket of the Stay-at-homes," or "The Basket of Plenty." This is part of a famous proverbial saying or *whakatauki* amongst the Ngati-Maniapoto.

Its origin dates back to the ancient fighting-days. A dispute arose in this district between two high chiefs, one of whom was anxious to lead his followers to battle against a distant tribe, while the other preferred to remain peacefully at home. After an angry discussion the war-chief rose and calling on his followers said, "Come with me, leave the abundant food baskets of the stay-at-homes [*te tokanga-nui-a-noho*]; for us are the small handfuls of the war-party [*te rourou-iti-a-haere*]," meaning thereby that he and his would desert their homes and cultivations and be content with the short commons of travellers through a far and hostile territory. His tribesmen followed him, and they became great warriors; and "*Te rourou-iti-a-haere*" is an expression still used in reference to any bold undertaking involving privation, or adventurous travelling.*

Though a modern house, the carvings in "Te Tokanga-nui-a-noho" are interesting as being representative of nearly all the important tribes of the North Island; in fact the house is a national Maori art gallery in its primitive way, containing effigies of the founders and heroes of various tribes from Auckland to Cook Strait, besides some of the mythological Polynesian gods and demi-gods. The slabs and posts were carved by men from many different tribes—Ngati-Maniapoto, Waikato, Whakatohea, Urewera, and others—as contributions to the *whare* from the various Hauhau tribes under the influence of Te Kooti. The *kakaho* or reed-panel work, however, is base imitation, the work of the *pakeha* saw-mill. The *parata* or carved portion of the massive ridge-pole in the porch represents Rangi and Papa (as also does that in "Te Whai-a-te-Motu"), the primal parents in the Polynesian cosmogony, the Sky-father and Earth-mother. Maui, the Maori Hercules and Sun-god, is depicted on the walls, with his plaited rope noosing a

* "Hail and farewell! I must arise
Leave here the fatted cattle,
And paint on foreign lands and skies
My Odyssey of battle."
—*Robert Louis Stevenson* ("*Songs of Travel.*")

Interior of a Carved House, Rotorua.

smiling-looking sun—in allusion to the Polynesian myth of his snaring of Tama-nui-te-Ra, the Sun, and there, too, is his magic fish-hook with which he drew up the North Island of New Zealand. A curious little relief-carving is an effigy of Maniapoto, showing this famous old chief crouching in a limestone stalactite cave. This cave is Te Ana-Uriuri ("The Gloomy Cavern"), which is near Te Kuiti, and Maniapoto, according to tradition, sometimes lived in it. There, again, is Tuwharetoa, the great ancestor of the Taupo people, with his sacred mountains, Tongariro and Pihanga. There is a white line of steam or mist streaming from Tongariro into Pihanga's crater. This is in allusion to the legend that Pihanga was Tongariro's wife, and that the steam and clouds sometimes seen drifting from Tongariro towards Pihanga are the visible tokens of his love for his mountain-spouse. And on another slab is Maahu (he like the others, is carefully labelled with his name lest you should not know him), the forest-chief, one of the very remote ancestors of the Lake Waikaremoana and Urewera Maoris. He has a *tawhara*, the fruit of the *kiekie* climbing plant, in his hand; for such were the foods of the bushmen of yore. This slab was carved by a descendant of Maahu.

In a little Lakeland village, the *kainga* Owhata, on the tree-bowered eastern shores of Lake Rotorua, there stands a *wharepuni* which the people of the village have named "Hinemoa," after their renowned ancestress, whose home this *kainga* was in the long ago. It is quite a pretty little house, with its carved front-slabs and barge-boards, and its *tekoteko* or figurehead crowning the junction of the barge-boards, and the interior is bright with beautiful scroll-painted rafter-patterns. There are many varieties of patterns on these rafters and wall-plates, exhibiting some of the graceful designs evolved by the Maori artist from his study of natural objects—the curve of the wave, the volute of a shell, the drooping beauty of the *kowhai*-blossom. And you are reminded that you are in the

ancient home of Hinemoa, for here on one of the wall-slabs is a quaint little picture in black and white by some village impressionist illustrating the legend of the love-led swimmer. On the right is the hill of Owhata, on the left a pyramidal island-hill represents Mokoia; between them stretches the lake. Midway on the waters is seen Hinemoa, or rather her head above the waters, facing a steam-jet coiling from the shore of Mokoia, indicating the hot bath wherein the girl rested after her great swim. This steam-jet is labelled with its name, "Wai-kimihia," for the information of the stranger; and above all the crescent moon and many stars watch over the heroic swimmer.

In the village of Whakarewarewa, Rotorua, there are two or three good specimens of *whare-whakairo*. All are of recent erection, but are carved in accordance with the approved traditions of the *tohungas* of Rauru's chisel. In Mita Taupopoki's big *whare*, "Wahiao," a remarkably good piece of carving is that at the top of the central pillar (*poutoko-manawa*) representing the god Tane-Maluta, he who separated Heaven and Earth, with his arms upraised supporting the ridge-pole or *tahuhu*, which is Rangi the Sky. Rangi, indeed, or his Maori presentment, appears on the under-surface of the broad *tahuhu*; his mouth is open, the carver shows him weeping for his wife, Papa, the Earth. Lower down the great house-pillar is a carving of Maui, the magic fisherman, in the act of hauling up from the sea this North Island of New Zealand—"Te Ika-roa-a-Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga" —represented by a skilful carving of a fish. Maui's red-painted tongue protrudes in his great lifting effort. He has a canoe beneath his feet; this is in Arawa mythology the "Nuku-tai-maroro," from which he fished up—that is, discovered—this island; his enchanted fish-hook caught in the roof of the house of Tangaroa. At the foot of the post is carved the effigy of a chief with stern tattooed face, a stone club in his right hand and a beautiful *taniko*-bordered *korohunga* waist-mat around him. The interior of the house is rich and bright with scrolls,

tattooing, and painting. The *heke* (rafters), *kaho* (cross-beams), and wall-plates all bear their appropriate designs. The rafter patterns are particularly fine, showing the black and white scrolls known as the *puhoro*, the *mango-pare* (hammer-headed shark), the *kowhai*, &c., and the wall plates are painted all round with the geometrical patterns, in white, red and black, of the *taniko* mat-border design.

Carved Doorway of a Maori House. The carved piece above the door is the *pare*, and those at each side the *waewae* or legs. The figure on the door is intended to represent Tutanekai playing on his flute to Hinemoa.

The almost universal Maori fashion of carving the hand with only three fingers has often puzzled Europeans. This is a Maori explanation of the practice as given me by a carver:

The first man of the Maori race to carve and decorate houses as we carve them to-day was Nuku-mai-teko, or Mutu-wai-teko, as some tribes have it, a man of Hawaiiki. He had only three fingers on each hand, and he perpetuated this in his carvings. All his figures he carved with only three fingers on each hand, and this has been kept up even to this day by Maori carvers. This was in the

very remote past, when the ancestors of the Maori lived in the islands beyond the Moana-nui-a-Kiwa.*

One day Tangaroa the chief paid a visit to the wonderful house which Nuku-mai-teko had built and adorned with carved figures. These effigies were carved on the side-slabs within the house. Tangaroa entered, after greeting Nuku with the customary *hongi* or nose-pressing. Then, seeing in the dim light of the interior a tattooed chieftain-like figure standing at the side of the *whare*, he approached and advanced his nose to that of the other in the greeting courtesy of the *hongi*. To his amazement he found that the tattooed chief was nothing but a wooden effigy. He was wonder-stricken and chagrined to find that he had been so deceived by the cunning art of the wood-carver. And when you look upon the strangely carven and tattooed figures of the Maori houses to-day, bethink you of the father of carving Nuku-mai-teko, the three-fingered, the skilful worker in wood whose chisel-art deceived Tangaroa.

Amongst the Arawa and Ngati-Awa and their neighbour-tribes Rauru, the son (or grandson) of the aboriginal chief Toi-kai-rakau, who lived some seven hundred years ago, is said to have been the inventor of the present style of Maori carving.

The varying designs in the lacework panels (*tukutuku*) which separate the carved wall-slabs are effective and pretty. A frequent lattice-scheme (*arapaki*) is the *poutama*, a series of steps in black and white. A constellation of coloured crosses here and there bears the poetic name of *purapura-whetu*, "star-seed." Another design much used is quaintly called *roimata-toroa*, "albatross-tears." Other patterns of *arapaki* are the *kaokao*, or "ribs," a succession of chevrons; *waewae-koura*, "crayfish-feet"; *waewae-pakura*, "swamp-hen's-feet," and *tapuae-kotuku*, "heron's-feet."

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*The representation of the human figure with three-fingered hands is not, however, confined to the Maori. The three fingers have been noticed in ancient Chinese ideographs, in Eastern sculpture, in Peruvian Inca relics, and in other forms of antique art.

In this *arapaki* work, light horizontal laths or splints (*kaho-tarai*), half an inch to an inch wide and of even thickness, are closely laced to vertical stalks, generally of the *kakaho* reed, with narrow strips of *kiekie* fibre, white or dyed black, and occasionally with *pingao,* an orange-coloured grass or flax. The *kaho-tarai* are painted red, sometimes red and black. The various patterns are formed by the variations in the method of winding and lacing the strips of *kiekie.*

There is considered to be a peculiar sanctity pertaining to a house containing figures carved in the semblance of gods or great ancestors. The Rotorua carvers of to-day are very careful not to infringe any of the unwritten laws of the art and of *tapu.* For instance, neither they nor any of their people would ever think of using the chips or shavings from the carvings for cooking food; neither will a carver blow the shavings off while he is at work on a slab or a post. The breath is pollution; he turns the timber on its side and shakes the shavings off, or brushes them off.

A "House-warming" Ceremony.

How the Tapu is Removed.

An ancient Maori belief which prevails to this day is that which pertains to the *tapu* of newly-carved houses. This *tapu* or baleful enchantment has its origin in the fact that the sacred children of Tane the Forest Father have been felled by human hands, and have been carved into the semblance of gods and ancestors. The *tapu* must be disposed of, or its dangerous powers averted, before the house can be safely occupied. This priestly ceremony of "laying" the *tapu* is known as *whai-kawa* or *kawanga-whare.*

Amongst many tribes the branches of the *kawakawa* shrub or the *karamu* are used in these *whai-kawa* ceremonies. But amongst some of them, such as the Ngati-Awa and the Urewera, the *rata* branches or twigs are used; with these the priest strikes the *maihi,* the *tokoihi,*

the *pare* and the various other principal carved slabs and pillars, repeating his prayers the while. The *rata* tree is sacred amongst Ngati-Awa in connection with such ceremonies. Its classical name is "Te maro-a-Tané," (the loin-mat of Tane the god), as applied to its leaves.

The following is the form of ritual still used in the Arawa country for the purpose of—not "consecration," as it has been sometimes termed, but the reverse—the removal of the *tapu* of carved houses; this instance (1908) was the occasion of the opening and "house-warming" of the fine large carved *whare* called "*Wahiao*," built at Whakarewarewa, Rotorua, by Mita Taupopoki, a house beautifully adorned with wood-carving both inside and out:

Taua Tutanekai Haerehuka was the *tohunga* selected to recite the necessary formulae for the purpose of removing the *tapu* from the carved timbers and allowing the tribe and their guests to enter and occupy the house. Outside in the carved *maihi* or barge-boards on the front of the house were placed the chisels, the bone and wooden mallets, and the other tools used by the carvers in their work. These tools were for the time being sacred, and special *karakia* were pronounced over them.

Spear-tongued *taiaha* in hand and a *kiwi* cloak around him, Tutanekai advanced to the right front of the house and stood there by the side of the spiral-carved *maihi* or barge-board, while he recited in a loud voice his ancient charms to propitiate Tane, the god of the forests, from which the sacred timbers came. This was his first *karakia*:—

(Ko te tuanga o te rakau ki raro)
Kakariki powhaitere,
I te Wao-nui-a-Tane.
I te urunga tapu,
Kua ara, kua ara
A Tane ki runga;
Kua kotia nga putake
O te rakau o te whare nei;
Kua waiho atu
I te urunga tapu;
Kua kotia nga kauru

O te rakau o te whare nei;
Kua waiho atu
I te Wao nui-a-Tane.
Kua tae au
Ki nga pukenga,
Ki nga wananga,
Ki nga tauira.
Patua kuru,
Patua whao,
Patua te toki a Tai-haruru.
Kua piki hoki nei
Ki te maro-hukahuka-nui
A Tangaroa,
Te ngaru ai e whati ai
E Nuku-tai-mararoro.
Kaore ko au
E kimi ana, e hahau ana
I nga uri o te whanau a Rata
Hai pokapoka ia Tane
E tu nei-i-i.
Kaore i kitea,
Kua mate noa atu
I te awa i Pikopiko-i-Whiti.
Ma te maranga mai ai
Ko hiki-nuku e!
Ta taua rangi!

The translation of this invocation is as follows:—

"For the Felling of the Tree:

"King of the forest-birds, chief of the parakeets that guard Tane's mighty woods, Tane's sacred resting place (listen to my prayer)! Tane (the Tree) stood erect, stood erect, amidst the forest shades; but now he's fallen. The trunk of Tane has been severed from the butt; the stump of the tree felled to build this house stands yonder in the sacred resting place. The branchy tree-top, the leafy head, has been cut off; it lies yonder in the Vast-Forest-of-Tane. I have performed my ceremonies of propitiation; I have appealed to the spirits of our priestly ancestors, and to the sacred ones. I have struck these timbers with mallet and chisel; I have struck them with the axe of the Sounding-Seas. I have mounted up on the great foaming girdle of the sea-god Tangaroa, the waves beaten down and divided by the canoe Nuku-tai-maroro. I am seeking, searching for the descendants of the children of Rata, to carve these timbers for me. I found them not; they were slain at the river Pikopiko-i-Whiti. O ancient ones, return and aid me on this our sacred day."

The *kakariki pouhaitere* invoked in the first lines is the bird which is said to lead the flocks of parakeets in the forests; it is in Maori mythology the guardian of the sacred woods of Tane-mahuta. The leader of the parakeets is an *ariki*, "a priest and king" of the birds. The *karakia* appeals to the bird for its help and sanction;

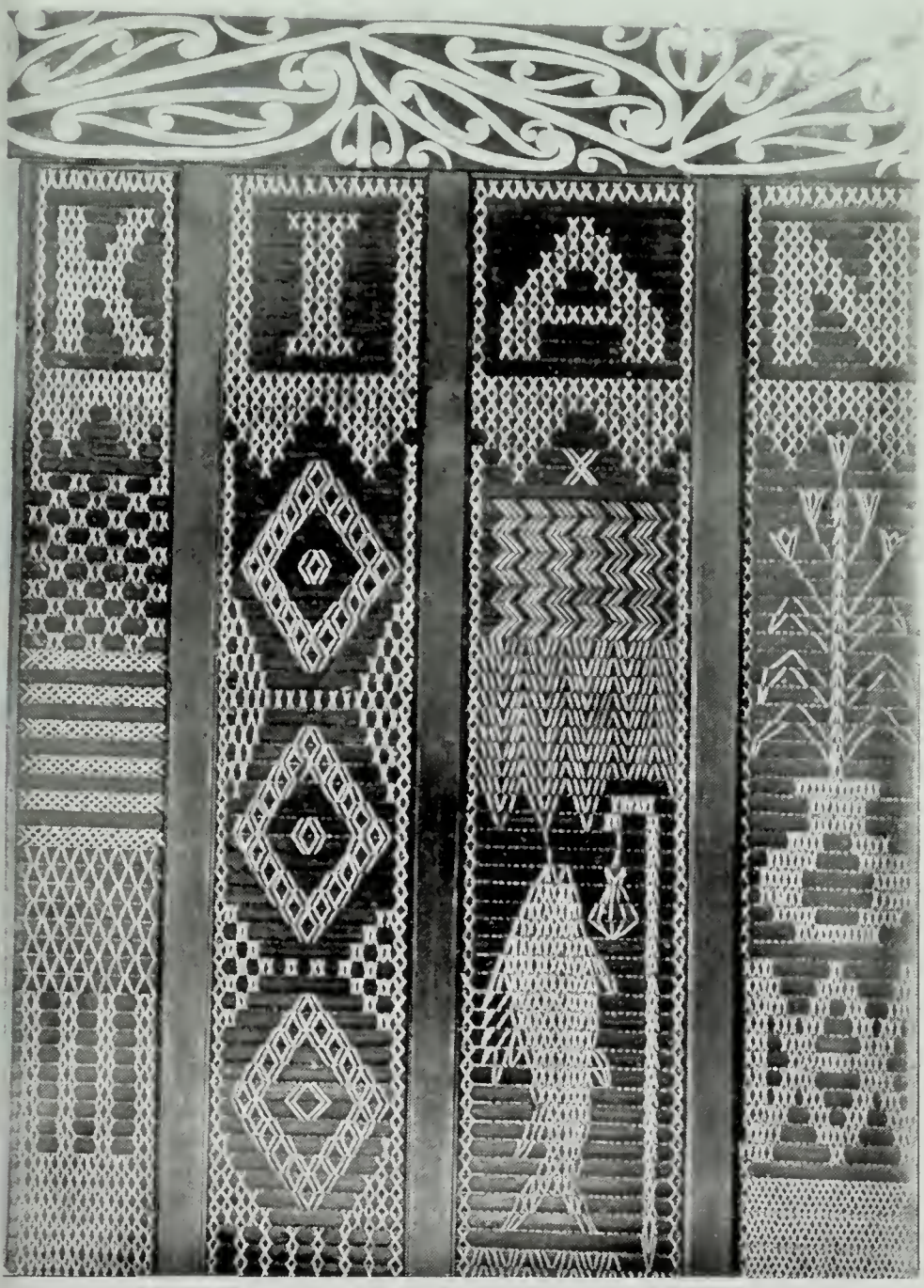

Photo. by R. S. Thompson.

Tukutuku and *Arapaki* work on the walls of the Roman Catholic Church, Ohinemutu, Rotorua. Ecclesiastical emblems are imitated in some of the devices.

the ancient belief was that if the forest-creatures were not appeased by supplication and by pious rites when a great tree such as a *totara* was felled by axe and fire, the birds and the fairies would set it up again during the night. Rata, mentioned in the chant, was a Polynesian chief and canoe-voyager who lived centuries ago in one of the islands of Polynesia, most probably Upolu, in the Samoa Group; the lines alluding to Rata and his children memorise the fact that he and his people were great carvers and canoe-builders.

The second *karakia* in the ceremony was for the removal of the enchantment of the carvers' sacred implements, and of the *tapu* attaching to the carving of the trees into the semblance of gods and of sacred ancestors. It began:—"*Takina te kawa o te whare e tu nei, he kawa tuatahi*"—"Rehearse the sacred ritual of the house standing here, the first *tapu*-averting spell," etc., to the tenth *kawa* or charm for the lifting of the *tapu*. Then the chant proceeded: "This is the prayer of Maru-te-whare-aitu, of Maru-whakawhiwhia [deified ancestors of the Arawa tribe], the prayer of the house Hau-te-Ananui" [a great *whare-maire,* or sacred house of instruction for the priests, which stood in ancient times in Arorangi *Pa* on the eastern slopes of Mokoia Island]; and ended with these words, always used at the end of invocations of this kind:

Whano, whano,
Haramai te toki,
Haumi e!

(Bring hither the axe,
'Tis finished!)

The last two lines were repeated by the assembled people in a chorused shout. As Tutanekai recited the *kawa* he struck with his *taiaha* the various carved slabs and posts on the front of the house.

The third and final *kawa* was the "*Ruruku o te whare,*" an appeal to the gods to make the house stable

and firm, to avert all accidents and ills, and make it a warm and pleasant dwelling-place. It began:—

Rukutia,
Rukutia nga pou tauhu
O te whare nei;
Rukutia nga poupou
O te whare nei;
Rukutia nga tukutuku
O te whare nei;

and so on, invoking the gods to bind firmly and make strong and fast the various parts of the house, so that all its posts and pillars, its rafters and beams and carved slabs, its thatch and roof might stand firm and never be overturned.

Then the chant proceeded:—

Rukutia, rukutia,
Kia u, kia mau,
Kai tae mai
A te Ann-matao
Ki roto i a koe—e!
Kia ninihi atu ai
A Ua-whatu, a Ua-nganga,
Kai whakamai hoki
A Hau-uni, a Hau-roa,
A Tawhiri-matea.
Taku hoki i pai ai
Mo roto ia Tane
E tu nei-i,
Ko Mahana,
Ko Pu-mahana
Ko Werawera
Ko Kohakoha,
Nga tangata mo roto
I a Tane e tu nei!
Whano, whano,
Haramai te toki,
Haumi e!
Ui e!
Taiki e!

In the above beautiful chant the house is considered as Tane the Tree-god personified. This is a translation of the invocation:

"Bind, bind together that all may be firm and steadfast, so that into thee, O Tane, may enter not the cold and stormy elements, the Frost-wind, the Great-Rain, the Long-Rain, the Cold Sleety Rain, the Hailstones; that thou mayst stand against the assault of the Mighty Wind, the Long-prevailing Wind, the tempests of the wind-god Tawhiri-matea! May all be warm and safe within thy walls! These shall dwell therein—Warmth, Heaped-up Warmth, and Glowing Heat, Joy and Gladness, these are the people who shall dwell within Tane standing here before me! Now, 'tis done! Bring hither the axe, and bind it on. Our work is o'er!"

And as Tutanekai ended, all the people said—not "Amen," but its ancient Maori equivalent:

Haumi-e!
Ui-e
Taiki-e!

Next came the ceremony of *takahi-paepae*, treading the threshold. In accordance with immemorial custom this was done by a woman, one of *ariki* rank, a *Ruahine*, being of necessity chosen for the crossing of the door-sill, so that the house might henceforth be free to women to enter. This woman was Meré Kanea, daughter of Mita Taupopoki, and cousin of Hune, the chief carver. Tutanekai, the *tohunga*, accompanied her, and gave her the customary sacred food, a *kumara* or sweet potato, which had been cooked in a *tapu* oven, the "fire of Ngatoro-i-rangi," one of the boiling springs. This was finally to remove the *tapu* from the interior of the building, so that food might be brought into it, and that people might eat and sleep there without fear.

Chapter XIII.

THE MAORI CANOE.

It was in the building and decoration of the war-canoe that the Maori gave fullest expression to his industrial skill and artistic design. A large thoroughly-equipped canoe, riding like a duck on the waters, was a beautiful object. With its long narrow hull and its high and warlike prow, the war-canoe or *waka-taua* is not unlike the pictures we have of the old Viking-ships of the Norsemen. The principal districts in which canoes, both large and small, are still in use are those of the Waikato and Wanganui Rivers, and a number of the rivers which flow into the Bay of Plenty, besides several lakes—Rotorua, Rotoiti, Taupo, and Waikare-moana. On the Waikato and Wanganui scores of canoes are still to be seen, and on the former waterway canoeing is given some practical encouragement by the paddling regattas held annually, at which large sums are offered as prize money. The racing canoes are of the class known as *waka-tiwai,* which have no topsides lashed on or carved bow and stern pieces. They are, however, of large size, from 50 to 80 feet in length, and from 3ft. to 5ft. greatest beam. They carry crews of from twenty to forty men, and a race between two or three of these craft, with a captain, or *hau-tu,* standing amidships encouraging his men with chant and shout, is an uncommonly exciting sight.

I have before me a couple of clippings from illustrated papers that are of great interest as showing the close resemblance between Asiatic and East Indian boats and canoes and those of the Maori. One is a picture from "Leslie's Weekly" (Feb. 16th, 1905), showing a long Chinese "dragon-boat," with about fifty half-naked

paddlers, winning a race at the Hong-Kong regatta in December, 1904; the boat is exactly like a Maori canoe in outline and has a carved figure-head and stern-decoration, and a man stands amidships—just like a Maori *kai-hau-tu*—beating a drum to keep the paddlers in time, while two others, with fans in their hands, urge on the crew. The other picture is one from "The Sphere," a drawing from a photo. by F. Matania, depicting an exciting race between large boats, or rather canoes, each with fifty paddles going, on a river at Sarawak, Borneo. There are fuglemen in these canoes inciting the toiling crews, and the whole picture compels close comparison

L. Hinge, photo.

Racing Canoes at Ngaruawahia, Waikato River.

with our Maori canoe-races. The paddle and the canoe are widespread amongst primitive races, but it is curious indeed to find the war-canoe race amongst the Chinese, who have in other respects nothing in common with the Maori.

The felling of a forest-tree to be hewn into a canoe was attended by careful ceremony, up to recent times. A *tohunga* learned in forest-lore superintended the work, and recited the proper incantations over the trees and over the axes used to fell it. The following was the procedure in Taranaki:—When the first chip flew from the tree (usually a *totara*) it was burned in a sacred fire which the *tohunga* kindled some distance away. A *kumara* or sweet potato was then roasted, and after

being *karakia*'d over by the priest, it was taken to the tree and placed in the gap from which the first chip had been cut. The purpose of this was to *whakanoa* or remove the *tapu*, the sacredness, from the tree, which now being made "common" or *noa*, was free to the axe of the canoe-men. The roasted *kumara*, now considered to be permeated with the *tapu* of Tane's holy tree, was taken to a hollow tree on the outskirts of the forest, and placed within its hollow trunk, and no man could approach that tree until the felling of the *totara* and the hewing-out of the canoe had been accomplished.

In the Waikato districts similar customs were observed in former days whenever a tree was felled for canoe-building; and in addition it was usual to place fern fronds on the stump after the tree was felled, to cover the naked wounds of Tane.

Many of the splendid carvings seen in the New Zealand museums illustrate the remarkable skill and artistic taste which the Maori expended upon the construction and decoration of his great *waka-taua*. The carved figure-heads were each worked from a solid slab or block of *totara*. To the figureheads a great deal of time and labour was devoted, and they were very highly prized; no large canoe was complete without one. Most of them are beautifully open-worked or fret-worked in the double spiral design known as *pitau*. The term *pitau* is derived from the young just-unfolding fronds of the fern-tree, which, some Maoris say, the native carvers took as their pattern. Other natural objects, too, provided the Maori with inspiration for these and similar patterns—the cloud-forms, the web of the spider (the *pitau* spiral is remarkably like a web) the curve of a wave, the singular wave-like markings on certain water-worn cliffs; and again the *pitau* may have been derived from the coil of a rope, or from the spirals seen in a thumb print—this indeed is given by one native wood-carver, as the origin of the design.

The Maoris figuratively speak of a canoe as Tane, the God of the Forest personified; it is Tane the Sea-rider.

The threatening-looking figure on the prow, with staring eyes and arms braced stiffly back, is the forest-god dividing the waves before him.

Some of the beautifully carved stern-posts or *taurapa* are from six to ten feet in height. The stern-post was much higher than the figurehead of a canoe, and it stood up at right angles or nearly right angles to the hull. Like the figurehead, it was carved out of a solid slab of *totara,* the best of timbers for wood-working of this kind, and one that would last for generations.

One or two of the big canoes equipped in the old manner of the true *waka-taua* are still occasionally to be seen afloat. On Lake Rotorua there is the historic war-canoe "Te Iroiro," which used to carry over fifty paddlers, with their arms and supplies. In later years it was under the ban of *tapu,* and lay half buried on the shores of Rotoiti, until it was repaired, with a damaged section of the hull cut out, refitted with topsides and carvings, and once more took the water.

On the Lower Waikato River is another and larger *waka-taua*, the "Taheretikitiki," Mahuta's royal barge, a handsome and shapely craft more than eighty feet in length, and beamy enough to carry three people abreast amidships. The "Taheretikitiki"(meaning literally the topknot in which chieftains were anciently accustomed to tie up their hair), was cut out of a great forest tree in the Kaipara bush many years ago, and is built in several sections. The hull is in three pieces, cleverly dovetailed into each other, the painted topsides are lashed on with flax, the tall stern-post and projecting bow-piece and figurehead are bright with carving and red and white paint, and from the sheering prow wave long, slender feathered *puhi* or decorative wands, while plumes dangle from the lofty stern.

This Waikato River was lively with fleets of war-canoes in the days of old. The canoe-parades at the large political gatherings just before the Waikato War, too, must have been imposing sights. At the great meeting at Rangiriri, on the Waikato, held in May, 1857,

Parade of Canoes at a Maori Regatta, Ngaruawahia, Waikato.

in connection with the establishment of the Maori Kingdom, there were more then 2,000 Maoris. The Natives, it is recorded, were mustering for several days at Kahumatuku, above Rangiriri. The last to arrive were the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe. Then, on May the 10th, the whole body started down the river "at a tremendous pace" for Rangiriri, twelve miles distant, in about fifty canoes.

A canoe-captain is often a brave sight, with his feathered head, his warlike air, and his glistening club, beating time for the strokes of the paddles. Short sharp commands as "*Hūkeré! Hūkeré!*" are given in frequent and rhythmic repetition, until the paddles are going well all together, taking the water as one. Then comes the high lilting boat-song.

The following is a short specimen of a Waikato canoe time-song still occasionally heard; it is chanted by the *kai-tuki,* or *kai-hautu,* the captain of the canoe, standing amidships and waving his paddle or weapon now on this side and now on that:

	(Translation.)
Kei runga riro	Above us fly
Nga manu mohio,	The birds of knowledge,
Ko Mumuhau,	Mumuhau and the Kareto,
Ko te Kareto,	Wise birds that bid us watch
Tiraua ka waiho	The omens of the sky.
Nga ki-titiro.	That's it, go along!
A tena, tena!	Quickly, quickly dip!
Hūkeré, hūkeré!	
Ngiha te ahi	Yonder burn the fires
Ki Maunga-tautari,	On the slope of Maunga-tautari,
Hei a Rangi-ngatata.	The fires of Rangi-ngatata.
No na no,	See our feathers flying,
Te huruhuru	The plumes of our canoe.
Kei aua tapa.	Now quickly dip your blades.
Hūkeré, hūkeré!	

The two birds mentioned in this song as *manu-mohio* or "wise birds" were legendary ones that according to the Maoris foretold the weather; that is by their cries and the manner of their flying the people knew when rain or high winds were coming.

In olden days there were many canoes of large size on the waters of Lake Waikare-moana, and the natives of the Ngati-Ruapani tribe were expert in the management of their long dug-outs; indeed they had need to be for furious mountain-squalls frequently swept down on the lake, and lashed it to a fury of white water, and the canoe-crews caught in these sudden gales had to paddle for their lives until they reached the shelter of some friendly bay.

A celebrated canoe on Waikare-moana up to within recent years was "Hinewaho," a totara *waka* of ancient build, much used by the Hauhau natives in Te Kooti's wars of 1868-70. A large carved canoe, with topsides,

L. Hinge, photo.

Racing Canoes on the Waipa River, at Ngaruawahia.

etc., was the "Hinerakai." Another canoe of those days, a very large war-canoe, was the "Tutonga." Another, said to be of unusually great beam, was the "Tarake." This craft, Hurae Puketapu informs me, was capsized in the war-days of 1869 when crossing the lake with forty of Te Kooti's armed followers; it was caught in a *hau-tonga*—the dreaded southerly wind—which suddenly sprang up when the canoe was off Tikitiki headland. Fortunately the land was not very far away, and the crew reached it safely, but they lost their guns and ammunition. They had put off in the canoe contrary to Te Kooti's instructions; and the rebel chief drew a moral from the accident by pointing out to his superstitious warriors that if they had obeyed him, who was the mouthpiece of God, the canoe would not have been swamped,

and that the disastrous *hau-tonga* was the breath of his *Atua*.

This is an old Waikare-moana canoe-chant:—

	(Translation.)
Hūkeré, ka hūkeré!	Dip fast your paddles,
Hūkeré, ka hūkeré!	All together!
Te ihu takoto atu,	Bows there—all together!
Waenga kia hinga.	Amidships, all keep time!
Te kei akina.	Now, stern paddles, all together!
He piko taugo mai,	Round the curving coast we go!
He rae kape ake.	There, we've passed another cape.
Tahi taku pu	Here I come, bringing my gun
Kia Te Mau-paraoa,	To Te Mau-paraoa,
Neke, nekehia!	Now, lift her along!

Another lively canoe-song, reminding one of our *pakeha* sailors' chanteys, and often used as a hauling-chant when dragging a heavy object such as a log of timber or a canoe, is this *tau-waka* of the Tuhoe and Ngati-Ruapani tribes:

	(Translation.)
Piki, piki,	Climb up,
Kake, kake,	Soar away,
Ki te rangi, aue!	To the sky above there,
Karearea, karearea,	As soars the sparrow-hawk.
Hopu te kiore!	See how it darts to seize the rat,
Hopu ki waenga.	Darts down upon its prey.
Po, ka po,	Come night, come night!
Haramai ra	So swiftly will I dart
Hei awhi hei ai!	To seek my love!

The following is another specimen of the Waikare-moana boat-songs and "pulley-hauley" chants of other days:—

	(Translation.)
(The Captain, solus :	Oh, haul up the canoe!
A-a! Toia te waka	Haul the canoe!
(All):	
Toia te waka-e!	Oh, haul up the canoe!
(Captain):	
Toia te waka!	Haul the canoe!
(All):	
Toia te waka	Ay, drag up this canoe
Ki runga kei te maunga	To the mountain-top
E tu mai nei.	Above us there.
Ka whakatakotoria	Lay down beneath its keel
Te ngaro parapara,	The skids of parapara,
Koa me he tete waka,	Let them be to it
Me he pitau whakarei!	As a darting figurehead,
	As a scrolled and carven stern!

The *parapara* alluded to here is a small tree which grows plentifully on the shores of Waikare-moana. This was the favourite timber used as skids or rollers when launching or hauling up a heavy canoe; it is described by the Maoris as a "*rakau tino mania*," that is to say, an exceptionally slippery wood, and one therefore well suited for the purpose of rollers.

One of the paddling-chants of the Arawas (*takitaki-hoe-waka*), centuries old, lends itself to translation thus:

My great canoe—
How speeds to shore my long canoe!
Light as the fleecy cloud above
That bears to Tauranga my love!
My carved canoe
Te Riwaru!*

O dear canoe!
That featly o'er the waters flew
From Arorangi—Island home
Far in old Kiwa's ocean foam.
The paddles in the toiling hands—
How plunge they at Hautu's commands!
My own canoe,
Te Riwaru.

Oh urge along
My brave canoe!
O viewless powers of earth and air,
O Uru, list! O Ngangana!
Drive on with lightning stroke and free!
O'erwhelm with storm our enemy!
Oh swiftly paddle, swift and true,
Our proud canoe
Te Riwaru.

*The Riwaru was a famous legendary canoe of Hawaiiki, fabled to have been built for the Polynesian hero Rata by the forest fairies.

Chapter XIV.

TATTOOING.

The Maori is pre-eminently the face-carver of mankind. Other tattooing nations, such as the Japanese, confine themselves to the body, sketching indelible pictures often from neck to foot, and the old British sailor-man is often wondrously *moko*'d, as the Maori would say. In Polynesia the Marquesans and Tahitians formerly tattooed their faces in strange patterns. The Samoan to-day is almost invariably tattooed, but on the legs and body only. No man in Samoa is considered a warrior, or is even accounted worthy the name of man until he has undergone the process of tattooing. Every adult male Samoan is tattooed very closely from the waist down to the knees, and the lines of the marking are so close together, and so elaborate, that the skin is quite covered with the blue-black patterns. At Samoa, during the war of 1899, I watched Malietoa's native soldiers as they marched, rifles on shoulders, out of Apia, on their daily fighting-expeditions. The sole garment of the warriors was a coloured print *lavalava*, fastened round the waist and falling to the knees, and it was generally caught up high on one side to show the remarkable leg-tattooing. These Samoan jungle-fighters were as proud of their barbaric skin-ornament as the white soldier is of his smart tunic, his rakish cap, and his other martial trimmings.

But it was the Maori of New Zealand that elaborated and perfected the face-*moko*, which is the true finishing adornment, in his eyes, of the chieftain and the *toa*. Some of the pictures in this book will give an idea of the intricate and really artistic designs expressed in the

face-tattooing. Several of the chief patterns in wood-carving will be found reproduced in the face-*moko* of the old men, particularly the double spirals on the cheeks. There is a special name for each line; the curved lines above the eyes, for instance, are known as *tiwhana*, which means to span like a rainbow. Only the Maori women now tattoo their faces; the *tānga-moko*, face-engraving, of the men ceased about the time of the last Maori war. The sight of a tattooed Maori man, once so familiar to us in the north of New Zealand, is now very rare indeed; and a few years will see the last of the *moko*'d warriors, their faces blue-carved and chiselled like the graven images in their council-houses. In North Auckland, Waikato, the Bay of Plenty coast, the Rotorua and Taupo districts, and the Urewera country there are a few left; and some of these, besides the face-adornment of Raurn's chisel, also have their hips scrolled with the tattoo-designs of the *rapé*, or *tiki-hopé*. A really well-tattooed old Maori is quite an art-gallery of curious devices; and the finely cut designs of scroll-work and of curve within curve and spiral within spiral on cheek and forehead and nose and chin give an added force and a barbaric dignity to the brown man's face. One can easily imagine how it was that in former days an untattooed

Ngakuru Pana, a Rarawa Chief, of Waimamaku, Hokianga.

man was called a "naked fellow." The term for a face devoid of *moko* is "*papa-teä*," which may be interpreted as "bare-boards."

Some years ago a tattooing artist from the Urewera country made a tour through the Bay of Plenty district, performing the operation of *tānga-kauae* on the chins of the young women. He earned considerably over £100 in cash as the result of his trip, and business was so good, in fact, that a Rotorua *tohunga* of the art announced his intention of touring the same district and decorating the faces of the young ladies at prices which, as *pakeha* shopkeepers would say, "defy competition." At Rotorua there is a female tattooer, a lady who combines faith-healing with *kauae*-engraving. She uses needles set in a row in the *uhi* instead of the old-style chisel of bone or steel. A tattooer of to-day usually charges £1 or £1 10s. for the *kauae* operation on the chin of brown beauty.

From a sketch by Major-General Robley.

A Tattooed Maori Woman.

I asked Hiki, a handsome half-caste woman, why she had submitted to the chisel of the *tohunga-tā*. Said Hiki, with a curl of her patrician blue-lined lips,

"I like it because it is a *tohu* [a badge] of New Zealand. Besides, friend, did not your European ladies have holes pierced in their ears for ear-rings, and don't they squeeze their waists in small, to try and look pretty. Well, that is a mark of the *pakeha*. My *kauae* is the ornament of the Maori."

To be tattooed, the fair subject lies down full length on a *uchariki*, or flax floor-mat, and the operator squats

behind her, with her head resting against his knees. First of all, the intended pattern is lightly traced on the chin, and the artist then sets to work with his little chisel, usually of steel, a blade a couple of inches long and less than half an inch broad, fastened to a small wooden handle. This is tapped sharply with a little mallet or striker. The blood which flows from each incision is carefully wiped away, and a tiny stick is dipped in the colouring matter and drawn along the lines. This colouring substance is generally soot collected in burning certain woods, often *kapara*, the heart of the white pine, sometimes from the burnt gum of the *kauri*. Songs are sometimes sung during the operation to distract the attention of the subject, and next day her face swells painfully, but soon she is herself again, and very proud of her blue-black chin with its lyre-like tracery.

Photo by Pulman, Auckland.
Wetanui, a man of the Ngati-Haua tribe, Waikato.

At Hipaua, the steam-saturated hillside above Te Rapa, near Tokaanu, at the south end of Lake Taupo, there is a certain warm bath, a *wai-ariki,* in which the luxury-loving Maoris used to recline when their faces were being tattooed, their heads resting on the sinter edge of the shallow pool.

The old Kingite chief Patara te Tuhi (see frontispiece) once gave me an account of his face-tattooing, which was

done about 1842, at a Maori fishing camp on Motu-tapu Island, in the Hauraki Gulf. The tattooer was a man named Mokomoko, from the Waikato. The principal part of the tattooing was finished in four days; the work on each cheek took one day, that on the nose another, and that on the forehead another. The tenderest parts were the lips and the corners of the eyes. The tattooer used a steel chisel, in place of the *toroa,* or albatross-bone. The *ngarahu* or blue-black colouring matter was obtained by burning the heart of the *kahikatea* pine and collecting the soot, which was then mixed with oil and made into small balls. Patara's brother, the late Honana Maioha, was tattooed at the same time; he was tattooed on one hip as well as on the face, in the spiral fashion known as the *rapé.*

This *rapé* design is curiously widespread. In Ratzel's "History of Mankind," vol. iii., p. 22, there is a picture of a tattooed Shuli negro, in the Upper Nile region. His face is tattooed, and his thigh is marked in a pattern very like the Maori tattoo; there are incomplete spirals which resemble the curves of the *rapé.*

In the South Island I have noticed a peculiar *moko* which has not been recorded by any previous writer, though it must surely have been observed by men like Dr. Shortland, the Rev. Stack, and the Rev. Wohlers. Some of the elders of Ngai-Tahu—I particularly remember two old men at Moeraki (see sketches)—were tattooed in parallel straight lines horizontally across their cheeks, a fashion unknown in the North. Though the men I saw had forgotten its origin, this is the old, old *moko,* the last relic of their Eastern Pacific fatherland. It is believed to have been the tattooing of Tamatea (*Te moko a Tamatea*), the chief of the canoe Takitimu, who settled at the south end of Lake Te Anau, in the South Island, six hundred years ago. Tamatea's tattooing was probably identical with the Tahitian and Marquesan patterns of rectilinear devices, described by Herman Melville in "Typee," and observed half a century later by Robert Louis Stevenson, whose two-line picture of a

Marquesan chief in one of his South Sea ballads might, no doubt, well apply to the captain of the Takitimu:

"Round all his martial body and in bands across his face,
The marks of the tattooer proclaim his lofty place."

A Wanganui Maori informs me that in his family the term *Mahuta* has been handed down as the name of the ancient form of face-tattoo practised by the people of Hawaiiki.

Olden South Island Maori Tattooing, from sketches at Moeraki, Otago, 1905.

Major-General Robley, in his book "Moko," has produced a very fine monograph on the subject of tattoo; no other man has been able to sketch from life so many fine examples of the face-carved warriors of fifty years ago. Later came Herr G. Lindauer, whose oil-paintings of famous chieftains now passed away are photographic in their meticulous fidelity to life. An Auckland art-lover and old student of the Maori, Mr. H. E. Partridge, has a large collection of Lindauer's paintings; these are housed in a private art gallery which the owner has generously thrown open gratuitously for the public view. As a study in *moko* alone the gallery is of great value to

those interested in the Maori; the collection should really be a national one. Many of the celebrated history-makers of the Maori race, both our olden enemies and our allies, during the last century, are depicted there—dour King Tawhiao, chivalrous Tamati Waka Nene, Patuone the peace-maker, Rewi Maniapoto, gigantic Wahanui the orator, Taraia the cannibal, Ropata Wahawaha; priestly wizards, fierce warriors and noble

A Maori Chief's Signature. Tuhawaiiki, a celebrated Ngaitahu *rangatira*, drew this picture of his own face-tattoo on a land-sale deed, about the year 1840.

women of the native race. A clever artist of the younger generation, Mr. Charles F. Goldie, of Auckland, has devoted himself to recording on canvas the tattooed faces of the rapidly-passing venerable chiefs and *rangatira* women, and he has produced much splendid work in Maori portraiture; some good examples are to be seen on the walls of the Auckland Art Gallery and other New Zealand galleries. His studies of the fine old chief

Patara te Tuhi, in particular, have become famous in the Dominion. Mr. Goldie is doing valuable work in this direction, and one only hopes he will be able to paint the now few remaining tattooed *kaumatuas* of Waikato and Rotorua and Taupo before they, too, pass away to the Reinga.

Chapter XV.

NATURE-LORE AND FOREST-CRAFT.

Living very close to Nature, the Maori was an acute observer of the ways of the wilds; he caught strange whisperings of unknown things, and his mind was saturated with the magic and mystery of the bush. The forests from which he drew much of his means of life were familiar to him from his childhood; they were his home, defence, and refuge place; yet he had careful respect for the spirits which haunted them, and a dread of offending the *tapu*-hedged deities that made the woods their abiding-place; and he has not yet lost that ancient instinct.

He was prone, too, to invest prominent features of the landscape, the overhanging cliff and the purple mountain-peak, with strange and poetic legends, and with even human attributes. Nature-worshipper as he was, everything was personified—the trees, the streams, the rain and dew, the mist, the sunshine. As we have seen, in previous chapters, he had great respect for the "Wao-tapu-nui-a-Tane," the "Vast and Holy Woods of Tane." In the moist fogs that rose like fleecy wraiths from the rivers and the swamps were the Hau-maringiringi, the dewy children of Rangi and Papa. These, too, were the divine offspring of the Sky-father and Earth-mother: the Hau-nui and Tomairangi, the dew; Tane-uarangi, the heavy rain; Hau-marotoroto, rain in big drops; and the grateful warmth of midsummer days was the Touarangi.

With the stars the Maori is familiar from of old, and many a curious story he has to tell of the Bright-Children-of-Rangi. Atutahi or Autahi, the Star of the South: Kopu-parapara or Tawera, the bright

morning star, and its harbinger, twinkling Tariao; blazing Rehua or Sirius, and Matariki, or the Pleiades, these and many another planet and constellation are enshrined in song and nature-myth, on which many chapters could be written. Like the Greeks who saw Argo the Ship blazoned in the heavens, the Maori sees the starry outlines of classic canoes, Te Waka-o-Pipiri, and Te Waka-o-Tamarereti. The Milky Way is Te Ika Mango-roa, "The Long Shark-fish." The Southern Cross, his ancient steering mark at sea, is Maahu-tonga (Maahu-of-the-South), and again is called by some tribes Te Whai-a-Titipa,—"Titipa's Sting-ray"—probably in allusion to its shape; the "Pointers," Alpha and Beta Centauri, are the tail of the starry "Whai." The Rin-o-Maahu, or "Maahu's Hollow Trunk" (the hold of a canoe) is the Coal-Sack, the black space near the Southern Cross. Te Rua-o-Matariki is the cave into which the Pleiades are supposed to disappear when they set beneath the horizon. There is a poetical expression sometimes used in referring to the death of a chief: he has vanished to Matariki's dark *rua*.

In many native districts there are certain trees which, say the Maoris, indicate by their manner of flowering and bearing fruit what the season's weather and the harvest will be. On the southern side of Lake Rotoiti, in the Arawa country, stand two large and ancient *pohutukawa* trees famous in the forest and nature-lore of the lake people. They are what the Maoris call *rakau-tohu-kai*, "food-prophesying trees," and *rakau-tohu-tau*, "season-omen-trees." One, called "Tukurukuru," stands on the cliff-top overhanging the lake at Hauparu, just on the western side of that hamlet; the other known as "Whakaue," stands on the western side of Ruato village, on the little beach, quite close to the coach road. The local Maoris, by noticing the manner of flowering of these trees early in the summer, profess to predict to a certainty what the season will be in their food plantations, whether good or the reverse. If the *pohutukawa* started to flower on the lowest branches first and so

gradually burst into blossom from the bottom up (*haere ake i raro*), it is a *whakarua*, an omen of a warm and pleasant season (*tau-mahana*), and a fruitful and abundant year for crops. But, if, on the contrary, the buds burst first at the top and the tree flowers downwards or partially down, it is a *tohu-kino*, a sign of a cold and inclement season (*tau-huka*) and a disastrous year for the food gardens, a "hungry year" (*tau mate kai*).

A scrap of Rotoiti folk-song describes the order in which some of the lakeside trees blossomed and fruited.

I hea koia koe
I te whitu, i te waru,
I te kohatanga o te pohutukawa?
To te titoki, whero te rata,
I te waru e.

(Where indeed were you
In the seventh month of the year, in the eighth,
When the buds of the pohutukawa opened?
Then burst open the red titoki berries
And the rata's red flowers appeared
In the summer-time.)

The seventh and eighth months of the Maori year correspond to our November and December.

Another item of Lake Rotoiti forest folk-lore:— On the cliffy side of lofty Matawhaura Mountain, as we pass out of Pararaki Bay, there are a number of large and ancient trees growing in a row along the mountain wall, and bending downwards over the deep water. They are chiefly *pohutukawa*, with here and there a *tawa*; they grow just below the point known as Te Koroki-te-wao. These trees are called by the Maoris "Nga-mokai-a-Tarawhata," which means "Tarawhata's Slaves." They were so named centuries ago by some of the early lake people; Tarawhata was a brother of the renowned Hawaiikian ancestor Tuamutua, of six hundred years back. The trees used to sigh and loudly complain in the frequent strong winds which came down Pararaki Bay, and like other prominent cliff-growing trees their huge branches would be seen swaying in the air, and heard creaking and groaning against each other even

when the passing air currents failed to disturb the sheltered lake below. They make a loud moaning sound like "*Au-au-au*," says Nga-Mahanga. And there was a certain woman of the lake-side tribe who lived in Tapuaeharuru village near by. Her husband deserted her, and she was like to die in her despair—the Maori *whakamomori*. And as she nursed her grief, she remembered how she had listened when out in her fishing canoe to the melancholy song of the mountain trees above, and she composed a lament of which these words are part:

	(Translation.)
Ko te rite i ahau	I am like you trees,
Kai Nga-Mokai-a-Tarawhata,	The Slaves-of-Tarawhata,
E au-u nei	Crying "Au-u,"
I nga po katoa;	Night after night;
E au a Tarawhata.	I weep like the Slaves-of-Tarawhata.

From my Maori natural history notes I take the following, given by a member of the Ngati-Raroa tribe, Wairau, Marlborough:—

"The *riroriro* [grey warbler] is a *manu mohio*, or a *manu tohunga*, that is, a bird of knowledge, one able to foretell events. When the *riroriro* builds its nest high up in the trees it is a sign that the summer will be one of *hau-auru*, that is, of westerly winds, which are usually accompanied by pleasant and warm weather. But when we notice the bird building its nest low down in the sheltered branches near the ground, then we know that the *tau-tonga* is coming, a season of cold southerly winds, which will be bad for our food cultivations.

"The cry of the *pipiwharauroa* [shining cuckoo], which arrives here in October from the Pacific Islands, is when it first lands '*Ku-ui, ku-ui!*' in a long sweet whistle. When we hear this *tangi* of the *pipiwharauroa* we know that summer is at hand. Then as the year advances and the warmth of summer is felt, the bird's note is changed, and it sings quickly and joyously its '*Kui, kui!*' followed by '*Whiti-whiti-ora!*' which means that the summer has come and that the sunshine is life."

Many semi-religious customs and observances were observed in the capture of the forest-birds, the flapping children of Tiki and Tane. When the season came for the snaring of the wood-pigeon, the *tui,* the *kaka,* and other birds, they were careful to offer the first bird taken to the spirit of the forest; were this neglected it would be most unwise, for the birds would desert the place. In some bush districts there may be seen lying beneath trees such as the *miro*, old wooden troughs shaped like a canoe. They have been placed there as *waka-whangai*, being filled with water for the birds. The pigeons, when thirsty after feeding on the *miro* berries, would fly down to drink in the *waka.* Just above the canoe rows of running-loop snares (*here*) would be set by the bird-hunters, and in these snares the pigeons would often be caught by the neck. The first bird caught would never be taken home by the Maoris: it must be left by the side of the canoe, dead or alive, as a thank-offering to the gods. When using the long bird-spear they were very careful not to allow any blood to touch their hands, in pulling out the barb from the bird's body. Should the bird's blood stain the fowler's hands, the spear used would lose its special *mana*, and could no longer be used with success.

From a photo by C. Edwards, Mercer, 1898.

Te Aho-o-te-Rangi, an old Waikato warrior and celebrated Canoe-architect.

Opposite Ongarue Station, King Country, on the Main Trunk Railway line, in the hills across the Ongarue River, about a mile and a half away, is Te Rongoroa bush, a clump of woodland famous from time immemorial amongst the Maoris as a place for snaring and spearing the *tui* or parson-bird. At a certain season of the year the *tui* gathers here in great numbers, circling round and round with many cries, as if this were some social assembly-place of Bird-land. This forest consists of timbers which are not the favourite feeding trees of the *tui*, so that they do not gather here for food. The Maori explanation of this congress of the *tui* is that the Rongoroa bush contains the sacred *mauri*, or talisman, of the native birds; this *mauri* is a stone placed here by a *tohunga* of old, and duly *karakia*'d over. This emblem has ensured an abundance of birds. To this day *tui* abound in the Rongoroa bush in the snaring season, and old Tu-tahanga, a member of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe, who lives at the little Maori village of Ongarue, still takes out his snaring tackle to the sacred woodland, and returns well laden with birds.

The most rudimentary art of primitive man, the obtaining of fire from wood by friction, was often practised in the bush in modern times, especially in the war-days of the "sixties," when the Maoris seldom had matches and only a few of them possessed flint and steel. The *mako*, or *kaikomako*, tree was the one most used for fire-making; an expert in bushcraft can obtain fire from a good dry piece of this timber in a few minutes. The *kaikomako* is the fire-goddess's tree, in Maori legend. Mahuika was the goddess; she literally had fire at her finger-tips. To her the cunning Maui, half god, half mortal, went in the dim old days when wonders were wrought in the Maori Isles of the Sea, and cajoled from her all her fiery finger-nails and toes except one. This she refused him, and he by his incantations brought down a deluge of rain, which threatened to extinguish the fires of Mahuika. The goddess, to save the remnant of the

fire, threw it into the *kaikomako* tree, which holds it to this day. Wherefore it was that the Maori sought out the *kaikomako* in the Great-Forest-of-Tane and with a rubbing-stick of *tawa* wood coaxed the saving fire from its heart.

An old *pakeha*-Maori, who lived with the Taranaki Hauhaus all through the wars of 1865-69, tells me that he had frequently to procure fire by friction in this way when out pig-hunting or on the war-path. "I would hunt around," he says, "until I found a good dry *kaikomako*, and would set a chunk of this on the ground and get to work with a sharp-pointed piece of *tawa*. The dust from the groove formed by the rubbing would collect at one end and this would at last ignite, and then I would have some dry moss or a piece of old flax mat or something of that sort ready for the fire. If I wanted to carry fire when on the march through the bush, I would cut a short piece of the hollow *rata* vine and set fire to one end of it; it would burn away slowly inside, and all I had to do was to stuff up the ends and wrap up the *rata* in moss and it would smoulder away slowly for hours. Thus, when it was time to camp, we could quickly get a fire for warmth and cooking without the trouble of hunting for a dry *kaikomako* and sweating over it with a rubbing-stick."

Chapter XVI.

SOME FOLK-STORIES AND FAIRY-TALES.

Night after night in the crowded *wharepuni*, the strange tales of old were told until every person in the community was acquainted with the folk-lore and bush-lore and fairy legends of the tribe. The Maori's belief in the unseen and the supernatural is deep-rooted, and is intensified by his life in a bush country; he feels from his earliest years the soul-mastering grip of the forest. The bush-dwelling tribes like the Urewera are full of singular beliefs that are a reflex of the vast untrimmed wilderness in which they live. When the Hauhau war of the sixties began, the semi-civilised Maori cast off the tatters of white missionary teaching, the only half-comprehended ideas taught by the white man's church and school, and back in the great bush stood in his wholesome savage skin again.

Many a blue and misty mountain was an enchanted place, the bower of the fairies, the *Patu-paiarehe*. Mount Pirongia, in the Waikato, is one of these, the fabled abode of hosts of fairies, who, it is said, take a malicious delight in making periodical nocturnal excursions to the home of the plains-dwelling Maori and carrying off their wives. The "little folk" peopled the high mist-laden ridges and dim gloomy valleys, and in the dark moonless nights the lone Maori eel-fisher out on the Waipa banks would hear them singing their fairy songs, and would take good care that his torch did not go out, for fairies fear the fire of mortals.

Another famous fairy-mountain is Ngongotaha, close to Lake Rotorua. When the mists hang low on the ferny flanks of Ngongotaha, say the old Maoris who live below, the *Patu-paiarehe* are abroad, and it is not wise to

go up there pig-hunting on such a day. The fairies were sometimes heard singing their fairy *hakas*. The elder people say that long ago their fathers heard these dance-songs chanted high up in the mountain, on still calm days when fog enveloped the upper parts of the range. This is one of the fairy *hakas*, as recited by old Huhia:

Horahia te marino,
Horahia i Rotorua;
Tukua te rangi mo te ruri,
Kia rerehu-i
E hinawa-e!

Spread out below lies Rotorua Lake;
How calm and still it lies!
This is our day for dance and song.
How far the sound will travel!

Te Rii and the Enchanted Forest.

One night some years ago, as the people of a little *hapu* on the Upper Waitara River, in Taranaki, sat smoking their pipes of strong *torori* round the fire in the *whare-puni*, after the prayers were over, the rambling white man who was camped with them asked Hakopa, the chief, to tell him of the fairy people of the bush, of whom he had heard much but had never had the fortune, good or ill, to encounter in all his wanderings.

"Friend," said the old man, "the *Patu-paiarehe* are still a numerous people in this land, and their dwellings are the great bunches and bushes of *kiekie* and *kowharawhara* which you see growing in the forks of the forest trees. They live ever in the forest, and you may pass their homes a hundred times and never see them, yet they are still there, as I myself well know, for I have seen them in the night and heard them singing their fairy songs."

"And I, too, have heard the *Patu-paiarehe*, and I do not wish to hear them again."

It was Te Rii, the Red-head, who broke in on old Hakopa's explanation of the habits and customs of the *Patu-paiarehe*.

Te Rii was a Ngati-Maru man, a bearded middle-aged fellow with a shaggy head of hair that had the fair coppery tinge called by the Maoris *uru-kehu* or "red hair."

He had lived nearly all his life in the bush country of the Upper Waitara, and talk of the fairies and the woods set him story-telling. He handed his pipe to his neighbour at the fireside, a young woman, who put it in her mouth and sucked at it contentedly.

"It was up on the ridge of hills called the Pae-Patu-paiarehe that I fell in with the fairies," said Te Rii. "This ridge of rough mountainous land is covered everywhere with thick forest. It lies away on the upper part of this Waitara River, not far from Purangi village. The bush there is full of birds, and it is a grand place for the fruit of the *kiekie*, but there is a peculiar thing about the *kiekie* there—the fruit is quite red inside, instead of being white as it is elsewhere. This is because it is the food of the fairies; and if we go there for that fruit we shall have to propitiate them with a *karakia*, else things may perhaps not go well with us.

"Immediately a stranger, a Maori or a *pakeha* of this outer world, enters those *tapu* forests his presence is detected by the fairies, and they will sometimes play strange tricks on him. He will perhaps hear a strange wild woman's voice calling, thin and high, our Maori cry of welcome to visitors:

"Haere-mai e te manuhiri tuarangi,"

and so on, but when he follows in the direction whence the invitation came, he will find no one—it was the phantom voice of the *Patu-paiarehe*.

"Now, some years ago, I went up to the Pae-Patu-paiarehe hunting the wild pig. Up near the top of the forest range I killed a pig, and after cleaning it I strapped it on my back, with bands of flax over each shoulder, and started to return to my camp in the bush below. The country was all ridges and gullies—so, like the fingers of my hand—and everywhere the trees, and ferns and shrubs grew thickly and were tied together with vines and *kareao*, and the fairy flax, the *kowharawhara*, grew in great bunches of long leaves in the tree-forks. I walked on and on, and scrambled

through the gullies and up and down steep banks, and after travelling a long time I suddenly came on the very place where I had killed the pig. I had lost my way. I started off again, and walked and walked, with my *pikau* of dead *poaka* on my back getting heavier and heavier. At last, after I had travelled a great way, seeing nothing but the trees around me, I found myself back at the same place again! *Aue!* It was witchcraft or something very like it, I thought. I began to be in great fear of the fairy forest, but it was now very nearly dark, and I could not travel out of it by night. So I camped where I was, and kindled a fire with my flint and steel to keep myself warm and frighten the *Patu-paiarehe* and the *Maero* away. And I lay down by the fire and kept it going till late. I had thought to stay awake all night, for fear of the fairies, but I was very weary, and I fell to sleep.

"Nothing harmed me in my sleeping. When I rose in the morning, and I was about to strap my *pikau* of meat on my back, I saw a stick lying on the ground in front of me. Just as my eyes lighted on it, I saw it move. *Auē! He rakau tipua*! An enchanted stick! I started forward and seized it."

"*E—ē!* but that was brave of you, Red-head," said one of the women, taking her short black pipe from between her tattooed lips.

"*Ae pea!*" ("Yes! perhaps it was") said Te Rii modestly. "Anyhow, I took hold of the stick. As soon as I grasped it I felt it move and draw me away. I did not let go though I knew there was wizardry in it, but it was daylight now, and I did not feel as much fear as in the black night. I retained hold of one end of the stick and it drew me on and away; the fairies had hold of the other end, though I could see no one. I left my pig lying on the ground; the stick would not wait for me to take it, and I thought it best to leave it there as a peace-offering to the spirits of the bush. The stick led me down out of the forest and set me on the homeward path, and then it vanished. And as I left the forest of enchantment

I heard a voice call after me, a thin voice from the shadows of the bush,

"'Go, and beware! Do not come into these forests of ours again!'"

The Loves of the Mountains.

Many a singular folk-story and nature-myth story clings round the mountains of Maori Land. As an example, there is the tale of Kakepuku and Kawa.

Mount Kakepuku is a remarkable hill in the valley of the Waipa, just within the northern boundary of the King Country. It is an ancient trachytic volcano-cone whose fern-clad spurs rise from the plain until they culminate in a crater summit some fourteen hundred feet high. Kakepuku is a perfect type of a dead volcano, with its hollow, basin-like head; it is all rich volcanic soil, with patches of bush in the gullies. Away up on the mountain-side, in the warm sheltered hollows between the ferny ridges, the Maoris grow early potatoes to perfection. A few miles to the east of Kakepuku stands Kawa, a rounded hill with a crater on its southern side and its slopes cut into the terraces of an ancient *pa*. The Main Trunk Railway now passes between these two hills, a few miles beyond the Puniu.

Now, in the dim long ago, says the Maori, these mountains were sentient beings, with human-like passions. Kawa was a female mountain; Kakepuku was a male. And in those days there stood near Kakepuku and Kawa another hill called Karewa, who was also a man-mountain. Kakepuku had come originally from the South, "searching for his father." He was strolling in mountainous fashion up the Waipa Valley, when he spied Kawa, the daughter of Mounts Pirongia and Taupiri, and fell in love with her. So he remained there, by the side of the Kawa Hill. Karewa and Kakepuku both made fierce love to Miss Kawa after the primitive fashion of volcanoes, and, for jealousy of each other, quarrelled. The result was a Titanic fight, a battle of the mountains.

Karewa was badly beaten by his big rival, and had to "trek." He took up his rocky traps in the night and marched westward by way of Kawhia, striding into the deep ocean, and there he let down his moorings and stayed where the dawning found him. And so out in the Tasman Sea to this day sits the lone isle of Karewa (which the *pakeha* calls Gannet Island), while back in the valley of the Waipa Mount Kakepuku keeps a majestic watch over Kawa, his gently rounded, fern-clad spouse.

Kakepuku is the weather-glass of the country-side. When he puts on his white cloud-cap and his old crater-mouth is hidden in the fog you had better not start out for a ride without your mackintosh strapped on your saddle-bow. But when on Kawa's ferny head the soft wet mists come down and when the long wispy streamers of damp smoke-like vapour cling round her terraced slopes, and then are wafted over the plains on the gentle seawards-blowing breeze—that is Kawa sending her tearful *mihi* of love and sorrow to her far-off lost lover Karewa.

Another mountain of which one hears Maori folk-tales is Tokatoka, a shapely pointed peak on the Northern Wairoa riverside. The legend says that in the mist-laden days of the past, Tokatoka, like many other mountains, had human attributes and the power of moving from place to place. He was originally the vassal of the chieftain Manaia, who came to New Zealand from the South Sea Hawaiiki, and whose petrified form you may see looming majestically above you as you steam out of Whangarei Heads. Manaia, in a fit of anger, evicted his mountainous satellites, Tokatoka, Manngaraho, and Tamngatara, and kicked them out westward. So all through one night the solid hills took their strange flight across country, marching over mountain and plain and crossing wide rivers at a stride. Tamngatara was the swiftest traveller, and had reached the West Coast when the daylight came and

stopped his magic pilgrimage. (It is curious that in all these fairy stories and mountain-myths the daylight ends the enchantment.) Tokatoka and Maungaraho were less fleet, and the day-dawn fixed their rocky feet on the eastern side of the tidal Wairoa. Maungaraho you can see, too, from the river at Tokatoka—a great black rocky splinter like some Titanic arrow-head; from another view-point higher up the Wairoa its bald summit has the gigantic shape of a cathedral dome. It is an immense mass of volcanic rock. The upper portion of the peak is largely composed of loose stone; it is said that when a thunderstorm prevails the whole mountain seems to be a-quiver, the myriads of rocky fragments shaking and rumbling and quaking with each reverberation as if the mountain were trembling before the artillery of the sky.

A Taranaki woman, wife of Tutange Waionui, of Pariroa, Patea.

Chapter XVII.

OMENS, TIPUAS, AND TANIWHAS.

Every Maori tribe has its omen-mountain, where lightning flashing in a peculiar manner, particularly in fine calm weather, is read as an omen of death or misfortune. In Waikato and other districts these mountains are called *maunga-hikonga-uira*—"peaks where lightning flashes"; in the Urewera country they are known as *rua-koha*; in the Hot Lakes district as *rua-kanapa*. A noted *rua-kanapa* in the Lakes Country is Matawhaura mountain, at the eastern end of Rotoiti; lightning flashes darting downwards from immediately above this peak are interpreted as an omen of death for members of the Ngati-Pikiao tribe, of Rotoiti. Elsewhere, Moehau, or Cape Colville, Rangitoto (the King Country range), Pirongia, Wharepuhunga, Karewa Island, are such peaks of omen. Rangitoto is the lightning mountain of the Ngati-Matakore tribe, of the Rohepotae. When lightning flashes straight downwards on that range a chief of the tribe will die. Says a song of lamentation:

> "Fearfully flashes the lightning
> On Rangitoto's peak.
> 'Tis a message to me,
> A sign of Death
> To my children, to my tribe,
> Of evil to fall upon
> The people."

Te Kauae—"The Jaw"—the bold ridge, bare of trees, which stretches out from Ngongotaha mountain towards Lake Rotorua, and ends in a steep rock-strewn and fern-clad bluff, sloping abruptly to the plain close to the railway line, is a lightning-mountain of great *mana*. It is regarded by the Arawa as a place of omen, and it is

moreover *tapu* because of the fact that in the rocky caves and recesses on its face lie the bones of many generations of the people. It was Ngati-Whakane's great burial-place, and it is their *rua-kanapa*. The portents are read thus: When two flashes of lightning are seen, in fine weather, in quick succession like the opening and closing of one's hand, above the Kanae Bluff, then a *rangatira-taitamariki*, a young chief of the tribe will quickly die. Should three or more bright flashes be seen in quick succession, a *rangatira kaumatua*, an aged man, is called for by the gods, and will presently pass to the Reinga-land.

When the last high chief of the Ngati-Whakane, the aged Petera te Puknatua, died at Otaki in 1906, this lightning portent was seen, say the Ohinemutu people. It was a calm still evening, and the people were gathered in the *marae* in front of Tama-te-kapua, the carved meeting-house, after the evening meal. Suddenly, as some of them happened to be looking out to the westward, they saw four bright flashes of lightning in quick succession, just above the sacred mountain.

"*Aue!*" they cried, "*he aha tera! Ka mate he rangatira!*" ("Alas! What is that? A chief will die!")

There was much anxious speculation that night as to whom the *tohu-aitua*, the death warning, indicated, but next morning it was explained. A telegram arrived from the South announcing the death of Petera, who, although the head-chief of Ohinemutu, had lived for several years near Otaki, where he had married a Ngati-Toa woman. The old *rangatira* had left his people and his land, but when at last his spirit, his *wairua*, left his body it returned to his tribe, say the Maoris, and above the sacred mountain of his homeland it announced its passing by the lightning flashes that all might know, and then it flitted northward on its way to the Leaping-place-of-Souls, the Rerenga-wairua, at the far Land's End.

Strange tales are told about enchanted trees and demon-haunted logs, which sail uncannily about the

lakes and rivers, plunging along like the Flying Dutchman, head to wind. Says old Nga-Mahanga, of the Ngati-Pikiao tribe, Rotoiti:—

"In my younger days there was an enchanted tree, a sacred *taniwha*-log, which used to drift about this lake, Rotoiti. Its name was Mataura. It had originally been a *pou-tau-koura,* that is a post to which the crayfish nets were fastened or stretched for drying; it stood on the east side of Pateko Islet, the side facing Tapuaeharuru village, but it broke adrift and used to go sailing about the lake, and it was regarded as a *taniwha* [demon]. Its owner was one Kahu-Pukatea, of the Waitaha tribe, and he alone could approach it. It was a *tohu-aitua,* an evil omen, to see it at close quarters, should one be out in a canoe; it usually appeared to the people only as a harbinger of misfortune or death. Should you come across it in a year when war prevailed, it was a sign that there would shortly be a battle in which many lives would be lost. Should you see it in a *tau-aio,* that is, a year of peace and quietness, it was an omen of misfortune to your tribe in the form of a fatal visitation of sickness or of deaths caused by *makutu*—witchcraft. It was last seen floating about, with its head raised above water, in the year of the great fight at Te Ranga, near Tauranga [in the year 1864] when the white soldiers so terribly defeated the Maoris and shot and bayoneted many of the Ngaiterangi and also the Ngati-Pikiao of this district, and the Ngati-Rangiwewehi of Rotorua."

Another eccentric timber-*taniwha* that used to go cruising round Rotoiti was a *totara*-log called "Te Upoko-o-Huraki-tai" ("Huraki-tai's Head"). It was a *rakau-tipua,* a magic tree. It would go sailing about the lake, with a broken branch at one end sticking up above the water, and sometimes when it appeared at Tapuae-haruru, at the eastern end of the lake, the people would go out to it and would recite *karakia* or charms to propitiate the spirit which inhabited it and would adorn its branching head with feathers, just as if it were a living person.

Another Maori banshee was—and perhaps still is—the enchanted log Rangiriri, which, when I last heard of it, lay stranded below Dargaville, on the Northern Wairoa River. Rangiriri is a *rakau tipua*, a demon tree. It is a log of *totara*, whose erratic cruises up and down the river were looked on by the Ngati-Whatua natives with superstitious dread. Rangiriri used to play some queer pranks on the Wairoa. He would sometimes run into a raft of logs and break it up for sheer deviltment. He would be seen steering straight up the river, with his wooden tail sticking up, right against the ebb-tide, or he would take a run down stream in spite of the fact that a strong flood-tide was setting in his teeth. That sort of thing invested him with supernatural attributes. Often, again, a bird, a *kukupa* (pigeon), or a *kawau* (shag)—the bird of ill-omen—would be seen perched silently on the log as it ploughed its ghostly way through the yellow waters of the Wairoa. That was a sign that never failed. It told the riverside people that some one of their headmen was soon to die. As fateful and significant an omen as the down-flashing of the summer forked-lightning on the sacred peak of Tutamoe was the appearance of that demon-log at a *kainga* on the river-bank. When Rangiriri leaves his bed on the muddy shores and goes nosing up the river, 'tis not long before the tangi's mournful wail will be raised along the Wairoa.*

This and other weird folk-tales of the Wairoa were told me once by the late chief Te Rore Taoho. He was a wizened grey old fellow, wearing a fine shark's-tooth pendant in each ear. Squatting beside him in his weatherboard house by the Kaihu's banks, was another veteran, the tattooed, saturnine Hapeta. And the tales came forth of the *Taniwhas* of the Kaipara and Wairoa. There were *taniwhas* and demons of land and water

*"Here (at Brereton, in Cheshire) is one thing incredibly strange; but attested to myself by many persons, and commonly believed. Before any heir of this family dies there are seen in a lake adjoining, the bodies of trees swimming on the water for several days."—*Camden's "Britannia."*

haunting all this district, said the old men, in the days that are past. From the Kaipara Heads right up the Wairoa and the Kaihu, these dragons and leprechauns held sway. The high clay and sandy hills at the mouth of the Kaipara were once the homes of powerful sea-gods. If a canoe and its crew disappeared there, was it not the work of the water-monster, who raised the angry waves and drew the dug-out and paddlers down into his awful maw? *Koia ano!* These *taniwhas* must certainly be propitiated if the mariner is to live. And when *pakeha* ships go to pieces on the Kaipara Heads shoals, who shall say that it is not the work of the *taniwha?*

The great dragon of the Kaipara was Pokopoko (apparently a deified or *taniwha*-fied hero of olden days) who dwelt in a cave under a half-tide rock at the western head of the Kaipara River, close to which the white man's steamers pass. Not far away is Shelly Beach, a native settlement, and in its vicinity are the vestiges of a cliff on which once stood the great Okāka Pa. This was Pokopoko's hunting-ground. Here he was wont to assemble his army of sea-monsters, of gambolling *taniwhas* and *maraki-hau*; they would gather here and perform their singular evolutions before the dread cavernous eyes of their sea-lord. And he would place his sacred brand on their backs, a mark in *kokowai* (red ochre), and the wonderful inspection parade of the Maori Tritons would be dismissed. The only *taniwhas,* say the Northerners, who would not bow before Pokopoko and submit to the sea-god's ear-mark were Nina and Arai-te-uru, who now dwell under the Heads of Hokianga Harbour. Possibly the sea-creatures of Pokopoko's marine parade were a school of blackfish, or of porpoises, or a herd of the vanished sea-lions, which would readily become *taniwhas* to any Maori of a reasonably imaginative mind.

Seven generations ago Pokopoko destroyed the Okaka *Pa* and all its inhabitants. A *tohunga* named Mawe, who cherished a grudge against the Ngati-Whatua

people of the Kaipara, journeyed here from the Bay of Islands and invoked the assistance of the Lord of the *Taniwhas*. He performed his *makutu* ceremonies and repeated his incantations, and called upon Pokopoko to rise and destroy the *Pa* which stood on the cliff-top. And the monster, responding, roused himself in his salt-sea cave, hung with thick waving masses of kelp. He raised his voice in a growl like the rolling of thunder, and burrowed under the cliff-face, and the winds and the waves came at Popopoko's call, and lightnings flashed and thunder crashed, and in the turmoil of the elements the *Pa* collapsed, the hill crumbled, tottered and crashed down into the furious surf, carrying with it the people and their dwellings. All perished and Mawe's victory was complete, and what a feast was Pokopoko's when Okāka fell!

Taniwha tales are legion in the Rotorua-Taupo country. This is one which has not been previously told in print. The Utuhina stream, like most of the other watercourses flowing into Rotorua Lake, was in Maori legend the haunt of several malevolent reptilian monsters, described by the imaginative natives as resembling gigantic lizards, which were man-eaters. The principal creature of this kind which inhabited the Utuhina was called Korowhakatupua, and was a member of a numerous family of *ngarara* or *taniwha,* one of which lived in Ruapeka Bay, Ohinemutu. Korowhakatupua was a female *ngarara*; she made her watery home in a deep hole at the side of the stream where a powerful spring bubbles up from mysterious depths. This water-hole or *rua* is about three miles up the stream from the lake; the place is marked by a large *tawa* tree standing near by. She was the *mokai* or pet of a chief whose village stood on the banks of the river, but, as the legend shows, she was a rather dangerous and vindictive kind of *mokai* to have around. One of the wives of the chief had in some way offended the *ngarara,* who straightway laid in wait to kill her. One day the woman went down to the stream in order to catch *koura,* or crayfish.

Wading into the water, she began to pick up the wriggling *koura* from the sandy bottom, placing them in the flax basket that she carried slung over her bare shoulders. The river-demon, in order to entice her further in, cunningly stirred up the sand, and made the *koura* come out in numbers, so that the woman, delighted with the abundance of the little crayfish, waded into deeper water, intent on filling her basket. All at once, when she was in as deep as her waist, the scaly monster seized her, and opening his tremendous jaws swallowed her, *koura*, basket and all, first biting off her head, which she spat out and set on a flat stone at the river-edge, as a warning to others not to offend the *Taniwha* and *Ngarara* family. There the head long remained, no one daring to touch it; and there is the very rock to this day to convince all unbelievers, white or brown, of the truth of this tale of the *Taniwha*.*

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* Several other Rotorua *taniwha* stories speak of these legendary water-monsters as having been kept as *mokai* or "pets" by certain chiefs. A very suggestive parallel, and possible source of these stories, is the ancient Egyptian practice, as mentioned by Dr. Kitto in his Biblical notes, of keeping and feeding tame crocodiles. The same custom has been noted amongst the negroes of West Africa. Dr. Kitto identifies the crocodile of the Nile with Leviathan as described in the Book of Job.

Chapter XVIII.

THE POETRY OF THE MAORI.

Full of bold images of speech and often of much pathos and beauty are the elegiac ballads and dirges which form probably the largest section of the poetry of the Maori. The mourners as they gather on the *marae* at the wailing-place liken the dead chief to a lofty forest-tree overthrown—"*kua hinga te totara*"—to a carved war-canoe shattered by the waves; to a sweet singing-bird whose voice is hushed. The leading men of the assembled tribes will pace to and fro, fine flax or feather mats thrown across their shoulders, over their European clothes and greenstone, whalebone or wooden weapons, cherished family heirlooms, in their hands, and thus address the dead:—

"Go, O Sire! Go to the black pit of death! Go to the Reinga, the leaping-off place of departed spirits! Depart to the underworld, to the home of Hine-nui-te-Po [The Great Lady of Night], for that is the great abode of us all! Go to greet your ancestors who have gone before you! Go!"

And then they will chant a wild lament in which often the whole assemblage joins, a *tangi*-poem perhaps centuries old.

And again:

"Who is this person, Death? [*Ko wai tenei tangata, Aitua?*] Had he but taken the form of a man, I could fight him with this *taiaha* of mine! But he is intangible, and he cannot be conquered."

Many a chanted lament heard in the *kainga* echoes the words of Ossian, bewailing the deaths of Ryno and Orla:

"They have fallen like the oak of the desert; when it lies across a stream and withers in the wind."

In the flying clouds, the passage of the wind, the surging sea, the on-rolling river, the Maori singer finds inspiration. A deserted wife chants:

The sun shines forth,
Pleasant to the skin;
But thou art gone.
The tideway rolls,
Down speeds the swift river;
But the husband comes not again.

. . . . .

Yet on this salt sea-breeze
He may return to me.

A native lament frequently begins with such lines as these:

E to e te Ra, rehurehu ki te rua;
Ringi-ringi a wai te roimata i aku kamo.
(The sun is setting, sinking to his ocean cave;
Like water the tears flow down my cheeks.)

And an ancient man, seated on some tree-shaded eminence overlooking his ancestral lands, chants in his droning sing-song a lament for his old home and his friends of other days:

Rippling afar are the
Waters of Waikato,
Parted from you am I
By the fast-flowing tide.
Oh, shores of Kawhia,
Separated I 'm from you
By the swift-speeding,
Fast-rolling tide.

Another song of love and regret, a *mihi aroha*, begins:

The fresh South wind,
Blowing cold from Tongariro's snows,
Feeds upon my skin;

and in the breeze the singer imagines the message of a parted friend is borne to her.

Love-songs or *pao* and *rurerure*, too, form a large section of Maori poetry. Many of these are historic, handed down by word of mouth. The romance of Hinemoa and Tutanekai, for instance, is sung in every village of the Arawas. One day on Mokoia Island, a blue-tattooed old dame said:

"Listen, O *pakeha!* This is the *koauau* song handed down amongst our people, the *waiata* which Tutanekai composed for a flute-song, when he and Tiki played to Hinemoa of Owhata"—and she wagged her close-cropped venerable head, and imitated the sound of the playing of the *koauau*, the nose-flute, with the breath of the nostrils, and at the same time the nasal long-drawn singing of the *waiata*:

"Na-a te waka-ra
Kai te Kopua-a,
Hai-i wa-aka mai mo-ou
Ki-i Mokoia-a.
Kai rangi na koe-e,
Kai rangikura-a te tau-e!
Ko'ai ra-a i runga
I-a-a Iri-iri-Kapua?
Ko Hinemoa pea-a,
Ko te-e tamahine o-o Umukaria-a;
Hai tan naku ki te whare ra-a."

(Translation.)
"In yon canoe
Thou'lt paddle to Mokoia's isle.
From heaven art thou,
From heaven's crimson light,
O darling of my heart!—
See yonder lonely form
On Iri-kapua's distant rock—
Perchance 'tis Hinemoa,
The maiden child of Umukaria—
A loving wife of mine thou'lt be."

'And this," said the tattooed descendant of Hinemoa, "is the song which Hinemoa is said to have sung as she sat lonely on yon rock at Owhata when she found that she could not launch a canoe to paddle to her Tutanekai"—and she chanted a plaintive little low-pitched *waiata*:

"*Aue*, my well-beloved!
Oh that thou would'st come for me!
Then searching, slowly paddling,
Thy willing bride would'st find,
And both would flee together.
Here on this lonely resting-place,
Like grey night-owl,
I sadly crouch and wait.
Would that I were in thy dear home,
On Whitirere's threshold there above!
I'd greet thee fondly and embrace
Thy lordly form, with chief's tattoo adorned—
O lover mine!"

An often-sung *waiata-aroha* or *pao* to-day is the pretty love-song which begins:

Hokihoki tonu mai te wairua o te tau.
Ki te awhi-Reinga ki tenei kiri-e!
I tawhiti te aroha e pai ana e te tau.
Te paanga ki te uma mamae ana, e te tau!

(Translation.)
Oft the spirit of my love returns to me
To embrace in Reinga-land
This form of mine.
Though far away, I ever dream
Fondly of thee,
And a sweet pain is ever in
My bosom, O my Love!

Another poetic love-song with some beautiful metaphors is the following, which I first heard sung in a *poi*-chant by a party of Wanganui and Turakina girls:

	(TRANSLATION.)
Whakepukepuke ai au-e!	Like a flood, ah me!
Te roimata i aku kamo,	The tears flow from mine eyes;
He rite ki te ngaru	They burst like ocean-waves
Whati mai waho-e!	Breaking yonder on the shore.
	Ah me!
Taku turanga ake	Lonely I sit
I te take o te rata,	Beneath my *rata* tree,
Ka titiro atu	Gazing, ever gazing
Ki te akauroa-e!	Upon the long sea-strand.
	Ah me!
Ko te rite i aku kamo	My weeping eyes
Ki te pua korari;	Are like the drooping flax-flowers;
Ka pupuhi te hau,	When the wind rustles them,
Ka maringi te wai-e!	Down fall the honey showers.
	Ah me!
Ko te rite i ahau	I am like unto
Ki te rau o te wiwi,	The leaves of the *wiwi*-reed—
E wiwiri nei	Quivering, shaking, trembling
He nui no te aroha-e!	With the strength of my love.
	Ah me!
He aroha taku hoa	Ah! Once love was my companion
I huri ai ki te moe,	When I turned me to slumber;
Hei hari atu	It was the spirit of my love
Ki raro Reinga e te tau-e!	That joined me in the Land of Dreams.

The Dirge for Morere.

The most beautiful native *waiata-tangi* or lament I have ever heard, I think, is the Taranaki dirge for the Hauhau warriors who fell on the fatal glacis of Sentry Hill in 1864, when the rifles and the cohorn mortars of the British garrison poured a shower of death on the prophet Hepanaia and his charging fanatics, who boldly advanced on the redoubt in open day. It is often sung to-day in the villages of the Ngati-Ruanui and Nga-Ruahine on the Waimate Plains, and from Waitara to the foot of Taranaki Mountain. It is Tamati Hone's lament for his sons and tribesmen who were killed at Te Mōrēré, as the Maoris called the ferny mound (near the present railway station at Sentry Hill, North Taranaki) on which the redoubt of 1864 stood.

I translate from the poem dictated to me by Te Whareaitu, of Ngahau, Hawera:

Brightly flashed the lightning's spear
On Turamoe's peak,
Portent of warriors' death and women's woe.
O Tiopira—why did'st thou fall?
Thou who stood'st so boldly forth
In the bows of the canoe,
And thou, Hapeta! cold thou liest.
Death spread his lure for thee;
The dragon of the cave
Was loosed on thee.

. . . . . .

Ah me, my children!
My flock of happy forest-birds,
That flew from tree to tree in brighter days—
Now fast in woodsman's snare.
My beautiful, my slender totara—
'Tis snapped by wintry gale.
My tall red-painted warrior-sons—
Alas, alas!
How grand ye dashed upon the foe,
And I—I saw ye go;
I, too, rushed naked to the fight,
O sons—at Mōrere!

. . . . . .

O heroes of my house! How grand
That charge!
Above Whakaahurangi's woods that day!

. . . . . .

Lonely I lie within my home
Beside Kapuni's river-mouth.
And cherish bitter thoughts and ever weep—
My children!

. . . . . .

Lofty and lone stands Taranaki
In the West;
So tall and splendid thou, O Kingi—
And now thou'rt gone!

. . . . . .

Still o'er the forests, still above the clouds
Towers Taranaki;
But Kingi's gone. Foremost in council,
Foremost in the fight—
I searched the fatal field, I found him dead
At Mōrere!

. . . . . .

O restless sea
Beating for ever on the sounding sands
Below the cliffs of Wharau—
Like thee for ever I'll lament.

. . . . . .

O son, arise! Return, return!
Cannot thy prophet make thee live again—
Restore thy breath, and bind thy wounds?
Ah me—my hopes!

* * * * * *

The billows from the west roll in
And thundering crash on 'Taraimaka's shore—
There, too, my children fought,
In days gone by.

. . . . . .

On Mōrere's battle-hill they fell;
There shattered lay my tribe, Ah me!
O simple ones and brave!
How strong is Whiro's snare—
The snare of Fate!
Ye charged along the path of Death,
Ye were deceived,
Beguiled in that false path,
The path of 'Hau.

. . . . . .

How vain your valour, vain your charge
Against Mōrere's walls!
Lost on that rocky coast of death
Are all my crews—
Tainui, Tokomaru, Kurahaupo, Aotea—
Ah me! my brave canoes
Lie wrecked upon the shore!

Chapter XIX.

THE MAORI IN WAR.

The Maori had successfully solved for himself the problem of defence. Every man was trained to arms; every man was a soldier when the war-call came,

"He whakaariki, he whakaariki ē!"

In a savage society there was at least this advantage, that the whole male strength of the community—and sometimes the female as well—could take the field when necessary, fully equipped at short notice for defence and offence. There was no calling for volunteers, no hasty drilling of Territorials, no trouble with skulkers. This was the natural outcome of the communal system, the gradual evolution of the family into the tribe, which was really only the family on a larger scale. Whether it was a home-fort to be built or an enemy's stockade to be stormed, the whole force of the tribe was at the command of the war-chief or chiefs. From his early years every Maori was trained in the use of the spear, the *taiaha,* the *patu,* and later the gun of the white man, the wonderful *pu,* that darted its bullets with a voice of thunder and a tongue of fire. He learned, too, the various charms and spells, the *kitao* and other invocations, that gave *mana* to his weapon and "more power to his elbow." On the war-path his commissariat did not trouble him overmuch; he needed no waggon-loads of "bully-beef" and hard biscuit; was not his enemy's own body to provide the rations? In the delightfully simple economy of the Maori, he not only killed his foe but he also ate him.

The olden Maori warrior liked to die in battle. He disliked the idea of a slow, ignominious, peaceful end on

his bed. A poetic illustration of the native feeling on this subject is given in a lament composed and sung by one Te Waero over the remains of the celebrated fighting-chief Miti-kakau, of Te Atiawa tribe, Taranaki. Miti-kakau was renowned for his daring and success in war and particularly in hand-to-hand combats with individual *toas* or braves of the enemy. It is related of him that on one occasion, about eighty years ago, when the Atiawa fortress at Paritutu, near where New Plymouth now stands, was besieged by the warriors of Waikato, Miti-Kakau issued a challenge to any of the besieging *toas* to meet him outside the palisades in a duel, and he met and killed the champion who was sent out to slay him. In after years he joined Te Rauparaha and the Ngati-Toa in the southern part of the North Island, and fought in the battle of the "Kuititanga" on the sand-dunes at Waikanae in 1839. When he died, in the days of peace, Te Waero, an old warrior and comrade-in-arms, sang a lament in which these lines occurred:

	(Translation.)
E kore au, e te hoa,	Oh friend of mine!
E tangi kia koe	Less keen had been my grief
Me kapohia koe	Had 'st thou but died in battle,
E te ngutu o te pu;	By the mouth of the musket.
Ko te riri tuku-turi	Or had 'st thou fallen
Kei o matua,	As fell thy fathers
Kei waho i Onuku,	In the days of Maori weapons, hand-to-hand,
Kei runga Te Morere.	Beside Onuku 's palisades,
	Or on Mōrere Hill.

The old Maori warrior, too, when faced with sudden death, liked to be killed with a *patu-rangatira*, a chiefly weapon. Sometimes, when a tribe was defeated in battle or a *pa* taken, a captured chief, submitting to the inevitable, would calmly await the death-blow and would hand his captor his own weapon, generally a treasured and sacred *patu* or *mere* of greenstone or whalebone. "Take this my weapon," he would say, and bow his head for the *tipi*, the death-stroke. He was content for in that he was being sent to the Reinga-land with his own good *patu;* it was no *rakau-tutua*, that is, a mean or plebeian weapon, that touched his proud and sacred head.

The *Niu*, the sacred divining-rods, had to be cast, the oracles consulted, and the warriors sprinkled and "hardened" for the path of death, before they set out on an expedition of battle.

The late Te Araki te Pohu, of Owhatiura, Rotorua, thus described to me the *tohungas'* preliminaries to the great Arawa expedition of 1836 against the Ngaiterangi of Te Tumu, in which he took part:

"Our *tohungas* (those of Ngati-Tu) were Tumuroa, Te Piwhara, and Tapui-a-Rata. They recited their *karakia* for success in war to our gods Maru-te-Whare-aitu, Rongomai, Tamaiwaho, Utupawa and Ihungaru. Utupawa or Itupawa [the semblance or image of this *atua Maori* is said to have been brought to New Zealand from Hawaiiki in the Arawa canoe] was the particular guardian deity of my *hapu* Ngati-Tu; its *tuahu* or shrine was in yonder tangled bit of shrubbery on the rocky face of Owhatiura Hill. Thither our priests led us, repeating their sacred *karakia* continually, and there we were made *tapu* for the war-path. Te Whetu was there with the *tohungas* too; he was the *kaupapa* (medium) of the god; into him the spirit of Utupawa would enter and he would utter strange words, as if the *atua* indeed possessed him. And our priests read the omens, and divined for us; for all Ngati-Tu were anxious to hear whether we would be successful on the red field of war. They performed ceremonies too, to weaken our enemies and draw their spirits into our hands (*kukume ai nga wairua*).

"Many were the omens of war that were observed by us Maoris in those days. Sometimes, when an expedition of blood was proposed, we would see on the horizon, in the direction of our enemies' country, a strange red glow as of a great fire. That was the *ahi-papakura,* and it was a sign of success for us and of disaster for our foes.

"If the rainbow, which was the visible *aria* or form of the god Uenuku, appeared on high in the rear of the war-party, it was a good omen. But if it spanned the path

by which we were to go, on our front, it was a warning from our god of battle, a portent of defeat, and we would remain at home."

Of endless number are the war-songs, or *ngeri* and *puha*, chanted by the soldiers of old Maori Land. This ancient war-*ngeri* of the Taranaki Maoris embodies the national affection for Taranaki mountain—Mt. Egmont—the mighty symbol of their tribal glory and the citadel of their ancestral lands. It has often been sung in modern times at meetings of the Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Ruanui tribes and other Taranaki clans. It was chanted with thrilling force on one particular occasion just after the Maori war, when a very large armed force of Taranaki natives who had been in arms for several years against the whites gathered on the beach at Moturoa, near New Plymouth, and made formal peace with the Government authorities:

(The Chief, solus, pointing with his *taiaha* to the snowy peak of Egmont behind the war-party):

Ko hea.
Ko hea.
Kohea tera maunga
E tu mai ra ra?

(Chorus):

Ko Taranaki!
Nukunuku mai,
Nekeneke mai!
Nukunuku mai,
Nekeneke mai!

(Solo):

Ki taku tauaro
Kikini kikini ai!

(Chorus):

I-i-a! I-i-a!
Kekeke noa, Kekeke noa!

(Translation.)

(The Chief):

What is yonder mountain
Standing in the sky?

(Chorus):

'Tis Taranaki's peak!
Oh [addressing the mountain] draw near to us,
Come close to us,
Draw near to us,
Come close to us.

(Solo):
That we may tightly embrace you,
And clasp you close!
(Chorus):
Ah-h! Ah-h!
We crunch the sands beneath our feet
Like this!

The loudly yelled finale

"Kekeke noa, Kekeke noa!"

imitates the sound of bare feet or of gun-butts being brought down with a crash and thud on the gravel and sands of the seashore where the fighting men danced their great war-dance.

As in the Iliad and in the great Hindu epics, warriors in battle can conceal themselves in magic mists to escape their assailants. Charms or *karakia* for concealment from the eyes of the enemy are called *huna* (literally "to hide"). The following is a specimen of such a spell, recited to me by an old Arawa warrior, who himself professed to have found it of service in bush-fighting aforetime:

	(Translation.)
Pungawerewere, heiheia mai aku mata,	Spiders, hide my face;
Popokorua, heiheia mai aku mata.	Ants, obscure me from the foe;
E Moko e!	O 'Moko,
Tu mai ki waho	Come forth from out thy pit,
Moku to taua rua.	And let me enter it.
Titiro ki runga,	Search all around,
Titiro ki raro,	Gaze up and down,
Titiro ki whenua noa atu.	See nothing but the empty land.

This charm was often repeated not only in ancient times, but also in the modern wars of the Maoris against the white troops. When a Maori was hard pressed, endeavouring to escape from his pursuing enemies, he would, if he knew it, recite this appeal to the spirits of the earth to conceal him from the eyes of the foemen. He appealed to the spiders to weave their webs across the path by which he had gone, and to the ants (which my informant described as "he iwi i roto i te whenua," "a people of the earth") to hide him in the ground with them. "Moko" is a contraction of the name Ruaimoko,

in Maori mythology the god of volcanoes and earthquakes, whose home is deep beneath the surface of the earth. Many a Maori warrior attributed his escape from the Government forces during the wars of 1860-70 to his presence of mind in reciting this or a similar *huna* charm (sometimes also called *mata*) as he ran endeavouring to conceal himself from his pursuers. It was believed that a *karakia* would sometimes have the result of causing a friendly fog to descend suddenly and hide the flying son of the soil from his foes. Certainly a very useful kind of charm to the Maori who ran away in order to fight again some other day.

The return of the warriors from an expedition was attended by much priestly ritual, for they were under the *tapu* of blood, which must be removed before they could resume their ordinary life.

One of the immeasurably *tapu* spots of Mokoia Island, in Maori eyes, is Matariki, on the white sandy beach at the north side of the island. Here, under the shade of the weeping willows, is a tiny grassy alcove where you may see lying the mouldering remains of a small Maori canoe. Just a bit of rotting wood, says the paleface picnicker whose beer-bottles and lunch-papers bestrew this aboriginal holy place. The *pakeha* "turnhi" may desecrate the place, but the reverent Maori will not so much as set foot on it, and old Tamati Hapimana, when first he escorted me to this thrice-hallowed spot, was careful, though a churchman after the heart of the missionaries, not to tread the ground where the canoe lay. For this was the abiding-place of the olden heathen gods; it was the primitive altar where offerings were made to the spirits of earth and sky, and where the gods by their oracles would make known their wishes and respond to the divinations of the *tohungas*. This decaying canoe was half a century ago, and more, the sacred boat of the famous high-priest Umahu, he who, according to the Maoris, by his potent incantations and sacred *mana* could wither trees, kill men, calm a storm, or cause the powers of the air to wage war, the lightning

to flash, and the thunder to resound. *E hara i te hanga!* So wonderful were those wise old men. Unuahu used this little red-painted *waka* for the purpose of paddling out to his sacred place by the "Holy Water," the *waitapu*, which ripples by our feet on this very beach. A few yards out in the lake you will see, hard by a flat rock, the tops of some ancient *totara*-posts projecting from the clear water, and enclosing a little rectangular space. That is the Holy Water, on which only the priest's canoe was allowed to float.

"Now, my *pakeha* friend," said blanket-kilted Tamati, as he stood bare-footed and bare-headed, his long white locks floating in the breeze, a twig of willow in his hand, on the margin of the sacred beach, "My friend, listen to me. When our war-parties returned to the island in the days of the past from a fighting expedition on the mainland, their war-canoes would paddle up to this place, Matariki, and as they drew near, the chief priest of the Island, naked save for a waist-circlet of leaves, would stand on the shore and wave a leafy branch—as I wave this willow-bough—and cry in a loud voice to them:

"'I haere mai i whea?
Tē-ere, tē-ere, tēre-nui na Tu?
('Whence come ye,
Great Company of Tu?')

"And the war-priests standing amidships in the canoes chanted in reply,

"'I haere mai i uta,
I haere mai i tai,
I haere mai i te
Tu parekura—
Tē-ere, tē-ere, tēre nui o Tu.'
('We come from the land,
We come from the sea,
We come from the battle-field of Tu—
Pilgrims, great pilgrims of Tu.')

"Then the priest on the shore enquired,

"'Whence come ye,
Great travellers from Whiro?'*

*Whiro, the god of evil and darkness and violent deeds.

and the warrior-priests answered in a chorused shout:

'We come from above,
We come from below,
We come from the seeking-out,
The searching—
Pilgrims, great pilgrims of Whiro.' ''

Then, said Tamati, the soldiers would leap naked into the shallow water and remain there until the high priest had performed the ceremonies to remove the *tapu* of blood which had been imposed on them when they went forth to fight. And the great *tohunga*, dandling to and fro the sacred offering from the field of battle, the emblem of the slain, to the Maori gods of war, would chant:

Hikitia mai taua kai,
Hapainga mai taua kai,
Ki runga rangi taua kai,
Kia kai mai Rongomai,
Heke iho i te rangi—taua kai.

(Raise up the food,
Lift up the food,
Raise up to the heavens that food,
Come and eat, Rongomai;
Descend from the heavens—that food.)

And soon the warriors were free to mingle with their friends again, the *tapu* safely lifted.

Many interesting songs are included in the watch-chants or *Whakaaraara-pa* of the Maoris. This is a brief example of a sentinel's chant, said to have been sung nearly two centuries ago by the chief Torekāhé, on Motutawa, when that island-*pa* in Roto-kakahi was beleaguered by a war-party:

	(TRANSLATION.)
Whakarongo ake au	I listen to the cry
Ki te tangi mai o te manu nei,	Of yonder bird,
''Takoikoi, takoikoi!	It cries ''Takoikoi, takoikoi,
''Takere, takere!''	Tākere, tākere!''
Ka whakarara koa	('Tis a warning cry).
Nga tai o te Mata-tahuna	Gently flows the tide,
E tu te hau ki waho,	Rippling on the shore;
Ki waho i, e!	Outside our walls the foemen stand,
A-haha!	Outside! Ha, ha!

The sharp bird-cries which the sentinel imitated are those which, the Maori says, are made by the *kaka*

parrot. The *kaka* is the first bird of the forest heard in the dawning of the day; its cry, or rather screech, is an intimation that morning is at hand, and often also, as in this instance, a signal of danger, for the bird was disturbed by men moving about in the trees. The "gently rippling tide" was a metaphorical expression meant to convey the intimation to the garrison of the *pa*, that the watcher on the *puhara* or tower could see from his elevated position that the enemy were scattered here and there outside the fortress, and were not formed in war array for the assault. (In Chapter XXIII. some other historic *whakaaraara-pa* of Torekahe are given.)

Carved gateway of a modern Maori model *pa*.

Often the look-out men in the *puhara* towers that stood at the *pa* angles and over the main gateways would exchange challenges and taunts with the besiegers. An example of these interchanges of civilities concerns the ancient Pa-a-Te-Wera, "Te Wera's Fort," which stood on the green peninsula of Huriawa, or Karitane, near Puketiraki, on the Otago coast. Taoka's army, the besiegers of Te Wera's Fort, pitched their camps on the long island-sandspit called Ohinepouwera, in Waikouaiti Bay, just to the north of the *pa*. Here they lived for some six months, also occupying at times portions of the mainland. Sometimes assaults were led against the great fort; these were always repulsed. Sometimes the attacking force cut off stragglers from the *pa*; these went into the cooking *hangi*. Taoka's warriors would gather for leaping parade on the beach near the narrow neck below the *pa*, and when the war dance had been furiously performed the loud threat would be borne to the ears of the garrison:

"*Me whakatikei koutou ki te kai!*" ("We'll starve you out!")

Then the defiant reply would come, shouted by a Ngaitahu chief on the *puhara* above the Kutu (Ngutu)-a-Toretore, the great gateway:

"*E kore ai, e kore! E kore au e mate i te kai, e kore ma te matua whakatakoto ki te Kutu-a-Toretore—e kore e taea! Engari ma te matua mate-wai ka mate ai!*" ("Never, never! We will never die for want of food, neither will we be conquered by the army lying there below the Lips-of-Toretore! You shall never reach us! Only by the army of thirst shall we be overcome"—*i.e.*, if the water supply should be cut off or give out.)

In Maori history we frequently find instances of the destruction of unsuspecting parties of enemies by burning them to death in their large *wharepunis*, which were constructed of very combustible materials. In Taranaki particularly there are numerous traditions of this sort. One instance is that of the burning of a whole *hapu*, the Titahi, whose stronghold was on a hill called Whakamere, beside the Patea River; this now peaceful-looking grassy flat-topped mount can be seen from the train near Pariroa, a short distance from the present town of Patea. The Titahi were a turbulent tribe of Ishmaelites numbering about 140 warriors, who had migrated here from the north, and who had made themselves particularly disagreeable to the Taranaki people. The Ngati-Ruanui tribe decided to extirpate the newcomers, and selected a very wet stormy night for the deed. About seventy armed men embarked in a large canoe some distance above Hukatere, descended the river, and silently surrounded the Whakamere *Pa*. They discovered that the whole of the people were assembled in a large reed-built meeting-house in the middle of the village; and as the night was so cold and tempestuous no sentinels were posted. The Ngati-Ruanui warriors quietly fastened the door of the big house securely on the outside, and then set fire to the *whare* and burned it and

every person it contained,—not a soul escaped. Thus effectually did the Taranakis rid themselves of their obnoxious neighbours.

A Polynesian parallel to this is the famous old legend of the destruction of the great house Tihi-o-Manono, evidently in the Samoa Group, by the hero Whakatau; another is in the "Song of Rahero," a legend of Tahiti, as versified by Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Songs of Travel." Rahero's clan, the victims of a tribal vendetta, to the number of forty score, were treacherously feasted, and, while they lay asleep in the great house, fuel was piled around the walls outside, the door fastened, and then the place was set alight.

> "About the blazing feast-house clustered the eyes of the foe,
> Watching, hand upon weapon, lest ever a soul should flee."

Far back, too, in the ancient fatherland of the race we find these *wharepuni*-burnings. In the great Hindu story the "Mahabharata," the enemies of the Pandavas, the five sons of Pandu, plotted to burn them to death in a house made of combustible materials which was to be erected for their reception at Varanavartha (the modern Allahabad); but the plot was revealed to the brothers, who themselves turned the tables by quietly fastening the doors of the great house one night when one of their arch-enemies lay asleep within, and setting fire to it, and burning their foe to death.

The Maori women often accompanied their lords to war; they could fight as well as the men if need be. The women frequently went out on the war-path in the wars of 1860-70; at Orakau they fought and died heroically.

The Maori *wahine* could be a horribly savage Amazon when on the war-path in ancient days. A particularly barbarous incident which followed the capture of Mokoia Island by Hongi Hika and his musketeers of Ngapuhi in the early part of 1823 was the torture and death of Te Kuru-o-te-marama, an Arawa chief. Te Kuru' had incurred the special hatred of Ngapuhi because of the fact that he had the previous year assisted in the

massacre of Te Pae-o-te-rangi and his party of Ngapuhi visitors from the Bay of Islands, at the Tuhourangi *Pa* on Motu-tawa Island in Roto-kakahi. He fled after Mokoia had been stormed; but he was captured and brought into the midst of the cannibal men of the north for execration and execution. A sharp spear was thrust into his throat and other parts of his body, and then, while he was still alive, three of the women who had accompanied the Ngapuhi expedition, widows of Te Pae-o-te-rangi and others killed at Motu-tawa, applied their mouths to the wounds and drank the flowing blood until he expired.

From a photo by Pulman, Auckland.

A Waikato Chieftainess.

The last intertribal fight amongst the Maoris occurred as lately as 1888, amongst two factions of the North Auckland natives. Away up near the head-waters of the Northern Wairoa, not far from the great Wairua Falls, there still stands on a *manuka* ridge the modern *pa* of Wi-roa, thrown up in that year, when a skirmish occurred between the Parawhau and the Uri-roroi sections of the Ngapuhi tribe. The two *hapus*, closely related to each other by marriage ties, quarrelled over the money accruing from the renting of a gum-field near Poroti to the Europeans. Arming themselves they skirmished over the bare tea-tree spurs and clayey hollows of Poroti and Wairua. A number were shot; three deaths on each side was the tally. This breastwork on the Wi-roa ridge was constructed under the direction of the old chief Tamrau Kukupa, who with the tattooed Tito Papa, of Pukekohe, led the riflemen of the Parawhau. The Uri-roroi were headed by the prophetess

Te Ru, and one Eru Hiri. For two weeks after the fatal skirmishing the Parawhau war-party lived in tents and break-winds of *manuka* in this fortification on the hill-top, waiting for the enemy's attack. The work is simply a little redoubt of clay and sod walls thrown up to the height of four or five feet, a parallelogram about a chain long, with rectangular flanking angles, and two narrow entrances covered by small *parepare* or breastworks. An insignificant sort of *pa* this Wi-roa; in a few years the tangled *manuka* will cover it again, but it will be memorable in the annals of the battle of Poroti, the last Maori fight in Aotea-roa.

A short distance beyond the Wi-roa fighting-ground in the direction of Whatitiri (Thunder) Mountain, there rises out of the plain the remarkable hill-*pa* Okoihu, a perfect type of the olden forts of the Maori. The hill is a network of terraces rising in regular tiers, trenched with the wooden spades of the aboriginals, to the lofty summit. There on a little piece of ground slightly hollowed in the centre stood the *tihi*, the citadel, where dwelt the chief families of the ancient *pa*. The walls and parapets are fine examples of barbarian military engineering, but all are now covered with a beautiful mantle of native verdure, the brown bracken fern mingling with the flax and the sweet pinkey-white blossoms of the *koromiko*, and the dainty flowers of the trailing convolvulus. On the uppermost terrace, in the sandy walls of the *tihi*, are a series of old *kumara* store-pits, their arched roofs as perfect as when they were first hollowed out many generations ago.

In North Auckland, too, were fired the last shots in anger between Maori and white man. This was in the Maori anti-dog-tax and land-tax "rising" of 1898. The Government column, under Colonel Newall, very narrowly escaped a disastrous attack by the force of armed Maoris under Hone Toia and Romana, who were posted in the bush on either side of the hill-road leading from Rawene, on Hokianga, southwards to the Waima Valley. About eighty Maoris of the Mahurehure tribe

were in ambush there, many of them armed with modern rifles and the rest with shotguns, and they could with little difficulty, owing to the strategic advantage of their position, have "bowled over" half the Government force of 120 Permanent Artillery and police. Our rear-guard had just entered the bush when two shots were suddenly fired over our heads from the cover on the left; it turned out that these had been fired by an old fanatic named Wiremu Makara, as a signal to the rest of the Maoris, not one of whom was visible from the road, but who were quite close by. Fortunately the word had been sent along by Hone Toia, at the urgent appeal of the late Hone Heke, M.H.R. for the Northern Maori district, ordering the natives not to fight but to retire through the bush to the Waima Valley (where their leaders surrendered next day). This order arrived only just in time to prevent serious bloodshed, for there is no doubt that the Mahurehure, who have always borne the reputation of being turbulent and war-loving, would have fired on the troops from their well-arranged ambush, with murderous results. It is a rather remarkable fact that the Maoris of Waima and their cousins of Kaikohe and vicinity, who have been longer in contact with the white man than most other tribes, should retain this old war-spirit; they are the most "touchy" people in the Island, and have ever been ready to rush for their guns. But they are of the true ancient fighting-blood of the North.

Chapter XX.

"KAI-TANGATA."

"*Hu*! He was bitter," said old Araki te Pohu,—"*Tino kawa*! We could hardly eat him. You *pakehas* are no good for food. You are *kawa*, very *kawa*. *Kapai te Maori! Ka reka te Maori, te kai mo te toa!*" ("The Maori is sweet—the food for the warrior.")

The ancient warrior of Owhatinra, a man nearly a hundred years old, was describing to me an incident of his far-away youth, his first taste of human flesh. The dish was a sailor from an English brig which had been captured by the Maoris at Montohora (Whale Island), off Whakatane Harbour.

Other Maoris, long before Araki made this jocular complaint, have said the same thing. White sailors were seldom very tender or palatable; tough old tarbuckets, saturated with tobacco and "salt-horse," were not so well appreciated by that epicurean eater-of-man the Maori as his own countrymen were.

"*Kai-tangata*"—"eat-man," or "man-food"—is the Maori term for cannibalism. The Maori was a cannibal from very ancient times; he had inherited the practice from his Polynesian-Melanesian ancestors, and followed it not only as a sacrificial war-rite, but also from a craving for "meat," as he bluntly expresses it. Endless stories confirm this; and very probably the custom arose through the absence of other big game in the islands of the Pacific.

The eating of human flesh was usually a sequel of battle. In peace, however, slaves were frequently killed as a *kinaki*, a relish, for the monotonous fare of *kumara* or *taro*, or fern-root. Sometimes a chief would become "meat-hungry"; then a slave, preferably a girl, would be

slaughtered and cooked to appease the aristocratic appetite.

It has been the habit of some writers on the Maoris to refer to Taraia, of Ohinemuri, as "the last of the cannibals." This is an error, for human flesh was eaten in New Zealand long after Taraia's cannibal raid on Onare *Pa,* Katikati, on the Bay of Plenty, in 1842. In the Hauhau war with the white troops, cannibalism was revived, and as late as 1869 the flesh of colonial soldiers killed in bush fighting in Taranaki was frequently eaten by the Maoris of Titokowaru's savage band. This practice was instituted by Titokowaru and his war-priests not only as a rite of war—for the Hauhaus here reverted to the worship or invocation of their ancient war-god Uenuku—but also with the object of striking terror into the hearts of the whites. But there were some old cannibals amongst the Taranaki warriors who welcomed the revival of human flesh-eating for its own sake, because "the fat of man was sweet."

There are many Maoris still living who witnessed, if they did not actually join in, the cannibal feasts that were held in the Ngutu-o-te-Manu forest-stockade, after the repulse of McDonnell and the death of Von Tempsky, and in the *pa* at Moturoa, in 1868, and again on the banks of the Waitotara in 1869. The flesh of the *pakeha* was cooked in the *hāngi* and served up to the people in flax baskets with potatoes and *kumara.* Many another barbarous custom was revived by Titokowaru's wild bushmen in that war. The heart of the first man of the enemy killed in a fight was cut out and offered as a burnt-sacrifice to Uenuku; this was the ancient rite of the *whangai-hau.*

Big Kereopa, a Waitotara man, who died a couple of years ago, was a notorious cannibal, and boasted of having eaten the leg of Sergeant Menzies, who was killed in an ambuscade at the Papatupu peach-groves, on the Waitotara, on February 18th, 1869.

Eru Tamaikowha, the old fighting-chief of the Ngai-Tama section of the Urewera tribe, who is still living at

Waimana, Whakatane, was a cannibal in the Hauhau wars of the sixties on the East Coast. He and his raiders, who were expert in the murderous art of laying ambuscades, ate the hearts and other parts of three men whom they killed at various times in 1866 and 1867, two of them whites, and the other an Arawa mailman. Tamaikowha offered part of the hearts of the slain men in sacrifice to his war-gods Hukita and Te Rehu-o-Taimi, repeating the incantation of the *whangai-hau*.

Old Patara te Tuhi, the Kingite chief depicted in the frontispiece to this book, once told me of his first and only taste of human flesh. He was a youth, living with his father at Kawhia, at the time, which was about the year 1840. A slave-woman in a neighbouring settlement was killed by her owner in punishment for some offence and a portion of the meat was thoughtfully sent to Patara's family as a present—much after the manner of the settler of to-day who, when he kills a beast, sends some round to his neighbours.

Te Araki te Polm, the venerable Arawa warrior quoted at the beginning of this chapter, thus described to me the cannibal feast which followed the storming of the Ngaiterangi *Pa*, Te Tumu, on the coast near Maketu, in 1836:—

"When we returned from pursuing those of the enemy who escaped from the *Pa*, we feasted upon the Ika-a-Whiro.* We cut off the heads of the slain, to be smoked and preserved as trophies of war, and we cooked and ate the bodies. That was indeed the warrior's food, the flesh of man. There was no other meat to equal it. In appearance it was like pork when cooked, and it tasted like pork, only sweeter. I ate it, and I also drank human blood (*inu i te toto*).† That was the custom of us all in those days. This was also a custom of our people: when a man had succeeded in killing a foe whom he particularly hated, he would drink the blood of the slain

*"The Fish-of-Whiro"—the slain. Whiro is the god of violent deeds and death.

†The drinking of human blood was an ancient Asiatic and in particular a Phœnician usage.

man, and would cook the body and consume every portion of it—*kai katoa*!

"After this battle some of the human flesh was carried back by our slaves to Rotorua, as presents for the people there. A chief in those days liked to have some preserved man-flesh in his *pataka* [storehouse], so that in the mornings when he felt inclined he could go to the *pataka* and take out a little basket of meat as a relish for his *kumara*."

Some of the flesh of those killed at Te Tumu was also potted in bark receptacles by a section of the Tuhoe or Urewera tribe who fought there, and was carried all the way home to Maunga-pohatu, in the Urewera mountains.

Old Araki told a story that curiously illustrates the longing for human flesh which is said to return even after many years to the man who has once eaten it.

"It was at Kaokaoroa," he said, "near where the tattooed cliffs are, the white precipice that rises from the beach-way between Matatā and Otamarakau. We were pursuing the Hauhaus, who had marched on Maketu, eastwards along the beach, shooting and tomahawking them. I was one of the Government men, and I was armed with a Government rifle, and there I ran, a man of fifty, on the war-path again after many years—chasing Hauhaus. The bodies of Ngati-Porou strewed the beach—here one, there another, along the sandhills near the sea. And as I ran along and looked at those bodies, the old craving for *kiko-tangata* returned to me. I stopped, and looked at those Fish-of-Whiro lying stretched out there, and I had a great longing to eat them. How I would have liked to have had them cooking in the *hāngi*! But I had to leave them, for it was now the day of the *Whakapono*, the new religion."

Some African tribes seem to look upon the flesh of man with as favourable an eye—or tooth—as old Araki. An African traveller says that the Bengalas of the Upper Congo call human flesh "a noble food."

Patara te Ngungukai, the tattooed saturnine tribal bone-scraper of the Arawas, who died at Rotorua a few

years ago, was a cannibal of many feasts. He had fought and ate at Te Tumu in 1836, and at various other places; and he and his brothers ate their own father. Lest you should shudder at this bald fact, let me hasten to explain that this filial cannibalism was regarded as meritorious. Patara told the tale himself as one of the little incidents of his earlier years. When the father died, the sons divided the corpse amongst them, and cooked and ate it, both as a mark of respect and in order to acquire the inherent sacred virtues and *mana* of their parent. This devouring of parents appears to have been looked on as a semi-religious act; but it could not have been a frequent practice; Patara's is the only definite case of which I have heard amongst the Maoris. That the custom of parent-eating was not confined to Patara's people is illustrated by this extract from M. Elie Reclus' fascinating book "Primitive Folk":

"The Brahmins and Mussulmans considered it a crime in the nomad Birhors of India that they are man-eaters, but we do not reproach them for it, as their cannibalism is inspired by filial piety. The parents, *in articulo mortis*, beg as a favour that their corpses may not be left upon the road or in the forest, but may find a refuge in the stomach of their children. These cannot refuse, but they make no unseemly haste to enjoy the funeral banquet."

A similar custom is said to have prevailed amongst the blacks of North Queensland, and also in some parts of Africa.

Sometimes a Maori would become so fond of "man-meat" that he would reject all other flesh-food for it, and would take to the road like a *pakeha* highwayman, and lie in wait for unsuspecting travellers. Up in the Ngapuhi country I heard this ghoulish story of Hihi-o-tote and his victims, the tale of

The Cannibal of the Swamp.

North away yonder, where the old Maori track from Kaikohe to Otaua, in the rich volcanic uplands, descends into a marshy hollow and closely skirts the *raupo* swamp known as Whareriimu, there dwelt in the years gone by, a fierce warrior whose name was Hihi-o-tote. Here he

lived alone, for he was an Ishmael of the plains, a man whose strong hand was against everyone's. He had no wife, no friend. He was a hunter, and his prey was man.

Hihi-o-tote had his home amongst the thick high reeds of the dismal swamp, on a little plot of firm soil, surrounded by quaking bogs and eel-swarming waters. Here he lived in a low-roofed *raupo*-thatched hut, walled in with a wattled fence. He slew men for food, and the marsh was strewn with the bones of his victims.

Hihi's plan was to lie in wait amongst the *raupo* close to the Kaikohe track until he spied a single person coming along. As the lonely traveller approached, the cannibal of the swamp would leave his lair and go forth to meet the stranger, and pretend to greet him with the *hongi*, or rubbing of noses. "*Tena ra ko koe*! *Haere-mai, Haere-mai!*" he would exclaim. "Salutations to you! Welcome! Welcome!" And, as the unsuspecting wayfarer stopped and approached his face to Hihi's for the friendly *hongi*, the man-eater would suddenly snatch out from under the folds of his flax cloak a concealed weapon, a little *patu-maire*, described as a very sharp wooden spike or dagger about six inches long. With this he would swiftly stab the traveller in the throat just under the chin. Just one dexterous lunge and the victim was dead at his feet. The body was quickly dragged into the ogre's den in the *raupo*, its blood sucked, and the flesh cooked in a steam-*hāngi* by the murderer.

After some time, however, when many travellers by this track had mysteriously disappeared, suspicion was aroused in the neighbouring villages, and in some way—probably through some one luckier than his predecessors evading the fatal embrace of Hihi-o-tote—it became known that a mysterious murderer lived in the swamp and slew men with a wooden needle or dagger while pretending to salute them after the fashion of the Maori.

So a valiant man, Mahia by name, resolved to put an end to the ogre of the swamp. He took his little boy with him and gave his stone club to the child, telling him

to conceal it carefully under his mat. Mahia himself went unarmed, but took his family bugle with him, a *pu-tatara* or shell-trumpet, which emits a loud doleful sound not unlike that of the *pakeha's* trombone. So off marched Mahia, blowing away at intervals on his *pu-tatara*. Hihi-o-tote, hearing the melancholy trumpet blast, fixed his sharp *patu-maire* in its accustomed place inside his shoulder-mat, and went out to the point where the track passed the edge of the swamp. Presently Mahia came in sight, along the track in the fern, putting his mouth to his trombone and now and again blowing a call as if for amusement. He met Hihi, and there was an exchange of greetings.

"*Tena koe, e hoa! Tena ra ko koe! Haere mai, haere mai!*" exclaimed the cannibal. "I heard you coming along; I knew you by your *pu-tatara* sounding as you travelled down the road."

With these words, Hihi advanced as if to rub noses. Mahia let the villain approach, but warily watched him, and, as Hihi suddenly drew his dagger, the other jerked up his trumpet, warded the *patu-maire* off with it, and in the same movement struck Hihi so severe a blow on the head as to knock him off his balance. In another moment Hihi was on the ground with the avenger of blood on top of him.

Mahia called loudly to his boy to bring him his club, and with it he promptly beat out Hihi's brains. And these were the swamp-cannibal's last words as he saw the boy running up with the deadly *mere*:—"*I taki-ruatia i mate ai a Hihi-o-Tote*" ("By two was Hihi slain")—an expression which has passed into a proverbial saying. So died the ghoul of the Whareriimu; and, when Mahia searched out the den in the *raupo* sedges, he found the posts surrounding it decorated with the skulls and severed heads of the victims whose bodies had been devoured by the Cannibal of the Swamp.

Chapter XXI.

A CALABASH OF MEAT.

Sitting on the breezy cliff-top at the Tihi-o-Tonga where the Steps-carved-by-Tutanekai descend to the *tapu* shrine of Horoirangi, Rangiriri the *tohunga* told the tales of the times of old. And one of these tales has a grim humour in it, the story of a cannibal raid, and a fitting retribution.

Early one Sunday morning about seventy-five years ago—I gather from the old historian—Ihaka, the native teacher of Te Ara-kari Pa, which stood on this hill-top where we are sitting, left his thatched *whare* and walked across the *marae,* the village square, into the low-eaved reed-built church. His grand-daughter, a merry little girl, was playing about the front of the hut, and the old man told her to follow him to the *whare-karakia*, the prayer-house. Then he forgot all about her for a while, for he was soon busily engaged in banging away with a short iron stick on an old musket-barrel that hung in the porch of the *raupo*-thatched chapel, the only church bell that had yet reached the Tihi-o-Tonga; and shortly thereafter he was vigorously expounding to his tattooed flock an Old Testament chapter that was a special favourite with the old warrior because it contained an account of a rattling good hip-and-thigh combat, in which the Israelites slew their thousands. This *pakeha* religion was quite a new thing in the Rotorua district, and being an interesting novelty, it put the old heathen *tohungas* quite out of business for a while. So Ihaka, once a cannibal, and now a lay-reader of the church, was an important man in Te Ara-kari, and so intent was he on that thrilling chapter that he quite forgot his *mokopuna,* his little grand-daughter.

It was not until the congregation had sung their last hymn, chanted slowly through the nose, that he noticed her absence. Returning to his *whare,* he called her, but she did not appear. He searched for her, thinking she was playing some game of hide-and-seek with him, but there was no sign of the child. Ihaka called his nearest neighbours, but they had seen nothing of her. At last they came to the conclusion that something serious had befallen her, and a party of men descended the "Ara-a-Tutanekai" to the forest below the steep southern face of the *pa,* and made a careful search for any trace of the missing girl.

By the side of the forest track they found her little single garment, and prints of strange men's feet. The child had vanished. The searchers returned, gathered a stronger armed party, and again hunted the thick bush, but found nothing more, except the trail of the unknown men, leading away down into the valley and finally disappearing in a stream, down which the strangers had evidently walked to hide their tracks; the spot where they left the water could not be discovered.

The poor little girl's fate was unknown for many days. One evening a messenger arrived in the *pa* from the far-off mountains of the Urewera Country, the strongholds of the Tuhoe tribe of hillmen, some of whom were kinsmen of these Arawa Maoris of Te Pa Ara-kari. He was from Te Purewa, the head chief of the Tuhoe, whose village was at Ruatahuna, in the heart of the misty mountain-land. He had a story to tell that solved the mystery of Ihaka's missing *mokopuna.*

That Sunday, the *Ra-tapu,* when all the villagers were gathered in the praying-house of the new religion, a little band of wild-looking half-starved fellows were prowling round the southern face of the Ara-kari *pa.* They were fugitive *herehere,* slaves, from the Waikato country; they had escaped from their captors and were now making their way back to their old homes, on the East Coast, near Wairoa, Hawke's Bay. They were of the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe, and had been taken as prisoners

of war by an expedition of musket-armed Northerners some years before. Now they were endeavouring to reach their own country again, an undertaking of great difficulty and danger, for they had to penetrate the territory of the Arawa, the Tuhoe and other tribes, most of whom were enemies of the Ngati-Kahungunu. They were therefore forced to avoid the ordinary routes of travel, and to live on the foods of the forest, or what they could secure by stealth on the way. The little girl had evidently been playing about outside the fence of the *pa,* or had descended the track to the forest; the meat-hungry fugitives seized her, killed her before she had time to cry out, and retreated to the forest below.

For many miles they carried the stolen girl before they dared to halt, then in the shelter of the woods they kindled a fire by friction, cooked and ate the greater portion of the body, and potted the rest, the *huha* or thighs—considered by the man-eaters of old a most excellent joint—in a large *taha* or calabash. Meat preserved in *taha* in this way was hermetically sealed by the fat being poured in over the top until the receptacle was full; it was then carefully wrapped in bark or leaves of flax.

This calabash of meat was carried by the cannibal raiders right up into the Urewera Country, until they reached Ruatahuna. That was the only route by which they could hope to reach their East Coast homes, and they intended to make a present of the delicacy to old Te Purewa, the Tuhoe war-chief, upon whose favour their lives would depend. The escaped slaves, it seems, were ignorant of the geography of the Rotorua country, and only found their way to Ruatahuna with the assistance of some natives whom they found friendly to them, living near the Rangitaiki River, which divides the desolate Kaingaroa Plains from the sharp-cut blue mountain walls of the Urewera Country. They did not know the name of the village where they had captured their meat, or the tribe that held it.

When they arrived at Ruatahuna, the fugitives asked to see Te Purewa, and were taken before him, where he sat in his big *whare*, with some of his followers around him. The leader of the *herehere* related their adventures, and requested permission to proceed on their journey, and at the conclusion presented the calabash of flesh to the chief.

The old warrior sniffed the packed *taha* of meat—he was a notorious, or rather let us say famous, eater-of-man's flesh—then he said with a laugh:

"Ho-ho! this is prime meat indeed. How lucky you were to get such fine *kiko-tangata*! And where did you obtain it?"

"It was a child we killed," said the spokesman of the escaped slaves, "a girl whom we found outside a *pa* on a hill-top, far away to the west of the plains, near a high mountain above a *moana* [sea or lake]; we do not know the name of the mountain or the lake."

Te Purewa quickly guessed. He looked at his tribesmen and said,

"Friends, I know where that is. The mountain must be Ngongotaha, and the lake Rotorua. This calabash of meat must be from some village of the Arawas. The girl must even be related to me, for I am, as you well know, part Arawa and part Tuhoe in blood. My Arawa tribes are Ngati-Whakaue and Ngati-Tunohopu."

Then turning with a terrible grin to the waiting fugitives who sat cross-legged before him on the floor-mat, he said:

"So you have killed my children, have you! You have treacherously slain my young relative, this child of Ngati-Whakaue. Well you must die. I shall not eat your *taha* of meat, but I shall eat you instead!"

The terror-stricken *herehere* said not a word. They were led outside, at Te Purewa's order, and tomahawked. Presently the cooking *hāngi* received their bodies, and there was great feasting in the mountain valley of Ruatahuna. What was left of them after Te Purewa and

his people had dined well was packed in baskets of *totara*-bark and in *taha* calabashes and sent as presents to the tribe of the Hot Lakes; and had not old Ihaka been a reformed cannibal and a respectable Christian lay-reader, he would have taken substantial *utu* with his teeth out of the potted *herehere*—which restriction, to Ihaka's mind, was always one of the great drawbacks of the New Religion.

Chapter XXII.

THE STORY OF AN UTU ACCOUNT.

Maori tribal and intertribal history is for the most part a succession of stories of the eternal struggle for *utu*—payment, satisfaction, vengeance. The spirit of revenge was strong in the savage, and no insult—however trivial it may appear to Europeans—was allowed to pass if the aggrieved individual or clan could possibly resent it. If a tribe was not strong enough numerically—through a decimating war or other circumstances—to carry out immediately the scheme of vengeance, it would set itself to *whakatupu-tangata*—"breed men"—in view of future campaigns. The boys as they grew up would be most carefully schooled in the art of war, and imbued with a deadly hate of their father's foes, and a blood feud would in this way be carried on from generation to generation.

For the ground-work of a faithful picture of the everlasting vendettas and vengeance expeditions that troubled ancient Maoridom, the New Zealand historian cannot do better than turn to the manuscript records of the Native Land Court, which contain a vast amount of raw material. I will give as an example a chapter of the little-known history of Lake Rotoiti, in the Thermal Country. Searching the minute-books containing the evidence given before Major W. G. Mair, who, as Judge of the Native Land Court, held a long sitting at Taheke, Rotoiti, in 1886, to investigate the Maori title to the Taheke block of land, I was able to piece together a connected story of the quarrels and wars which led to the conquest of the shores of Rotoiti by the Ngati-Pikiao tribe, and the expulsion of the Tuhourangi, whose descendants live in Whakarewarewa at the present day.

The witnesses who detailed the story of the Lake were two genealogists and historians of the old school, deeply versed in the traditions of their race—Poihipi te Rakatahi and Ereatara Rangihoro. The account which follows, compiled from their evidence, is grimly business-like in its strict observance of the *lex talionis,* an eternal squaring of the *utu* account.

Tumoana, that picturesque green island-peninsula on the southern side of Lake Rotoiti, was the source of the trouble that led to Tuhourangi's undoing. Both Tuhourangi and Ngati-Pikiao were sections of the Arawa nation, but the tribes and sub-tribes, even of the one "canoe" or root-stock, were seldom loath to fly at each other's throats, and they dwelt in their several securely-stockaded villages generally perched on a hilltop or other commanding and strategic spot, where they could enjoy a far-reaching view and keep a watchful eye on the avenues, by land or water, by which an enemy could approach. The Tumoana *pa* was in those days, two hundred years ago, occupied by the Tuhourangi tribe, who held a number of other palisaded villages on the shores of Rotoiti, and were the owners of that beautiful lake, abounding in food for its savage lords in the form of the *kakahi* shellfish, the *koura* crayfish, and the *inanga,* or whitebait, now almost depleted by the *pakeha's* greedy rainbow trout.

Tumoana's chief was a man called Rangiunuora. Now one day when there appears to have been a large assembly of Tuhourangi warriors on Tumoana, there came paddling down a Rotoiti *taua,* or war-party, from Rotorua, headed by Tutanekai, the famous chief of Mokoia Island, for whose love Hinemoa swam the lake. The armed canoe-party were bound for the eastern end of Rotoiti, whence they were to go by the forest track to Rotoehu, to settle a little business matter with the edge of the *patu,* but they halted awhile at Tumoana. The customary ceremonies of welcome were performed, as the Rotorua men landed; then followed an exciting war dance, in which the two parties encountered

one another in the manner of a sham fight. The mimic war, however, developed unexpectedly into a real fight with spear and *taiaha* and stone axe. In the melee a young man named Tamakari, son of the chief Pikiao and related to Tutanekai, was killed. Tutanekai and his men were driven to their canoes, leaving behind them the body of Tamakari, and they retreated to Mokoia Island and Rotorua. The body of the slain man was taken by the men of Tumoana to Omawhiti *Pa*, where it was cooked and eaten.

For the purposes of account-keeping in this game of war now opened, the score may, at this stage, be stated thus:

Tuhourangi	.. ..	One
Tutanekai and others	..	Nil

Now began the misfortunes of the descendants of Taketake-hikuroa, the men of Tumoana. Tutanekai and the Mokoia and Owhata people made preparations for a campaign against the Tuhourangi of Rotoiti. They endeavoured to strengthen the expeditionary force by inviting the assistance of the Ngati-Awa tribe, of the Bay of Plenty shores, to accompany them in the quest for *utu*.

Ngati-Awa, however, were not inclined to fight in another tribe's cause just then, and declined. The Waitaha tribe, who dwelt in the great walled *pa* Otamarākau, still to be seen as one travels along the beautiful coast between Matata and Maketu, were also approached by Tutanekai's delegates. They at first refused to assist, but some time afterwards consented, and with Ngati-Pikiao and a war-party of Tutanekai's, made a fierce attack on Tumoana. They captured the peninsula-*pa,* killed a chief named Hioi, and numerous others, and took a number of prisoners. Tutanekai returned in triumph to Rotorua in his war-canoe, carrying with him the body of Hioi, to be cooked and eaten as *utu* for the slain Tamakari.

The Waitaha and Pikiao warriors went from Tumoana to Tapuaeharuru, at the eastern end of Rotoiti, and

leaving their canoes there marched on to Rotoehu (by which way they had evidently come to join Tutanekai); the Ngati-Pikiao people were then apparently living at Rotoehu. When they arrived at that lake, they killed all their prisoners except one, and cooked and devoured them.

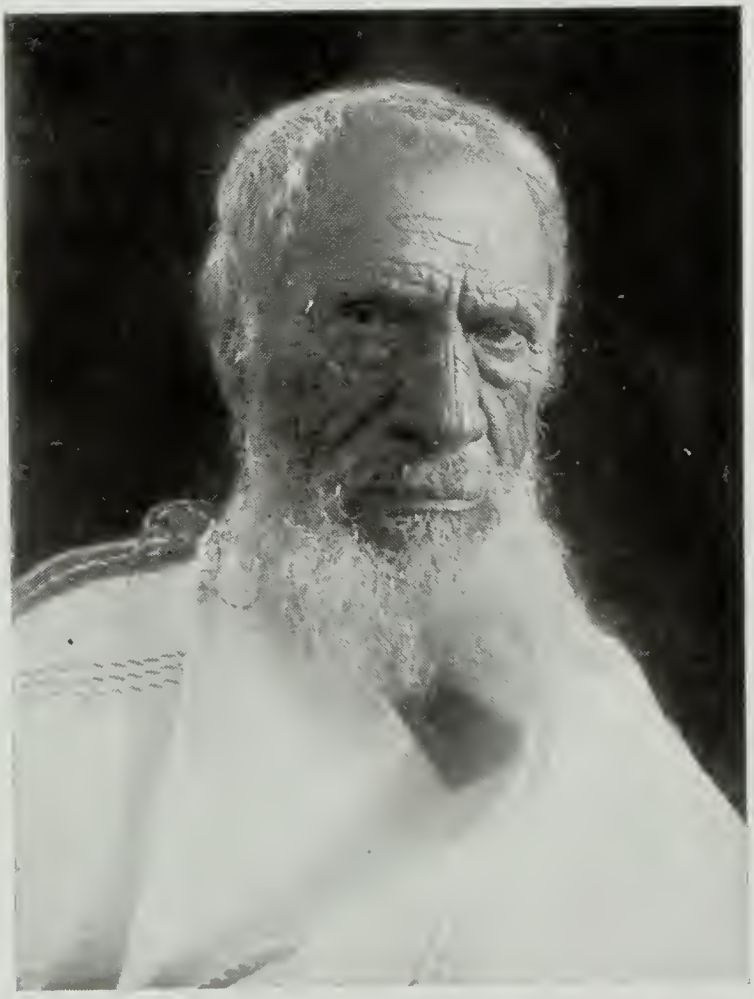


Photo by Capt. T. Ryan, Taupo, 1908.

Hamuti Haukino, an old Hauhau warrior, of Tokaanu, Lake Taupo.

The score was now equalised, except in the detail of the number of heads taken and bodies eaten:—

Tutanekai and Ngati-Pikiao and allies ..	One
Tuhourangi	One

The solitary prisoner permitted to live was a woman named Te Aoniwaho. Kotiora, a chief of Pikiao, spared

her on account of her unusual beauty, and made her his wife. For a while she lived with him in a state of semi-captivity; then she took an opportunity of escaping and returned to her people at Te Whangaikorea *Pa*, on the north side of Rotoiti. There she was received with great joy by her relatives, and was wept over by the tribe in a ceremonious *tangi*, for she was the sole survivor of the prisoners taken at Tumoana. She informed her friends that her ex-husband Kotiora had spoken insultingly of her and her relations, and they straightway resolved to continue the vendetta by destroying Kotiora and his clan if they could.

So the next entry in this tribal profit and loss account was made at Rotoehu Lake. A war-party of the Tuhourangi stealthily and by night canoed to the end of the lake, loped down to Rotoehu, and lay in wait in the forest close to the Nukumaru palisaded village. The lady Aouiwaho accompanied them as a guide, and pointed out the *whare* where her one-time husband slept. When all were asleep in the *pa,* in the midnight hours, the *taua* burst in with a wild rush and a terrifying war-song, and began their work of slaughter. Kotiora they caught alive, and they took him back with them to Whangaikorea, where he met his inevitable fate, the club and the oven.

Thus the Tuhourangi were avenged upon Ngati-Pikiao and the Waitaha for the loss of Tumoana and its people. Score:—

Tuhourangi	.. ..	Two
Ngati-Pikiao	.. ..	One

And, says Ereatara Rangihoro, when the Waitaha and Ngati-Pikiao tribes heard of this sudden and well-planned expedition of reprisal, they were in a fury of rage to avenge the sack of the Rotoehu *pa*. They gathered a war-party, and embarking on their long canoes at Tapuaeharuru beach, the eastern end of Rotoiti, they went flying up the lake on the quest for *utu*. They attacked the Whangaikorea stockaded village and

took it by storm, killing the Tuhourangi chief Te Karere-pounamu, and a great many others, and then returned to their homes in triumph with their spoil of human flesh. "And so the descendants of Taketake-hikuroa," says the old tattooed historian, "no longer lived near the eastern end of the lake."

Ngati-Pikiao	..	.. Two
Tuhourangi	..	.. Two

But the *utu* account, though again equalised, was not allowed to stand there. The descendants of Taketake-the-Long-Tail, recruiting their forces and nerving themselves with many a fiery speech and furious war-dance for another foray, took the route for Rotoehu to obtain *utu* for the slaying of the chieftain, Te Karere-pounamu. Landing from their canoes on the sounding sands of Tapuaeharuru, they marched along the forest trail that a century afterwards became known as Hongi's Track, through the beautiful Tahuna Bush, which covers the flat neck of land between Lakes Rotoiti and Rotoehu. There, in the woods, the *taua* suddenly encountered a party of Ngati-Pikiao people, including the children of the chief Te Takinga, and attacked and slew them. Cutting off the heads of the slain, they danced their *haka* of terrible glee, and taking the bodies they turned right about and filed back through the forest to Rotoiti, for they had won their *utu*. Home they paddled to Motu-tawa *pa*, which stood on the top of yonder white cliff-peninsula near the western end of the lake. They carried the heads of their foes stuck upon short poles in the bows of their canoes—the bodies were for the cannibal feast—and as they went past the *pas* on headland and island, they spread the news of their latest victory.

Tuhourangi	..	.. Three
Ngati-Pikiao	..	.. Two

which, of course, left the Rotoehu people one *utu* to the bad. The bodies were laid before Rangipuawhe, the chief of Motu-tawa, and were eaten. Preparing for the inevitable raid of retaliation, Tuhourangi withdrew to

the strongest of their stockaded positions around the western end of the lake—the *pas* known as Puknrahi, Kakanui, Te Weta, Titaka, Te Pukeroa, Makamaka-hinaki, Kopuaroa, Motu-o-Hiwa ("Hiwa's Isle")—the little island now covered with willows which you may see in the Taheke arm of Rotoiti—and Motu-tawa, the lofty peninsula-*pa* on the opposite side of the lake.

The Rotoehu people who escaped the clubs and spears of the war-party in the Tahuna forest had, of course, quickly informed their tribe, and the red axe was raised again by Waitaha and Ngati-Pikiao, wild with anger at the persistently bellicose policy of the insolent Tuhourangi. Preparations were made for a final desperate attempt to sweep the western Rotoiti inhabitants out of existence, or at any rate out of the Lake *pas*. The inland-dwelling Waitaha sent to their kinsmen living at Otamarākau and elsewhere on the Bay of Plenty coast, and a formidable column of brown warriors soon thereafter appeared in light marching order, on the Sounding-Sands, and manned every available canoe for their great foray against Tuhourangi.

They paddled swiftly up the lake by night, and just at break of day attacked and took Te Weta *Pa,* which stood on the island-like peninsula in the beautiful bay of Wai-iti, near the western end of Rotoiti. They wasted little time, for hurrying on from Te Weta they also stormed in succession Kakanui, Motu-o-Hiwa, Te Pukeroa, Makamaka-hinaki, and Kapuakino forts, all on the Taheke block. The refugees fled to Motu-tawa and settled on that side of Rotoiti nearest Rotorua, which Te Rangipuawhe, their head-chief, soon abandoned to Ngati-Pikiao, removing with his people to Rotorua and Roto-kakahi.

And so the Rotoiti war-game, begun by the sham fight on Tumoana, ended in a final squaring of accounts in favour of the spearsmen of Ngati-Pikiao and Waitaha. Score:—

Ngati-Pikiao	.. ..	Three
Tuhourangi	.. ..	Three

So 'Pikiao drew "last blood" and the land.

Chapter XXIII.

TOREKAHE'S REVENGE.

Just opposite the little burial-island Pateko, about half-way down Lake Rotoiti, on the southern side, is the steep woody headland or *matarae* known as Ngarehu; behind it is a deep gully, and then rises the cliffy hill Pae-hinahina ("ridge covered with *hinahina* trees"). This hill is the site of a celebrated fort of ancient times, a *pa* which occupied a very strong position. On three sides it was defended by cliffs; the only entrance, or *kuwaha,* was on the south side, where the approach was along a narrow ridge, which could be easily defended by the garrison. The spot was an excellent one for a fortified village, for any canoes on the lake could be seen while yet a long way off, and the cliffy walls made the *pa* impregnable against a sudden assault. The *pa* was captured, however, on one occasion in a rather remarkable fashion. The story is worth telling as a hitherto unchronicled and interesting episode in Lakeland history, and particularly as an illustration of the resource and strategy of the Maori warrior of those days, a man who, though a cannibal savage, was a man of brains, and a master of military tactics.

No Maori tribe undertook a war-expedition without some *take,* or cause, sufficient to justify taking up spear and club. Some of these *takes* seem very ridiculous to the white man, but in the case of Pae-hinahina the provocation was a cruel murder which brought a deserved retribution.

One day, a hundred and fifty years ago, a small company of Ngati-Pikiao warriors, numbering a score or so, filed out from the gateway of Pae-hinahina *Pa,* and took the narrow trail through the forest and over the

manuka-clothed hills in the direction of their enemies' country to the southward. "They went out to eat men," said the old Rotoiti man who told me the story, "they hungered for *kiko-tangata*, the sweet flesh of man." The cannibal meat-hunters marched cautiously along, with a scout out a little distance in front, until they reached the vicinity of the stream called the Waimatā—"Obsidian

Photo by Pulman, Auckland.

Taonui, Chief of the Ngati-Maniapoto, and one of the founders of the Maori King movement.

Creek"—now the source of the Rotorua town water-supply, under the western bluffs of Moerangi hill, about three miles to the east of the Whakarewarewa geyser-valley. Here the war trail intersected the track which led from Roto-kakahi through the Pareuru Valley to Whakarewarewa and Rotorua, one of the usual routes of travel for the "Shellfish-Lake" Maoris right up to the time the road was blocked by the Tarawera eruption in 1886.

Here the scout reported that there were three people in sight, coming along the track from Roto-kakahi. The "meat" was walking into the trap. The Ngati-Pikiao *taua* sank to the earth instantly, for fear they might have been observed by the wayfarers; then their leader posted them ready for the deed of blood, half the *taua* on one side of the track and half on the other. The ambush laid, the man-hunters waited for their prey.

The three travellers were a chief named Torekāhe and his sisters, young women named Uakura and Ngarehu. Torekāhe was a warrior of some fame, an active daring man who had had many a narrow escape from the club and the oven; he was the chief of the fortified village of Ngati-te-Whetu, the "Tribe of The Star," on Motu-tawa, the island in Roto-kakahi. The brother and sisters were journeying to Te Whakarewarewa on a visit to relatives in that *pa*. They came along in single file, all unsuspicious of the hungry savages who crouched in the roadside thickets.

Suddenly Torekāhe's quick eye noticed something moving a moment in the low *manuka* shrubbery just ahead. It looked like a spear projecting above the bushes. Then he heard a sound of a breaking branch close by the track, and he caught a glimpse of a feather head-plume such as warriors wear. That was enough for the chief. He knew that he had walked right into an ambush. Torekāhe, death's hand is at your throat!

The brave chief of Motu-tawa divined instantly that he could not save his sisters, and that it would be marvellous if he succeeded in escaping himself. He turned, and exclaiming, "It is death!" he quickly pressed his face to the faces of his sisters in succession, in the greeting of the *hongi*, the touching of noses—his last farewell. The women, too, had instantly realised their hopeless case, for none but deadly foes could be lurking in those bushes.

The next moment with a terrible war-cry the Ngati-Pikiao men leaped from their hiding-places, and charged with spear and *mere* on the three.

Torekāhe, leaving his terrified sisters, and gripping tightly his tongue-pointed *taiaha*, sprang to one side of the track and made a feint at the enemy there; then like lightning he faced about, and leaping to the other side charged through his adversaries before they could bring a weapon to play on him. Darting through the scrub he outran his pursuers; they soon gave up the chase and returned to the main body, who had seized and bound the two women, and were even now making horrible preparations for a cannibal feast.

Torekāhe cautiously made his way to a near-by hill brow, from which he could watch his enemies and their captives in the valley below. He made sure that his way of escape was clear if he were again pursued, and then he cried exultingly to the Ngati-Pikiao, who were within easy hearing:

"Haere, e hoki! E kore ahau e mau ia koutou; he manu honenga ahau no te pae!"

("Go, return whence you came! I shall not be caught by you; I have escaped like a bird from the snare set for it!")

Then, as he expected, he saw his two unfortunate sisters killed. Each was felled with a blow on the head from a *patu*. Their heads were hacked off with the sharp-edged stone weapons, and held up and waved in derision at the grief-stricken Torekāhe on the hill above. And the brother, who had but a few minutes before farewelled his sisters with the *hongi* of sorrowing affection, now cried his *poroporoaki,* his parting message to their unheeding ears:

"Aku tuahine e! Haere, haere! Mo korua te tai awatea, moku te tai po!"
("Oh sisters! Farewell, Farewell!
Go you on the tide that ebbs in the light of day; I will follow you on the evening tide!")

And Torekāhe turned and pressed homewards again over the spurs of Moerangi, and spread the news of invasion and murder. And the savages of Pae-hinahina, bearing the dismembered bodies of their victims with them, cut up into pieces and packed in flax baskets, made their way back as speedily as possible to their lakeside

fort. And there the cannibal feast was held, and war dances of furious sound were danced, and preparations made to resist the certain attack that must follow the murder at Obsidian Creek.

Torekāhe speedily raised an armed force to avenge the treacherous slaying of his sisters. The expedition consisted of one hundred and seventy men. He himself had his *matua* or company of seventy men, (*hokowhitu*) all tried and skilled warriors, the pick of his tribe, Ngati-Te-Whetu. The remaining hundred men, from Motu-tawa, Te Puia (Whakarewarewa), Owhatiura, and other *pas* of the Tuhourangi tribe and kindred *hapus,* were under the command of his old comrade Te Rangikotua. This *ope,* or army, after being *karakia'*d over for the war-path by the priests, and after the *niu* or sacred rods had been duly thrown to divine the issues of battle, and the warriors sprinkled with the sacred waters to *tapu* them for deeds of blood, set out for Lake Rotoiti to work vengeance on the cannibals of Pae-hinahina. They marched by way of Rotokawa ("Bitter Lake") and Tikitere, and reached the shores of Rotoiti close to the place where the hot sulphur spring Mamupirua bubbles up under its overhanging *pohutukawa* tree. Thence they travelled along the coastline until at night they reached a bay not very far from Pae-hinahina and lay in ambush there, having ascertained from a man who lived by the lakeside that a party of fishermen from the fort would shortly come down to draw their seine for *inanga* (white-bait), which at that season swarmed on the Lake.

Early in the morning the men of Ngati-Pikiao came along in their canoes, and sweeping their long fine-meshed net of flax round the shoals of the *inanga,* drew the ends in to the beach. Then Torekāhe's warriors rushed down and seized the net as it was being dragged ashore, and played *patu* and spear on their astonished enemies. There was a lively little battle there that raw early morning-time; heads were split and bodies speared through and through. The fishermen were easily defeated; a number were killed, and the rest fled at top

speed in their canoes, and spread the alarm at Pae-hinahina. Ngati-Pikiao gathered within their strong cliff-top stockade and waited the shock of war.

The *pa* was too well defended to carry by a *coup-de-main*. Torekāhe and his comrade Te Rangikotua had, therefore, to set their wits to work to devise some more subtle method of attack. The plan hit upon was an astute and, as events proved, a completely successful one.

The assailing war-column was divided into two parties. Te Rangikotua's hundred men formed the *matua* to make the frontal attack, while Torekāhe remained in hiding, awaiting an opportunity to scale the walls secretly at the flanks or the rear of the *pa*. The main body therefore advanced boldly, and with much defiant yelling and war-dancing took up a position on the ridge leading to the *kuwaha* or front gateway of the fort.

The occupants of the hill stockade, seeing no other enemies than those who thus openly invested them, concluded that the hundred men of Te Rangikotua were their only assailants, and all the eyes of the *pa* were for the warriors on their front. There was no fear of an attack from the other three sides, for no enemy had ever attempted, at any rate successfully, to scale those cliffs.

Night came, a dark moonless night, which helped Torekāhe's scheme. He quietly reconnoitred the position in a small canoe, and then returning to his hidden *hokowhitu*, led them to the north-eastern side of the *pa*. Here they crouched without a sound, concealed from view by the vegetation and by the cliffs that formed the ramparts of Pae-hinahina.

Torekāhe had observed that on this side of the *pa* a large *pohutukawa* tree grew just on the cliff-top; it leaned outwards as these picturesquely twisted and gnarled trees generally do on a hillside, and some of its branches stretched far out towards the lake. It was just under this tree that he posted his men. The *pa* was full of all the excitement of war that night—watch-fires blazing, war-trumpets braying, chiefs shouting speeches of encouragement and instruction to their men. The

watchmen, perched aloft in the *puhara* or slender tower-like balconies that rose above the palisades, chanted at intervals their wild songs of battle. On the woody ridge burned the camp fires of Te Rangikotua.

Torekāhe now instructed his followers to take a number of their spears and splice them firmly together with flax cords so as to form a long pole the height of the cliff above them. This was done, and then to the end of the long limber pole was tied a large wooden hook. The pole was carefully raised, and the warriors grappled with the hook one of the branches of the overhanging *pohutukawa*.

Making sure that the hold was secure, the daring chief then swarmed up the pole of spears, hauling himself up hand over hand until he reached the tree, and drew himself up safely on the bough to which the hook was attached. He crawled cautiously along the branch and down into the *pa*, into the nest of his enemies. With the wariness and cunning of a scout of many war-paths and many close calls, Torekāhe crept about the cliff-side, spying out the position.

Quite close to the huge knotty butt of the *pohutukawa*, a small hut stood by itself. Just at the entrance to this *whare* lay an old man asleep. Alongside him was a partly plaited flax rope; it was intended for one of the hauling ropes of a *kupenga*, or fishing-net; the old fellow had been working at it before he fell asleep. It was his last sleep, for Torekāhe quietly drew his stone *patu* from his flax waist-belt and swiftly dealt the man a death-blow on the side of the temple. Then, tying the rope to the body, he lowered it down to his men below. It was the *mata-ika*, the "first fish" slain.

Dawn was approaching, and the sentinels on the stockade were chanting their songs to the morning stars. After lowering down the body of the unfortunate maker of ropes, Torekāhe made fast the end of the flax rope to the *pohutukawa*, and his men quietly ascended one by one.

Now the daring leader raised his voice in a loud sentinel-song or *Whakaaraara-pa*. In the gloom of the early morning he was not recognised by the people of the *pa*, who thought he was one of their own sentries.

This, translated, is part of his song, a chant well-remembered to this day by his descendants; an "All's-well" song to Tariao and Kopu, the first and morning stars:

This is the pa!
These the high palisades,
Bound with the forest vines.
And here within am I
Singing my song.
Shine brightly, O Tariao!
Let fear seize on our foes,
Death's fateful harbinger
Howl fearful in their ears,
Ngahue's red-toothed dog—
"*Moo-oo-i! Au-u-u!*"

Keen blows the western wind,
Wafting a sound of war.
Aid us, shades of our sires,
Ahi-koriki, Rongotaha!
Here on the watch am I,
E-ē! I aha-ha!

Wakeful on watch am I,
Ready to rush to the fray,
Charge on the thickets of spears!
E-ē! I aha-ha!

Keen for the conflict are we,
Hot for the slaying of men,
Hungry for eating of men!
Like a *ngarara* monster our host—
Lo! the murderous sweep of its tail!
The snapping, the foam of its jaws!
Kopu beams forth in the sky,
Here on the watch am I,
E-ē! I aha-ha!

There was a pause, and then a sentinel in another part of the pa, all unknowing of the fact that the singer who had just ended his loud chant was an enemy, lifted up his voice in a song of his own. When he had ended, Torekāhe sang a second watch-song; and then when grey dawn was just approaching, and it was necessary to give the pre-arranged signal for the assault, he

chanted loudly his third *Whakaaraara*. These were the words:

Te ahi ra ra,
Te ahi ra ra,
Tahia ki uta,
Tahia!
Ko au kai tai,
E-e-i!
Aha-ha-!

In this chant, which Torekāhe shouted so that it would be plainly heard by Te Rangikotua and his hundred men camped in front of the *pa*, he addressed his comrades as "The fires burning yonder," and warned them to gather on the land side and sweep down on the *pa*. "Sweep it!" he cried, "Here am I by the water-side."

In another moment Te Rangikotua had given his men the order to charge—"Kokiritia!" and they dashed with fury at the stockade of their foes.

The garrison rushed to defend the main gateway and the stockade. Then Torekāhe, in the rear, made his attack. In the resultant confusion, the front *matua* swarmed into the fort, hacking their way through and over the stockades and gateways, and joined with their cliff-climbing comrades in the work of slaughter. Pae-hinahina fell. Many of its garrison went into the ovens of the conquerors, and many others were taken as slaves. Thus did Torekāhe quickly take *utu* for the murder of his two sisters.

This warrior chief Torekāhe was born about eight generations ago. He was seventh in descent from Kahureremoa, a famous *puhi* or *tapu*'d maiden; she was a chieftainess of Tainui stock. Kahureremoa married Takakopiri, and her daughter was Tuparahaki, another celebrated *puhi* of high rank, many of whose descendants are living at Rotorua and Tauranga and Maketu at the present day.

Chapter XXIV.

THE MAORI AND THE MUSKET.

"The great god of the white man is the *pu*," said old Tamarangi, with an air of wisdom, as we sat under the willows on the little white beach on Mokoia Island, in Lake Rotorua, on the spot where Hongi and his musket-armed Ngapuhi warriors leaped ashore from their war-canoes in 1823.

Pu is the Maori word for firearms. Literally it means to blow; it is one of those sound-words so common in Maori. A cannon is a *pu-repo;* a revolver is a *pu-ririki-hurihuri*, or "little-gun-that-turns-round."

"Yes," said the old man, "the *pu* is your god. We Maori people, when we first heard the *pu*, thought it was a new kind of *pu-tatara* [trumpet], but, when we came to know how deadly it was, we called its flash 'the fire of the gods' [*te ahi tipua*].

"Now I will tell you of Hongi and his Ngapuhi, and how they took this island from us with their *rakau** the *pu*. It was almost entirely new to us then—we had only two muskets amongst all our tribes on the island, and scarcely any ammunition for them—and we—that is, my father's people—were helplessly slaughtered."

And then the chief of Mokoia told the tale of the Arawa's conquest—which happened just about the time of his birth—by the black-tattooed men of the North, when their great canoes from Tokerau for the first time floated on Rotorua-nui-a-Kahu.

The story of the investment and fall of Mokoia is a remarkable illustration of Maori military enterprise. Hongi Hika, the great war-chief of Ngapuhi, was seized with the bold ambition of a conquering march through

Rakau=weapon.

the whole North Island, of making his name ring to the boundaries of the sky. He went to England in 1820, sailing from the Bay of Islands in the whaler "New Zealander," with the expressed intention of procuring arms with which to overcome his enemies, particularly those of the Kaipara and Hauraki districts.

In England he was made much of, particularly by the Church Missionary Society people, who had his portrait painted, with the chief Waikato. He was presented by the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV., with some gifts, including steel cuirasses and helmets, the armour of old. He was given many other presents, but most of them, except the armour, he exchanged when he reached Sydney for flintlock muskets, powder, and bullets. From Sydney he took passage to his native land. Straightway he armed his men with the wonderful new weapons, and led them on campaign after campaign, shooting and eating his way southwards, paying off old scores and running up new ones. The heart of the Island he raided, the West Coast and the East, the victims falling in many hundreds to his musketeers.

Then he turned his guns on this "Takiwa Waiariki." For the invasion of the Lakeland district Hongi was not without *take*, or cause, in Maori eyes. In the previous year the Tuhourangi tribe had murdered the Northern chief Te Pae-o-te-Rangi and a visiting party of Ngapuhi on the island Motu-tawa, in Lake Roto-kakahi. Eagerly the dark conqueror seized on this *take*, and, early in 1823, he set sail with several hundreds—one account says 1200—of his warriors from Whangaroa and the Bay of Islands, in a fleet of war-canoes. Under sail and paddle they voyaged down the coast to the Bay of Plenty. Then entering the Waihi, they paddled up the Pongakawa River, which bursts from the ground a few miles from Lake Rotoehu, and when they had reached the head of navigation, they bent on the drag-ropes and hauled the canoes over the hills to the Lake. Meanwhile a portion of the army had already marched on Rotorua.

From a sketch by Major-General G. Robley, after the portrait painted in England in 1820.

Hongi Hika.

The Arawa gathered for defence on Mokoia, taking with them every canoe that floated on the lake. On their island-fortress they fancied themselves secure. *Hapu* by *hapu* the Arawa paraded on the island, under their chiefs, Moko-nui-a-Rangi, Hikairo, Rakau, Haerehuka, Te Kahawai, Te Awaawa, the priests Unuahu and Tuhoto, and other men of high and sacred rank.

From Lake Rotoehu Hongi hauled his canoes across the Tahuna forest portage—where the road is to this day called "Hongi's Track"—and launched them on Rotoiti. Paddling up that lake and breasting the swift current of the Ohau stream the Ngapuhi warriors rested triumphantly at last on the waters of Rotorua.

The Mokoia garrison now observed an unusual stir in the Ngapuhi encampment on the curving sands of the Ohau, and to their consternation they beheld a fleet of strange canoes on the beach. Then one day the attack was made. The army of Northmen embarked, each long narrow craft packed with men, their polished muskets and tomahawks flashing back the sun. Hundreds of paddles plunged deep; spray flew from each gargoyled bow and each sharp *manuka* blade as the canoes dashed forward, the chiefs perched up amidships swaying from side to side, and beating time for the paddles with their weapons, while the awful war-song boomed across the lake. In the foremost canoe, her fifty paddles dipping and poising in air as one and dipping again, stood Hongi Hika, in his suit of armour, surely the strangest, wildest man of war the Maori had ever looked upon. A glittering helmet—the "*Potae-rino*" or "Iron Hat," as the Maoris called it—crowned his ferocious tattooed face, and a cuirass of steel protected his body, in strange contrast with the naked brown limbs of the athletic savage. His hand gripped a double-barrelled flint musket, his *tapu* gun "Patu-iwi" ("Slay the People"), and in his flax waist-belt was stuck a sharp short-handled tomahawk. Like some medieval hero he led on his barbarous horde, a helmeted Crusader of this "Fish of Maui."

While Ngapuhi swept on to the attack, the Arawa, according to Tamarangi, reposed their faith in their soothsayers and medicine-men. The *tohunga* of the lakes recited their most powerful spells to unnerve the enemy, to afflict them with deadly fear, and to cause the demons of the Lake to rise and overwhelm them. The diviners prophesied that the *taniwha* of the Lake would raise a terrible sea when the invaders' canoes neared the island, and that all would be drowned. The priest Tuhoto Ariki, after calling on the gods of the Maori, spoke: "The spirit of the Lake, the *Taniwha* Rongomai, will surely destroy our enemies before they reach the shore." And another *tohunga*, the high priest Unuahu, took his father's sacred bones, and muttering a thrice-*tapu* incantation, cast them into the lake waters, to arouse the *taniwha* of storms. The priests called aloud in their frenzy, as the prophets of Baal cried to their god who perchance was on a journey or haply was sleeping and must be awakened. But Ngapuhi just swept on and in to the beach, and carried all before them.

Hongi was standing up in his canoe when, nearing the beach at the rock called Tu-Waitara, he was fired at by the chief Te Awaawa. This man had taken aim at him from a flat-topped grey rock which juts out into the lake near the sacred place Matariki,—on this northern side where we are sitting—a rock known to the Maoris as Te Toka-i-Hoturapa. But Hongi's steel helmet saved his life. The bullet struck him on the side of the "iron hat," and the mail-clad cannibal was knocked backwards into his canoe, but was unhurt. In another moment the invaders' keels had grated on the white beach of the Sacred-Isle-of-Tinirau.

"Then," says old Tamarangi, as he goes through the fight in pantomimic fashion, "the Ngapuhi leaped on shore; then resounded their guns, dealing sudden death from afar. The Arawa had gathered on the beach to withstand them; the many hundreds of the Arawas, a great multitude, but powerless before Hongi's muskets. They left their hill-forts, thinking to overwhelm Ngapuhi

as they landed on the beach—but how could Te Arawa stand against them, Te Arawa whose only weapons were *rakau maori*—weapons of wood and clubs of stone and bone? They had but one or two guns; they must fight the enemy with the strength of their hands.

"The guns sounded; the Arawa fell in heaps: from the sacred place of the gods at Matariki here, even to Te Paepaerau yonder, the warriors of the North rushed, shouting and shooting and tomahawking as they went. Came Hongi the Man-Eater, wearing his sacred *potaerino*; came the army of Ngapuhi with their many guns. So fell the island-men. The hill-forts were captured; many scores of men, women and children were slain, and great numbers were taken prisoners. Then rose the smoke of the man-cooking ovens along this Huruhuru flat where now you see the *kumara* and the potato and the maize growing; and from the forests on the mainland the remnant of Te Arawa raised the *tangi* for their dead."

A daring exploit was that of the chief Moko-nui-a-Rangi, who escaped from the island. When the Arawa were repulsed Moko' and numbers of his people took to the water and struck out for the mainland. He was swimming in close company with two others when he was overhauled by a small party of Ngapuhi in a canoe and pulled on board. Not recognising him, but knowing the chief was amongst the escaping men, they inquired the whereabouts of Moko-nui-a-Rangi. "There he is," said Moko', pointing to the leading swimmer. The Ngapuhi picked up the second man, and threw him into the bottom of the canoe, and then overtaking the remaining Arawa they laid down their paddles and leaned over in their eagerness to haul their prize on board. Moko' and his companion instantly seized a paddle each and killed or stunned their captors. Throwing the Ngapuhis overboard, rescuing their comrade, and picking up others as they proceeded, they reached the shore in safety, and disappeared in the friendly woods.

Te Rauparaha, and How he Slew the Muaupoko.

Te Rauparaha! It was, indeed, a name to invoke in the early decades of last century. Some say the cannibal warrior became a Christian convert in his last days, and died in all the odour of sanctity. It is, however, difficult to accept the belief that the Rauparaha, the "Old Sarpint" of the early Yankee whalers, who had all his life revelled in the roar of battle and the feast on the human "Fish-of-Tu," should so completely renounce the *atua Maori* and all their works as to become a humble follower of the mild and peaceful divinity of the *pakeha*. If he really did so, the idea suggests itself that it was only for the same reason for which old King Thakombau of Fiji—the original "King of the Cannibal Islands"—in his declining years abandoned man-eating—because he had lost his teeth. One prefers to believe that Rauparaha remained to the last a sturdy heathen in his heart—in spite of his benevolence to the early missionaries and his latter-day church-building.

It was as early as 1817 or 1818 that Rauparaha realised the practical advantages of cultivating the white man's friendship. His descendants at Otaki and Porirua tell the story to this day. Tamati Waka Nene (of Ngapuhi), Rauparaha, and other northern chiefs, led a destroying army down the West Coast from Kawhia, killing and eating as they went. On the seas of Cook Strait they saw the white sails of a *pakeha* ship, and as they gazed on the rare sight Waka said, "Oh, 'Raha, those white people are a good people and a useful! If you obtain possession of this land you will become a great man—you will possess guns and powder in abundance." And straightway Rauparaha resolved to take the land, so that he might be near the European traders, and obtain the muskets that were to become the most potent gods of the Maori. About a year later he and all his tribe of Ngati-Toa abandoned their homes on Kawhia harbour, and after many months' marching and fighting, at last arrived in their promised land, and

proceeded to establish their title by the summary process of eating the then owners, the Muaupoko, Rangitane, and kindred tribes.

The islet-dotted, shallow lake of Horowhenua (close to the present township of Levin) was the scene of some of Rauparaha's most frightful slaughters of the unfortunate Muaupoko. On the northern and western shores of Horowhenua the remnant of Muaupoko live to-day. They have not yet forgotten (or forgiven) the conquering raid.

The most remarkable features of Horowhenua to-day are the six artificial islands, or lake-*pas*, which were built about the year 1820 by the Muaupoko as a means of protection against Rauparaha. At the northern end of the lake are the islets of Karapu and Namu-iti. Near the south end are the islands Wai-kiekie, Roha-o-te-kawau (which are close to the Hokio stream, the outlet of the lake), Waipata and Puke-iti. The waters of the lake are nowhere more than twenty to twenty-five feet in depth; one of the deepest parts, opposite the road leading from Levin township to the lake side, is the fabled dwelling-place of the *taniwha* Kawau-a-Toru, Muaupoko's *genius loci*. The largest of these artificial islands are Karapu and Wai-kiekie. Most of them are in shallow water, not more than six or seven feet in depth. They are now luxuriant tangles of *raupo*, *toetoe*, flax and shrubbery; one or two of the southern ones are mere dots of flax-clumps, with here and there an ancient palisade-post. In building them—as the late Rangi-mairehau, of Horowhenua, described it to me—the Muaupoko first of all drove down lines of strong stakes in the lake-bed, making large circular fences. The tussocks, flax, *raupo*, etc., were brought in canoes and pressed down over the sharp-pointed stakes, so as to form a wall; and baskets upon baskets of earth from the shore were emptied within the enclosure, until the islands were made. Inside the encircling fence more saplings and stakes were driven down into the soil and others crossed upon them, and as the ground grew solid, huts were built thereon, and

strong lines of stockades were built round all. The approaches to the islands (all of which are close to the mainland) were defended by a series of marine *chevaux-de-frise*—rows of sharp stakes driven into the water until their points were just below the surface, in such positions as to offer serious obstruction to canoeists who were not acquainted with the intricate channels. When Rauparaha came, he found that most of the Muaupoko had taken to these lake-strongholds, where they fancied themselves quite secure from even the conquering Ngati-Toa.

Rauparaha's men attacked the lake-dwellers, some firing at them from the adjacent mainland and some paddling out to the islets on rafts made of *korari* (flax-stalks), and in canoes brought up from the sea-coast through the Hokio stream, and storming the island-stockades. The southern *pas*, near the Hokio, were first attacked. A story is told of Muaupoko's first intimation that the gun was mightier than the old Maori weapons. A chief named Te Rangirurupuni was standing at the waterside on Wai-kiekie Island, when Rauparaha's force opened fire. "Ah!" said he; "Listen! 'Tis thunder sounding." But it was dangerous thunder, for presently the bullets began to strike the Muaupoko down, and Te Rangirurupuni received one through the hand. Then the islanders saw that it was not good to be there, and they fled in their canoes. Wai-kiekie and Te Roha-o-te-kawau fell easily, and many scores of Muaupoko were shot down and tomahawked here, so that the lake was red with their blood. The defenders had only their spears and clubs and axes, besides *pounaro,* or slings, with which they cast stones. The islets at the northern end were similarly invested and taken.

The little island Namu-iti, now shady with willows, became a prison-isle, on which large numbers of miserable captives were penned in, while their cannibal captors camped on the mainland opposite, literally living on their prisoners. Whenever the cooking-ovens needed filling, the Ngati-Toa would wade out through the shallow water

to the island, fifty yards away, pick out the fattest Muaupoko, kill them, eviscerate them, and drag the bodies back through the water to the shore. For many days the waters were stained red with blood for great distances, and ghastly tales are told of how the monster eels of Horowhenua congregated there, and gorged till they lay, helplessly bloated, on the lake, and how the seagulls from the coast, and the hawks from the plains hovered continually round the scene of butchery, feasting on what the Ngati-Toa left, and screaming the dirge of the daily-lessening band of captives.

In Lake Waiwiri (or Papaitonga, as it is generally called), south of Horowhenua, there is a similar low-lying artificial island, named Papawharangi, now covered with a beautiful grove of *karaka*-trees and rich with ferns and *ti*-palms. This island *pa* was also taken by the invaders, and at the same time the larger island (Papaitonga) in the lake was captured. Many of Ngati-Toa swam across to the island, and so ferociously dauntless was their onslaught that the place was easily stormed. One warrior, Te Tipi, armed with a double-barrelled flint musket, struck terror to the hearts of Muaupoko by firing his gun as he swam—a veritable water-god.

Kapiti Island was Te Rauparaha's stronghold for many years after that, and with his muskets he held it against all-comers. And here he traded with the white man, and ever added to his store of firearms by barter with the captains and supercargoes, right up to the arrival of the "Tory" with the pioneers of Wellington in 1839. Many a European vessel cast anchor under the lee of Kapiti in those days, for it was one of the most important trading stations in the land of the Maori. Old ships and quaint. First the whaler—long vanished from these waters—bluff and tubby, with her row of long sharp-ended boats hoisted to the cranes on either side, crow's-nest at the main, the crew often a motley gang of all nations, booted into order by a rough and masterful "old man" from New Bedford or Martha's Vineyard. Trading brigs and schooners from

Sydney side, well-armed as befitted the times, carronades in the waist and swivels by the taffrail; ready to trade for anything from a ton of flax to a kit of dried tattooed heads, and equally ready to repel boarders or fire a Maori *pa*. Sometimes a stray Government vessel from across the Tasman Sea; occasionally some craft or other bearing a missionary, when Christianity and pot-hats became fashionable amongst the reformed cannibals of Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Awa.

Chapter XXV.

THE MAORI AND THE WHITE TRADER.

It was the immense demand for firearms and ammunition that made the early European trader such a power in the land of the Maori during the two decades 1820 to 1840. The wars waged by Hongi and Te Rauparaha with their newly-acquired muskets fired every tribe with the desire to obtain supplies of the new weapons and so place themselves on something like equal terms with an invading army. The white coast-trader was the man who could supply them, in return for dressed flax and other commodities, and accordingly every tribe was eager to obtain a trader who would be its own special *pakeha*.

The Maori story of the first white men who came to Kawhia Harbour furnishes a good illustration of the way in which the Maori chiefs sought and obtained the services of European traders. I extract the narrative from a MS. record of the evidence given by Major Wiremu te Wheoro, the Lower Waikato chief, during the hearing of the Rohepotae cases before the first Native Land Court at Otorohanga, King Country, in 1886:—

"Shortly after the cessation of fighting between the Waikato people and the Ngapuhi, of the North the Kawhia chief Te Puaha went on a visit to the Ngapuhi country [Bay of Islands]. When he returned to Kawhia Harbour he brought with him a European named 'Ammkete.' He got him to come in with his ship as far as Heahea, at the entrance to Kawhia. The Waikato people then resident at Kawhia asked him, the captain of the ship, to supply them with powder and with firearms. He sailed away to Sydney and brought back

with him several other white men, including 'Te Kaora,' 'Te Rangitera,' and 'Tamete.' These Europeans came to live with the Maoris as traders. They were claimed and taken away by the various chiefs as their *pakehas*. Te Wherowhero claimed 'Amukete' [or 'Haumukete']. Kiwi claimed 'Te Kaora.' Te Tuhi claimed 'Te Rangitera'; Te Kauawa claimed 'Tamete.' Kiwi settled 'Te Kaora' on Pouwewe [close to where Kawhia township now stands]. 'Amukete' occupied Heahea. 'Te Rangitera' also lived at Heahea. 'Tamete' lived at Maketu, the large village on the north side of Kawhia Harbour [about a mile seaward of Pouwewe]. 'Amukete' was given Te Wherowhero's daughter Tiria as his wife. 'Te Rangitera' was married to Heihei, Te Tuhi's daughter. 'Tamete' was married to Rangiatea, niece of the chief Te Kauawa.

"The Waikato people were then ordered by the chiefs to prepare flax to be sold to the European traders in exchange for guns and powder. The Ngati-Maniapoto tribe, from the inland country, came over to Kawhia and occupied Waiharakeke, on the shores of the harbour; and other tribes also came to Kawhia to exchange their dressed flax for guns and ammunition. When the Waikato had procured guns and powder, they invaded Taranaki to avenge the defeat and slaughter of their people at Pukerangiora, on the Waitara River, by the Atiawa tribe. Ngati-Maniapoto went with them, and they stormed and took the Pukerangiora *Pa*."

These events occurred between 1825 and 1831. "Amukete" is the Maorified name of Captain Kent, the first white trader—so far as is known—to take his ship into Kawhia Harbour. Captain Kent's first visit to Kawhia was some time between 1825 and 1828; his vessel was the brig "Macquarie." "Te Kaora" was the *pakeha*-Maori John Cowell, who was for a time supercargo and interpreter on the notorious brig "Elizabeth." Who "Te Rangitera" was I do not know; "Tamete's" English name was apparently Smith.

Trading for Kauri Spars.

A Story of Peter Dillon and Pomare.

In a rare little book by Captain George Bayly, "Sea-life Sixty Years Ago," an excellent account is given of the exciting business of trading on the cannibal coast of New Zealand in the early days. Bayly served under the celebrated Captain Peter Dillon—who discovered the remains of the ill-fated La Perouse expedition at Vanikoro in the New Hebrides—and was third officer of Dillon's ship, the "St. Patrick," on a voyage from Valparaiso to New Zealand for kauri spars, and thence to Calcutta, in 1825-26. The "St. Patrick," a ship of 430 tons, loaded her spars at the Firth of Thames, Hauraki Gulf. On the voyage across the Pacific Dillon had a lot of old muskets which he bought in Valparaiso repaired and polished up, to be bartered to the Maoris for the timber. Immediately the ship anchored (evidently the locality was near the entrance to the Southern Wairoa River) she was put into a proper state of defence against the Maoris, who, though generally friendly disposed towards traders, were nevertheless "kittle cattle," and not to be given any chance of capturing the vessel. Bayly thus describes the methods of defence:

"An arms-chest was hoisted into each top, containing half-a-dozen muskets, as many pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and a good supply of ammunition. The two carronades were hauled into the round house; one mounted in each doorway commanded the deck on both sides, in the event of the natives making a rush on board in great numbers. These were loaded with charges of musket balls and slugs. Inside the round house the bulkheads were fitted with racks for firearms, cutlasses, axes, and so on. The captain and officers were provided with weapons at hand, so as to be able to rush up on deck, armed at a moment's notice. The crew were stationed as follows: six hands each in the fore and main tops, four in the mizzen-top, six in the roundhouse, and the rest about the main deck and forecastle. If a host of natives were attempting to board on all sides, the deck-hands, after firing their muskets, were to retire to the round-house and defend it. A general order to the officer in charge of the deck was that, if more than one large canoe came alongside, half the crew were to be kept at the stations; but if a disposition was observed on the part of the natives to create a disturbance, all hands were to be summoned to quarters at once. In this case everyone was to drop whatever he was about and hasten to his station, seize his musket, and be prepared to act. No one was to fire without orders."

It was well that Dillon and his men were on the *qui vive*, for during the work of loading the kauri spars early in January, 1826, a quarrel occurred with Pomare, the Ngapuhi chief, who had come down with some of his warriors from the Bay of Islands. Pomare had endeavoured to force his way on deck from his canoe, but the sentry held his cutlass across the gangway, and the chief, seizing hold of it, had his fingers cut. This exasperated him so greatly that he called to his friends to paddle away ashore and rouse all the natives to come off and avenge the insult. Captain Dillon detained Pomare ("Boo Marray" is Bayly's spelling) as a prisoner on deck in view of the Maoris, who soon came dashing off to the ship in twelve large war-canoes, armed with their muskets, spears, clubs, and axes.

"Each canoe," narrates Captain Bayly, "had seventy or eighty men in her, in all about nine hundred stark-naked savages, mustering about sixty muskets between them. They formed in two lines on our port quarter, where, finding a crew of the 'St Patrick' at quarters prepared for a stand-up fight, and well knowing how we were armed, and that they might expect a warm reception, they hesitated, and held a council of war as to whether they should take the ship at once or wait for a more convenient opportunity.' A few moments later, at a signal from the chiefs, the twelve canoes shot up abreast of the gangway.

"We were held in breathless suspense for about five minutes, then suddenly the whole of the native warriors started to their feet.

"'Stand by!' shouted the Captain, covering Boo Marray with his pistol.

"If one trigger had been pulled at this moment, in all human probability there would have been a bloody battle. Happily every man had caught the spirit of the matter. Every musket was pointed at a foe; the gunner and his crew stood by the carronades match in hand; but not a shot was fired.

"The savages stamped all together from side to side of their canoes, rolling them with a tremendous splash either way, till the gunwales were within two or three inches of the water. They uttered diabolical threats; with frantic gestures and the most hideous contortions of countenance, they yelled out their war-cries. They thrust out their tongues like thirsty dogs (they were indeed thirsting for our blood). Nothing more Satanic could well be conceived. After keeping this up for a few minutes, they paused. Finding that we were not to be intimidated, and that Peter would hold no parley with them, they composed a sort of recitative, the burden of which was that, if we had not been prepared to fight them, or if Boo Marray had not been in our power, they would have taken the ship and would have killed and eaten us all before the morning. They then dashed their paddles again into the water, many of them fired their muskets ahead as they spun round the bows, and all returned on shore, leaving Boo Marray to his fate.

"Peter lowered his pistol, congratulated the chief on his narrow escape, and invited him down to the cabin to feast on cold roast pork and potatoes."

Next morning Pomare was sent safely ashore, after the Captain had presented him with the cutlass which had cut his fingers, and with a half-pound bag of gunpowder; and the loading of the spars (which were paid for with muskets, gunpowder, and hatchets) was presently resumed. It was this chief, Pomare, who, soon after the incident just related, led an expedition of several hundred Ngapuhi warriors up the Waikato in canoes, and was ambushed by the Waikato men and killed, together with nearly all his followers, at Te Rore, on the Waipa River.

Chapter XXVI.

A MAORI VERSION OF THE WAIRAU AFFAIR.

Numerous accounts have been given of the unfortunate affray of the Wairau, Marlborough, in 1843, when Captain Wakefield and a score of his men were killed by a party of Maoris under Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata, as the result of an injudicious attempt to arrest Rauparaha for resisting the survey and occupation of certain land, the purchase of which was in dispute.

The published narratives of the Wairau massacre, as it is usually called, have all been from the European side. Here, however, is a Maori story, which, it will be seen, differs very considerably from the usually accepted accounts of the fight.

Whether it is a perfectly accurate one it is difficult to say, but it is the story current amongst some of the North Island Maori tribes whose members were concerned in the encounter with Wakefield and his men. It is worth recording, at any rate, as throwing a new light on the tragedy by the banks of the Tuamarina, and as showing how much the whites were at the mercy of the man they had come to arrest, and how little they really knew of Maori ways. The incident of Te Oro and Captain Wakefield is an illustration of the high regard a Maori warrior holds for a brave foeman. (The very word for an enemy, *hoa-riri,* literally means "fighting-friend.")

The narrator was Hikaia te Oro, of the Ngati-Hāua tribe, son of Te Oro, who was one of Te Rauparaha's chiefs. Hikaia, whose home was at Taumarunui, on the upper waters of the Wanganui River, died in the winter of 1909. The following is his story, as heard from his father's lips:

Te Rauparaha and his men were camped on the bank of the Tuamarina Stream, a branch of the Wairau River (in what was afterwards the Marlborough province). On the opposite bank of the river lived a white man and his Maori wife. Word was brought to Rauparaha that a man-of-war had landed Captain Wakefield and a party of thirty or forty men in Cloudy Bay. Wakefield and his party arrived at the white man's house and camped for the evening. The native woman cooked food for them and listened to their conversation, and, while they were eating, she told her husband she was going for a swim. She went out, and crossing the stream, which was spanned by a canoe, went to Rauparaha's camp and told him the *pakehas* intended to cross the river and attack him at daylight. She then came back, and wetting her head in the stream, so as to cause the Europeans to believe she had been bathing, returned to her *whare*.

Early next morning Rauparaha sent a man to remove the canoe as soon as the *pakeha* crossed, and thus cut off their retreat. The *tohunga* consulted the gods by means of the *niu*,* and found that all the omens were in favour of Te Rauparaha.

The Europeans advanced and crossed the river. As soon as they were over and into the scrub, the canoe was removed by the native placed there for that purpose. He had hidden himself in the creek, alongside the canoe, with only his head above the water. One of Rauparaha's men now advanced to *wero* the *pakehas*, that is to cast a light spear at them in challenge. Some of the whites who were in advance, not knowing this Maori custom, turned to ask Wakefield, who was in the rear, what it meant. This turning the face from the *tangata wero* or challenger was accepted by Rauparaha as a sure sign of victory, and he at once called out to his men, "*He korapa*"—("an unlucky turning").

*In this ceremony of divination short sticks or rods called *niu* were thrown by the priest, who prophesied the result of the fight according to the manner in which they fell.

After a discussion with Te Rauparaha and the failure to arrest him, some of the whites fired at the natives, who were crouching on the ground. Two were struck, a woman and the native who had taken the canoe away and was just returning to join his party. Before the smoke cleared, the natives advanced with a rush and, as the Europeans raised their guns to fire another volley, again threw themselves flat on the ground. Not one native was hit. Springing to their feet again, the natives closed in, and the first white fell beneath the tomahawk of Te Oro.

The Tomahawk with which Rangihaeata is said to have killed the white prisoners at the Wairau in 1843. It is now in the possession of Mrs. Taniora Love, of Waikawa, Marlborough.

In a few moments the Europeans were fleeing in disorder for the river. When they reached it, they found the canoe gone. Some who could not swim were drowned in the river, others succeeded in crossing. The natives pursued them hotly.

One white man, finding himself being overtaken, turned and, taking a biscuit from his haversack, bit off a portion and offered the remainder to his pursuer as a token of surrender. It was accepted, with the remark, "*Ko koe he taurekareka maku*," ("You shall be my slave"), and he was spared.

Captain Wakefield, who was wearing a long cloak and gaiters, was pursued by Te Oro. Wakefield reached the water and waded out to his waist. Te Oro, armed with a long-handled tomahawk, waded after him, but being a much shorter man, soon found himself in up to the armpits. Wakefield now turned, and drawing a short sword he carried, awaited the Maori's attack.

Te Oro did not keep him waiting long. Carefully measuring his distance, he made a terrific blow at Wakefield who parried it with perfect ease. Once more the long-handled tomahawk flashed through the air, and again the blow was parried.

Te Oro now hesitated, believing that if he made another blow and failed, he would be killed, as the white officer was evidently a skilful fighter.

While he was still wondering as to what was the best thing to do, Wakefield addressed him in broken Maori, and with signs made him understand that he wished to surrender. To this Te Oro gladly agreed, and the two waded ashore, where Wakefield handed to Te Oro his sword, spy-glass, overcoat, gold watch, and some money, after which the chief assured Wakefield of his friendship and protection. They then returned to the main body, where they found the white man who had surrendered and his captor. (The other whites captured were killed, being tomahawked by Te Rangihaeata).

Te Rauparaha was quite willing to spare the two white men, as he wanted to hold them as hostages in the event of any trouble over the fight. After his speech was concluded, the whole party started to shift camp.

As they were marching along, one of the South Island natives sprang at Wakefield, and with a back-handed blow of his tomahawk, struck him just below the shoulder. Hearing the scuffle, Te Oro turned to see what was the matter, but before he could interfere, Wakefield received another blow on the back, which felled him to the ground.

Wakefield now called to Te Oro, and asked him, as his friend, to despatch him with his own hand, as he did not wish to die like a slave.

Te Oro was greatly touched by this mark of esteem, but did not care to comply.

Wakefield again urged him to kill him quickly.

Bowing his head in grief, Te Oro wept over his friend, and then killed him with a blow of his tomahawk. Then turning fiercely on the South Islander, he challenged him to single combat.

The friends of each man closed around, and there was every chance of a savage fight, as Te Oro declared he would have the life of Wakefield's murderer. Just at this time Rauparaha came up and got between the two parties, and forbade them to quarrel, saying, "Why should we kill one another for this *pakeha?* He is dead, let that be the end of it."

But it was not the end of it, for the other unfortunate white prisoner, who was only looked on as a slave of Wakefield's, was in the words of the narrator, "sent with his master"—he was killed that his spirit might go with his superior's to wait upon him. This was done to honour Wakefield and to show that he died as a chief.

When Te Oro died some years ago, the watch belonging to Wakefield was buried with him, and his son, Hikaia te Oro, had in his possession in recent years a gun and belts belonging to one of the Europeans who fell at Wairau.

Chapter XXVII.

THE KINGITES AND THE WAR.

Ka ngapu te whenua,	The earthquake shakes the land;
Ka haere nga tangata ki whea?	Where shall man find an abiding-place?
E Ruaimoko!	O Ruaimoko!
Purutia!	(God of the under-world)
Tawhia!	Hold fast our lands!
Kia ita!	Bind, tightly bind!
A-a-a ita!	Be firm, be firm,
Kia mau, kia mau!	Nor let them from our grasp be torn.

This Kingite war-song, chanted in every village in the days of the Waikato and Taranaki campaigns of the sixties, is still on the lips of the Waikato people. I have heard it sung with inexpressible earnestness and force at a political gathering of the Ngati-Haua, the clan of the honest and patriotic William Thompson, the "King-maker," and his no less honest and patriotic son Tupu Taingakawa te Waharoa, the present head of the tribe. There is ever before the mind of the Waikatos the memory of the war. For in it they lost their patrimony (Ngati-Haua themselves did not come so badly out of it as the Waikato people proper)—the beautiful fertile lands on which they had lived for generation after generation, and which they loved with a passion that few *pakehas* realise. "The land," says the Maori, "is our *waiu,* our mother's milk. It is all we have; without it we are as birds whose tree has fallen and who have no resting-place. It is our life to us from childhood, our mother's milk."

The other day Taingakawa, the "King-maker's" son, addressing some Ngati-Awa people, originally from Taranaki, at Otaki, said:

"Now, it was you Ngati-Awa who started the fire in the fern which burnt us all up. You should remember that, and come over and help us."

Taingakawa was referring to the Ten Years' War which started at Waitara, in Taranaki, in 1860, and which spread all over the island, and he used this as an argument in support of his appeal to the other tribes to join Waikato in their agitation for fuller political rights and control of their remaining lands.

But a member of the Ngati-Awa retorted:

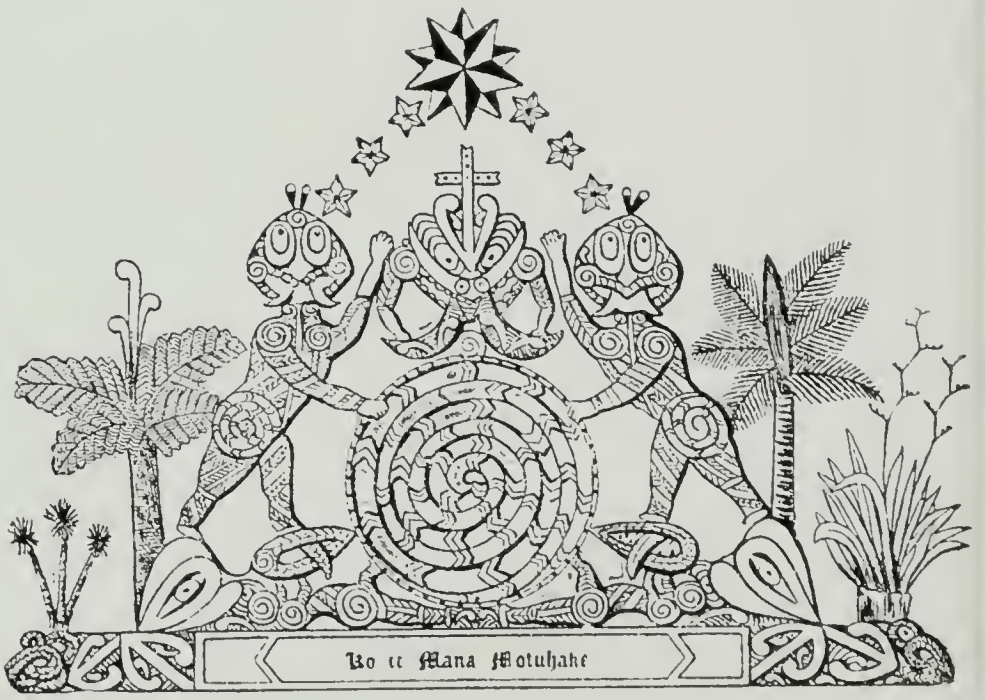
"*E tama,* 'tis not so! The fire burnt us up, but only singed you. Look at me; I lost all my land, while you have still thousands of acres left."

It was indeed the war in Taranaki, provoked by the unhappy Waitara land purchase, that precipitated the Waikato War, and it was such fiery warriors as Rewi Maniapoto and some others that upset all the efforts of Thompson (Wiremu Tamehana) in the cause of peace. Had Tamehana had his way, war would never have occurred, and his people would never have had their land confiscated.

The setting-up of the first Maori King, Potatau Te Wherowhero, in 1858, was not intended as an act of direct hostility to the point of war against the white settlers; but the political complications which followed it widened the breach between the *pakeha* Government and the Maori, and in five years after the proclaiming of the King (or the "Ingiki"—Inca—as he was called by the Maoris, who had read a translation giving something of the history of Peru), the first shot was fired in Waikato.

The Kingite movement was nobly conceived by Tamehana and his fellow-patriots. It had for its object the preservation of the land, *mana* and national independence of the native people. My old Kingite friend Patara te Tuhi says that the notion of a King for the Maoris originated with Tamehana Rauparaha (son of the famous warrior Te Rauparaha), who went on a voyage to England and returned convinced that it would be an

excellent thing for the Maoris to have one head chief over them, to be called a King. He vigorously promulgated the idea, and Matene te Whiwhi, of Otaki, took it up, and commenced the Kingite crusade. He visited the Rotorua tribes, the Urewera mountain dwellers, the Taupo people, and the Waikato tribes, haranguing them to unite and set up a King, and prevent the *pakeha* from usurping their *mana* and acquiring all their lands.



A head-piece from the Kingite newspaper, "Te Paki-o-Matariki."

The first large meeting in connection with the King movement was that held at Manawapou, in Taranaki, in 1854. It was there that the great war-song was first chanted by the assembled people: "*E kore Taranaki e makere atu*," etc., ("Taranaki will not be cast from us.") A high chief of the Ngarauru tribe, named Whitikau, was one of the first approached by the council of chiefs and asked to allow the people to elect him King, and head of the anti-land selling league. He refused. Then—according to a Taranaki account—they asked Tamati Hone, and he refused. Other chiefs were then suggested,

and either refused or were not approved of by the whole people. A deputation went to Wanganui, to the high-chief Pehi Turoa, but he declined to be King. They went inland, and endeavoured to persuade Te Heuheu Iwikau, the head chief of the Ngati-Tuwharetoa, to take the position, but in vain. They even sent away to the distant East Cape, and made the same request to Te Kani-a-Takirau, a chief of the highest rank in that part of New Zealand, but he declined the honour. It was also found impossible to get an Arawa chief of high standing to be King.

At last, in 1857, a great meeting of the tribes was held at Pukawa, Te Heuheu Iwikau's village, on the southern shore of Lake Taupo, to decide the question of who was to be King. There gathered the tribesmen from many a remote village, earnest, serious, tattooed men, whose prime thought was for their country and its salvation. Patara and his fellow chiefs of Waikato were there; they had come a long and weary journey over devious bush and mountain paths from the distant North. There, too, was the venerable warrior-chief Potatau te Wherowhero, who had come on horse-back, riding with difficulty, from his Waikato home. The great Iwikau, quite equal in rank and importance to the Waikato *ariki,* and his fellow-chiefs approved of Potatau being made King. Soon thereafter, in June, 1858, Potatau was proclaimed King with much ceremony at Rangiawhia, the green and beautiful "Garden of the Waikato."

The Kingite party adopted as their motto, "*Te Whakapono, te Aroha, te Ture*" ("Religion, Love, and the Law"), and Potatau, Tamehana, and the other leaders said: "The Queen and the King, they are one. Each is on the piece which belongs to each, but Love and the Law surround them, and above is God." Noble words these, but the aspirations of Thompson and the like-minded amongst the Kingites were to come to disaster and death.

All might have gone well had the Kingites been able to restrain their more turbulent spirits, but many of the

Waikatos and Taranakis were bent on a bitter war. The leaders, too, conceived the idea that the object of the Government in beginning a military road up from Drury to the Waikato River was the stealing of their land by force. Bitterness and hate were engendered between the Maoris and the *pakehas* of Auckland and near-by districts. In Taranaki the sturdy Devon men who had sailed round the world to build homes in this new country were not to be turned from their purpose by a few tribes of half-savages who did not use a tithe of their lands.

The war in Taranaki began in 1860; and in it many of the Upper Waikato men, headed by Rewi and others, took a leading share. In July, 1863, the Waikato war began. Thousands of Imperial troops, colonial volunteers and militia took the field, and marched for the Waikato Valley. The British regiments in the field, under General Cameron, included the 65th, 40th, 50th, 43rd, 12th, 68th, and 70th Regiments, the 2nd Battalion of the 14th, the 18th Royal Irish, Captain Mercer's Field Battery of Royal Artillery, and detachments of Engineers. To the Army's aid, too, came the Naval Brigade of seamen and marines landed from the British ships of war on the station, under Commodore Wiseman, of "H.M.S. Curaçoa." Then there were the volunteers, in particular Colonel Nixon's Cavalry, and Captains Jackson's and Von Tempsky's hard-fighting corps of Forest Rangers.

The Waikato held few white men in 1863. Te Awamutu was the principal *pakeha* settlement; at the Government station here Mr. Gorst had his industrial school and his printing press—the press on which the famous "Pihoihoi" was printed. Mr. Gorst was evicted by Rewi and his warriors under pain of death if he remained. He left New Zealand to win fame in the Parliament and Government of the Old Country, and returned forty-three years after his eviction, a knight and a King's Counsel, to look again on the scenes of his youth. Here and there along the Waikato banks are the sites of the early mission stations, tangles now of soft green acacia and sweet-briar,

or marked by the venerable moss-grown fruit-trees —peaches, almonds, apples, pears—with which the Church pioneers loved to surround their lonely homes in the wilds. The spirit of commerce was represented in those days by the enterprising trader, who bartered the *pakeha's* goods for pigs and dressed flax, and other native commodities.

From a drawing by Major von Tempsky.

A skirmish at Waiari, Mangapiko River, Upper Waikato, on Feb. 11, 1864, between the Forest Rangers and the Maoris.

Up in the rich Waikato Valley and the plains of the Waipa in those old romantic days before the war, the Maori was an industrious agriculturist. It is on record that in 1852 the natives of Rangiawhia—which is at the present day one of the prettiest and best cultivated farming districts in the Waikato—had 800 acres in wheat, the produce of which (estimated at twenty bushels per acre) was set down at a total value of about £4000. The Natives took their wheat to Auckland, carting it first of all to the banks of the Waipa, thence canoeing into the

Waikato and down to the Awaroa portage, where they crossed into the Manukau Harbour—a toilsome journey occupying days which now we cover in as many hours. But the tide of war swept over Rangiawhia and many another Waikato village, where the people grew their maize and wheat and potatoes, ground their wheat into flour in their own water-driven mills, and lived under the heavily-laden branches of their own peach and apple trees and their trailing vines, and the happy industrious age vanished before fire and sword.

The first fight was at Koheroa, where the troops carried the Maori trenches at the point of the bayonet. Then the Waikatos fell back on Meremere, just above the present site of Mercer, and there Patara te Tuhi, my old historian of the war, squatting in the midst of the tattooed, stern-eyed garrison on the long rifle-pitted and trenched fern ridge, overlooking the sweeping river, with his *tupara** across his knees, saw the first steamer that ever floated on the waters of the Waikato come puffing up the wide swift stream. This was the gunboat "Avon," armed with a 12-pounder Armstrong. Then came the gunboat "Pioneer," built in Sydney, an iron shallow-draught craft with two cupolas on her deck pierced for rifles, and entered from below. Early in October the "Avon" and the "Pioneer," with troops on board, steamed up the Waikato past Meremere, and those on board met with a surprise, for, besides being fired on by riflemen from the hill trenches, they were saluted with shots from big guns humming about their ears. The roar of artillery was a sound unlooked for in these Native parts, and there was much enquiry to what the pieces were and how they came there, mounted on the remote ridge of Meremere.

Patara tells me that the guns were two old pieces of ship artillery, given to his people many years ago on the West Coast by Captain Kent, the trader. When the war broke out, the Ngati-Tahinga tribe and others dragged

Tupara—two-barrels, the Maori term for a double-barrelled gun.

the guns with great labour over the ranges from Whaingaroa Harbour, transported them in big canoes down the Waikato to the mouth of the Whangamarino, and set them up there on the ridge overlooking the creek, under the shadow of the Kingite war-flag, which flapped and fluttered in the breeze over the entrenchments. The Maoris worked the guns, they had been instructed by an old East India Company gunner, using iron weights taken from European stores, old iron, and anything in fact which would go into the muzzle, as projectiles. Once, when the "Pioneer" was steaming up past Meremere, the Maori bullets rattling on the iron turrets, and her riflemen banging away in reply, the native artillerists on the ridge plumped a heavy steelyard-weight into her. The shot struck the bulwarks and embedded itself in a beef cask, and was long thereafter preserved as a trophy by Commodore Wiseman.

A chivalrous action is set down to the credit of the Maoris at Meremere. Guessing that their white foemen would be glad of fresh provisions, they one morning considerately filled a canoe with potatoes and other food stores of their own, and paddled it down to the neighbouring British camp, under cover of the white flag, as a little present to General Cameron. Their enemy hungered and they gave him to eat.

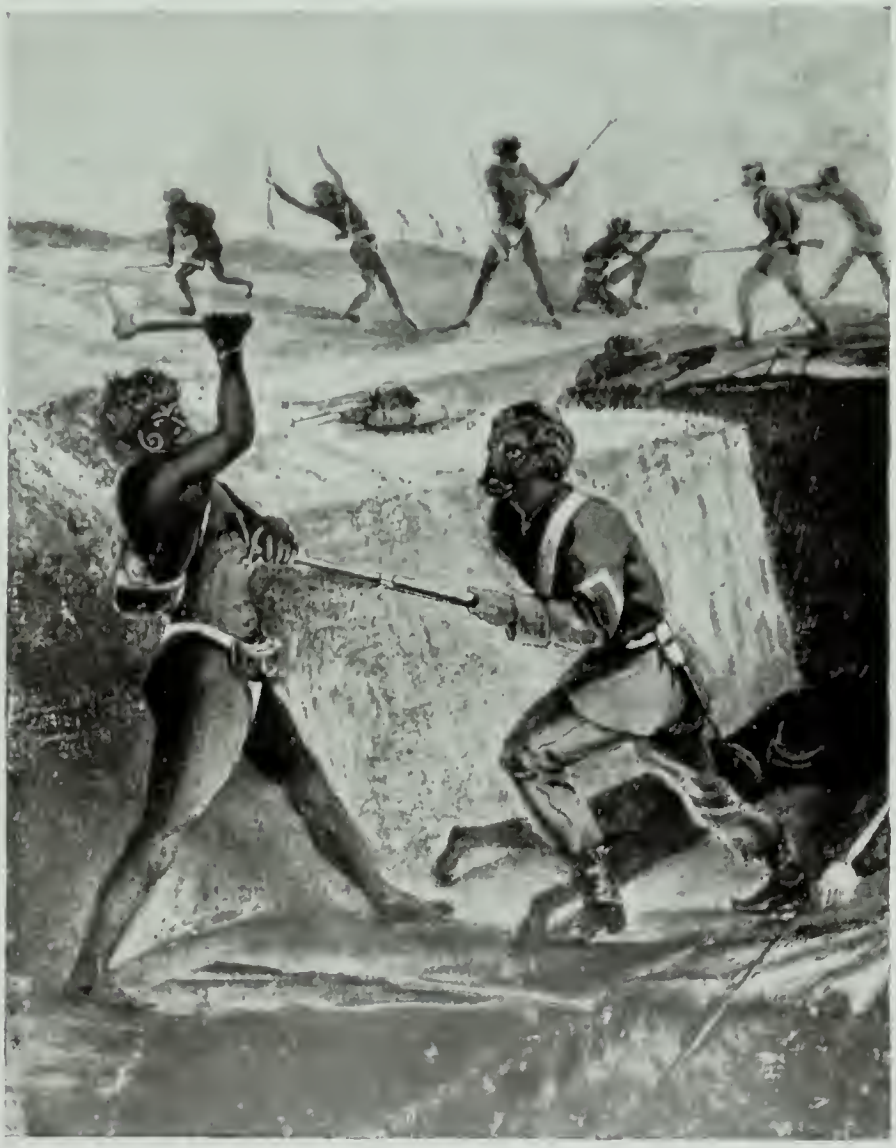
For weeks the Kingite garrison remained in the works at Meremere, watchfully scanning the river waters, from the grey dawning—when a long white sea of mist stretching away down and up past their ridge, with here and there the treetops peeping through, shrouded the silent river—through the long, exciting days, till the more-pork cried in the *kahikateas*, and the swamp-hen craked and the bittern boomed in the marshes; listening morning after morning to the distant *reveille* in the sleepy camp of the soldiers, and wondering at the long-drawn sweet bugle calls in the still early evening hours, when every sound seemed near. The Maori gunners fired their two ancient pieces of artillery now and then, and the small-

armsmen practised at the steamers or at the British redoubt on the opposite ridge. Patara was there amongst them, letting drive with his *tupara,* and using up much ammunition without any loss to the European soldiers, and taking safe cover in the rifle pits when the Armstrongs on the gun-boats began to speak.

Then came a time when the Maori had to fall back on Rangiriri, and further back still, when that redoubt had been surrendered—after a disastrous assault in which six British officers and thirty-seven men were killed. Up the Mississippi of New Zealand poured the steamers, the transport boats and canoes, and the regiments and Naval Brigade of the British. Sorrowfully and angrily retiring, the Waikatos canoed up their ancestral water-way, chanting the old songs of war as their paddles dipped and rose, and dipped again, and now and then raising a *waiata* of grief as they swept past some olden hamlet, some much-prized cultivation, or a sacred burial-place of their tribe, sheltered by the low-bending foliage of the forest. They fell back on Ngaruwahia, the beautiful mountain-shadowed spot where the waters of the Waikato and the Waipa meet. But before the soldiers came they abandoned that place, the old capital of the Maori King; built a formidable *pa* at Paterangi and waited long for the assault which never came. On the parapets of Paterangi, from which they could survey the whole green plain of the Waipa and see the rivers threading down through the ferny valleys to the lost Waikato, they danced their wild dances of battle, and yelled their challenges to the tented encampment of the troops. Thereafter the men of the "Kingitanga" skirmished stoutly at Haerini and Rangiawhia, in the Waipa basin, and finally faced death, fighting "like the shark," in the famous redoubt at Orakau, on the borders of what afterwards came to be known as the King Country.

Thus fell the Maoris' Kingdom; their lands went to the conquering *pakeha.* Across the pale of the *Aukati* fled the exiled Waikatos, and there King Tawhiao, Patara,

Wahanui, Rewi, Whitiora, and many another sullen chieftain dwelt for many a year afterwards, and grieving, always grieving, for their lost ancestral lands, the wide



From a sketch by Major von Tempsky, 1864.

Rushing the Maori trenches: An incident of the Waikato war.

valley of the Waikato, where now stood the redoubts and the farm-houses of the white man.

It was not till 1881 that the Waikatos smoked the final pipe of peace. Then they made a procession through the frontier settlements, when the long-banished Kingites

once more visited their olden homes, wept over the battle-grounds of the past, danced wild war-dances, blazed away much blank ammunition, and feasted mightily.

The present writer witnessed their martial entry into Kihikihi township, six hundred strong, with old Tawhiao seated in his buggy in the midst of his armed men. There was a touch of humour about the march from Alexandra, on the Waipa, to Te Awamutu. The Te Awamutu Cavalry Band turned out and headed the procession, in compliment to the Maori King and his chiefs, and played them into the township to the air of "The King of the Cannibal Islands." Tawhiao was much taken with the rousing tune, and when the march was ended he enquired what it was. When the title was interpreted to him, the King was very wroth indeed at this impolite if musical allusion to the "long-pig" proclivities of his family, and said some cutting things about Bandmaster Sibley.

Chapter XXVIII.

THE DEFENDERS OF ORAKAU.

Song and story have woven romance around the last fight of the Waikato Kingites, the dying effort of a lost cause, the Battle of Orākau; and much that is inaccurate has been written about that heroic defence of the *pa* in the peach-groves, particularly in reference to the now-famous cry of defiance, "We will fight on for ever and ever." The fighting-chief Rewi Manga Maniapoto is generally credited with that reply to the British demand for surrender, and is usually spoken of as the "hero of Orakau." I have seen some artist's highly imaginary picture representing Rewi the dauntless, wearing only a flax waist-mat, standing on a parapet hurling defiance at the *pakeha* soldiers below. It is a pity to knock the bottom out of a pretty story, but the truth must be told. The fact is, as far as I am able to gather from those who are qualified to speak on the point, that Rewi played anything but a heroic part. It is said that he was smitten with what the Maoris call *piki-ariki*, in consequence of having had an unlucky dream and heard or seen ill omens*; and he did not take an active personal part in the fighting. But this must not be put down to cowardice, for Rewi had elsewhere proved himself a most daring warrior. It wasn't his "fighting-day," that was all.

But even if we drop Rewi out of the list as one of the real *toas* of Orakau, there is enough thrilling and devoted courage in the story of the fight to justify us in placing the three hundred Maoris who held the fort on a pinnacle

*Rewi, some time before the fight, had dreamt that he was flying a native kite near the Maori church at Orakau, and that it fell and was broken. This was a *matakite* or "second-sight" vision of bad omen; he interpreted it as a token of defeat.

of fighting fame level with Leonidas and his three hundred heroes of Thermopylæ.

Hauraki Tonganni, of Taupo, who died a few years ago, was the man who delivered the famous reply of defiance in answer to the call to surrender, and it was a Taupo woman, the brave Ahumai, who said that the women, too, would die if their husbands were slain.

The battle, or rather siege, of Orakau, the last fortified hold built by the Kingites, took place on the 31st of March and the 1st and 2nd of April, 1864. A band of about three hundred Maoris, including many women and some children, shut themselves up in a hastily-built redoubt at Orakau, about three miles beyond the Kihikihi military post. Here they were attacked by the Imperial and Colonial troops, 1,700 strong, under Brigadier-General Carey—[General Cameron arrived later]—but they held out for three days, against artillery-fire as well as rifle, and against bayonet-charges. At last, in a despairing break for freedom, they charged out of the *pa*, leaving more than half their number dead.

Nothing now remains to mark the site of that unforgettable fight. The peach-trees that grew so abundantly there in the old days had disappeared—cut up for firewood—when last I visited the place. That sacred spot, my father's old farm of Orakau, with its fine groves of Maori-planted peaches and cherries, and its relics of vanished Maoridom, is my earliest memory of childhood. Some of the peach-trees alongside the road were riddled with bullets; the holes made by the projectiles of those days of big-bores were easily to be found; and Enfield bullets were sometimes to be picked out from the tree-trunks. A few years after the battle, when my father settled in that then remote and disturbed district, one of the furthest-out pioneers, relics of the fight were often ploughed up. The present public road passes through the redoubt site; and the traveller may now drive over the spot where scores of slain Maoris were laid in the trenches, their self-dug graves.

From a photo by J. McDonald, Govt. Tourist Dept., 1905.

Tupotahi, the narrator of the Story of Orakau.

Tupotahi's Story.

The best narrative of the Orakau fight I have gathered from the Maori survivors is that of the old Ngati-Maniapoto chief, Wini Tana Tupotahi, who was one of the heroes of the defence, and who was severely wounded by a British bullet. Tupotahi is a first cousin of Rewi Manga Maniapoto, who died in the Waikato in 1894. He is a small-built, white-moustached old man, with a thin, keen face, bearing the tattoo marks of a past generation. He is now about seventy-seven years of age, and has his home in the little village of Puke-kawakawa, on the banks of the Puniu River—the olden *aukati* or boundary line between the Upper Waikato and the King Country.

"It was at Orakau," said Tupotahi, "that we made a final stand against the Queen's troops. We had been driven back all the way up the Waikato River, from Meremere, where I and my tribesmen were in the trenches overlooking the river. I was in Paterangi *pa*, which we abandoned after the fight at Rangiawhia. Then, as we fell further back, leaving our villages and food-cultivations to the *pakeha* soldiers, we took counsel together and resolved to make one last effort to retain the land of our ancestors. We assembled close to the village of Orakau, a beautiful fertile place, celebrated amongst us for its abundant food-crops and its large groves of peaches—and there we built a redoubt. It was not in a strong position, but some of the old men would have it built there, so we deferred to their words. The *pa* we built was oblong in shape, about a chain and a-half long by something less than a chain in width. It had flanking angles or outworks at two of the corners—one of these angles, that facing the south-east, was held by the Waikato men; the other, facing the direction of Kihikihi, was manned by the Ngati-Raukawa tribe (Ngati-Te Kohera, etc.). An earth parapet, six or seven feet high, surrounded the *pa*, together with a ditch and a hastily-built fence. The *pa* was built partly in a grove of peach-trees; some of these we cut down for firewood. Fern and

flax partly masked the entrenchments; on the south side there was a high growth of flax and shrubs; then the land sloped steeply to a large swamp—through which we survivors afterwards made our escape to the Punin River.

"We numbered something over 300. Of these about twenty were women, who followed their husbands and brothers to battle. The Ngati-Maniapoto tribe formed the greater part of the garrison; there were 100 of us; the chiefs were my cousins Rewi [Manga] and Raureti, and myself. Of Waikato proper there were only 20, under Te Whatarau, Nuimoa te Paewaka, and Wi Karamoa. There were about 50 fighting-men of the Urewera tribe, from the distant forest-valley of Ruatahuna, under Hapurona and the very brave chief Te Henheu. Of Ngati-Raukawa and Ngati-te-Kohera, from the Taupo district, there were about 130, mostly of the former tribe, under the old warrior Te Paerata and his sons Hone Teri te Paerata and Hitiri. Of food we had but a small supply —some potatoes, *kumara,* and pumpkins. We had no water in the *pa,* and suffered great thirst on the second and third days. The only way in which we could moisten our throats was by eating the potatoes raw and drinking the juice from the pumpkins.

"The *pakeha* soldiers advanced on our position before we had it quite completed. Early one morning we were outside the *pa,* holding a religious service, as was our custom, and singing hymns and repeating prayers from the Church of England ritual. One of our chiefs, who was a minister, was praying to Jesus Christ to guard and uphold us, and protect us against the anger of the *pakeha,* and all of us were bowed with our hands over our eyes. I happened to look up and saw a Ngati-Raukawa man, who was standing on an elevated position, beckoning to me and pointing with his hand. I looked and there came the white soldiers. When prayers ceased I gave the alarm and we quickly manned the trenches and parapets. Our

arms were mostly double and single-barrelled smooth-bore guns; our ammunition supply was short. I was armed with a *tupara* [double-barrelled gun], and wore two *hamanu* [cartridge-belts] one strapped round my waist, the other over my shoulder. Some of us had European clothes, some Maori garments of flax. Round our loins we wore shawls or short flax mats. Rewi Maniapoto had a short *parawai* mat of soft flax round his waist; over that he wore a flax *piupiu* kilt; he also wore a shirt and waistcoat. He did not carry a gun, but bore a whalebone *mere* or *patu-paraoa*. Rewi did not personally take part in the firing, but gave orders to his people and served out powder, bullets, and paper with which to make cartridges.

"So on marched the soldiers, tramping through the fern and flax and along the narrow paths between the plantations and fruit-groves, until they arrived near our earthworks, and, as soon as they came within close range, we fired heavy volleys at them. They quickly surrounded the *pa*, and then gradually drew their lines closer, firing into us continually. On a hill close by (near the spot where the *pakeha* blockhouse was afterwards built) they planted a gun and began to shell us. Others with spades began to sap towards us, and dug their trench close up to the corner nearest the gun-hill. When this sap approached completion, the soldiers in it threw hand-grenades over the parapets into the *pa*. Sometimes these things burst with terrible noise and killed and wounded many Maoris. Sometimes, however, the *wiki* ["wick"; fuse] did not burn quickly enough and we were able to hurl them back again into the sap where they exploded amongst the men who had first thrown them. The big gun battered away at our defences, and all the time the bullets were singing round our heads.

"We made several sorties into the sap. Twenty of us made a *kokiri* [charge] into the trench as it was being driven up to the walls. The chief Te Hurirama was shot

dead outside the *pa*. We killed and wounded several soldiers. I shot a soldier that day on the eastern side of the *pa*. All day the firing was fierce; nor did it cease when darkness came. Both sides continued firing during the night, though we could see nothing but the flashes of the guns. And now began our sufferings, for we had no water, and dead and wounded men lay about the *pa*.

"All next day (the second of the siege) we continued fighting. Our ammunition began to fail, and as we had very few bullets we cut up small bits of wood, branches of peach and apple-trees, and put them in the cartridges to serve as bullets. The day was very hot, and we were parched with thirst. But all this time the people withstood the *pakeha* to the death. I proposed to Rewi that we should fight our way out that night, else, did we remain till day, we were all dead men.

"Rewi agreed with me, and went to speak with the other chiefs and get their opinions. He went to Raureti, to the Paerata, to Te Heuheu, of the Urewera, but all returned the same reply: 'We will not retreat,' said they, 'we will fight on.' [*Kaore e pai kai haere, engari me whawhai tonu.*].

"'*E pai ana*,' ['It is well,'] said Rewi.

"All day and night the bullets and the shells fell among us, killing and wounding many. We cooked some food, but could eat little, for our throats were sore and dry. But our chiefs encouraged the garrison to fight on, and the men and women sang songs to encourage one another and to inflame their souls to battle. This was one of the war-songs sung by the people at night—a song comparing the Governor and his land-hunger to a bullock devouring the leaves of the *raurekau* shrub:

" He kau ra,
He kau ra.
U-u!
He kau Kawana koe
Kia miti mai te *raurekau*—

A he kau ra—he kau ra!
U-u-u!

(" Oh, a beast,
A beast that bellows—
Oo-oo!
A beast art thou, O Governor,
That lickest in the leaves of the *raurekau*,
A beast—oh, a beast!
Oo-oo!)

"The early morning of the third day was overcast and foggy, and as the day began to break faintly, I again suggested to Rewi, 'Let us charge out before it is quite light; in the fog we may fight our way through.'

"To this Rewi assented, and again sounded the chiefs. But they would not agree, and repeated that they would fight and fight on. So Rewi and I and all of us remained to resist to the end. The firing was hot, and the hand-grenades from the men in the sap fell and burst amongst us. That day the white General sent his interpreter, Mr. Mair [afterwards Major Mair, Judge of the Native Land Court], to us with a proposal that we should surrender and so save our lives. We refused to surrender, and replied that we would continue to fight. The interpreter asked us to let the women and children leave the *pa*, so that if we persisted in our resistance they at least might be saved. But our women were as determined as the men, and they replied that if their husbands were to die they would die too.*

"The brave chief Te Heuheu, of the Urewera company, was one of the most stubborn in his determination to hold the *pa*. The firing recommenced, hotter than before, and the chiefs loudly encouraged their warriors. Te Heuheu was a man of between 40 and 45 years of age, with a tattooed face and of fine appearance. Up he sprang, girt about the waist with a shawl, his gun in his hand and his cartridge-belts buckled round him—he leaped in the air and rolled his eyes in the *pukana* grimace as he ran up and down. He waved his gun, and he and his men

*A Ngati-te-Kohera account I have received states that Hauraki Tonganui was the man who replied to the *pakeha* demand for surrender. This corroborates Major Mair's account given elsewhere. Hauraki said to the interpreter:

"No, we won't surrender to you. Let all of you go back to Kihikihi and we will go home and leave Orakau." "*Hokihoki koutou katoa ki Kihikihi; ka hoki matou ki to matou kainga, me waiho atu Orakau nei.*"

Then Ahumai, Te Paerata's daughter, who was in the outer trench with the men, stood up and made a similar reply, adding that if the men died the women would remain and die with them.

danced their war-dance and shouted altogether this *ngeri* or battle song:

"Awhea tou ure ka riri?
Awhea tou ure ka tora?
E kite tai ka wiwini,
E kite tai ka wawara.
Tukua te ihu ki te tamaiti.
Me pewhea? Ka kite koe
I nga tai whakamauamaua
Te toa haere ana—
Ka riro he Rongo-mai-whiti!"

[This is the famous traditional war-song of the Ngati-Toa and allied tribes, and it must have been sung with thrilling effect that morning by the desperate men of Orakau. The *ngeri* has been translated thus:—

"When will your valour rage?
When will your manhood burn?
Now the tide murmurs,
Now the tide roars.
Take farewell of your children,
For what can you do?
Behold like the triumphant
And proud waves of ocean
The warriors marching on!"]

"It was that afternoon that we made our rush out of the redoubt," continued Tupotahi, after reciting the great war-song. "We decided to fight our way out, for we could hold the *pa* no longer. Our dead and badly wounded we left in the *pa*. We loaded our guns with the last of our ammunition, then we burst out of the southern side, near the flanking angle, and headed down the slope in the direction of the swamp and the Puniu. Our women were in the centre. Raureti led the warriors. There was high flax growing on this side in places, and the scrub and fern were thick. We saw that we should have to cut through the soldiers who guarded that side of the *pa*, on the steep hill slope. Prayers were uttered by us all—prayers to the God of the *pakehas* and some also repeated *karakia* to the Maori gods for help.

"I was just in the act of getting over the timber fence that surrounded the *pa*, in company with my people, when I received my wound. A soldier shot me in the neck

here''—and the old man bared his neck on the right side and showed a deep scarred mark where the bullet had passed in at the collar-bone. ''The bullet broke the bone and went out at the back of my right shoulder. I fell in the fern, and my gun was hurled from my hand two or three yards away. I got up and tried to pick up the gun, but my right arm hung helpless, as if it were paralysed. I took the gun in my left hand and ran on after the others. I could not fire a shot, and to support my right arm I carried the hand in my mouth so,'' placing his fingers between his teeth. ''I went on like that for a little distance; but I was biting my fingers so hard that the pain made me take them out, and I then supported my right hand and arm with my left, leaving my gun on the ground. As I travelled along so, I suddenly saw a bayonet shining in front of me, and a gun levelled at me through the fern, but I was not hit again, though the bullets were flying all round. We hastened down to the swamp-edge, and into the shelter of the *manuka* scrub. My comrades fell all around me. I saw the old chief Te Paerata killed, he was shot dead while descending the hill to the swamp. Nearly all his family were slain—Hone Teri amongst them, and his daughter Ahumai was wounded in several places. The brave Urewera chief Te Heuheu was shot dead while fighting his way to the swamp. I saw the Taupo chief Te Kohika in hand-to-hand conflict with a soldier. Raureti, too, fought bravely. I saw him shoot a soldier as we made our escape. The troops were now behind us and on our flanks, and the mounted men, armed with swords, rode round the swamp to cut us off as we fled to the Ngamoko hills and the Pmin. I struggled on through the high *manuka* until I heard the soldiers' bugle sound to call them back from the chase, as it was now darkening. Then as I was half-dead with pain and loss of blood, and thirst, I lay down unable to move any further. I lay there for some time, tortured with thirst, for the swamp was dry and I could find no water. At last I rose again and made my way through the *manuka* to

From a drawing by Capt. T. Ryan, Taupo.

Ahumai te Paerata, the heroine of Orakau. Ahumai died at Mokai, Taupo, in 1908.

the hills on the other side, and then travelled slowly along alone through the fern to the banks of the Puniu. There the survivors gathered, and I was taken to the Otewa village, on the Upper Waipa, where my wound was tended.

"One hundred and sixty Maoris were killed in the three days' battle—about half of us—besides many wounded. Some of the women were killed and wounded. Great was the lamentation for the brave, fallen in defence of the soil of their ancestors. Our lands went to the *pakeha*, and we were as a remnant. But it was a good fight and we took our honour with us."

Major Mair's Narrative.

Major W. G. Mair gives me the following account of his interview with the Maoris when he, as staff interpreter, was requested by General Cameron to communicate with them and summon them to surrender. He wrote the narrative in the form of a letter to a relative immediately after the capture of the *pa*:

"I got up on the edge of the sap and looked through a gap in the gabions made for the field-piece. The outwork in front of me was a sort of double rifle-pit, with the *pa* or redoubt behind it. The Maoris were in rows, the nearest row only a few yards from me. I cannot forget the dust-stained faces, bloodshot eyes, and shaggy heads. The muzzles of their guns rested on the edge of the ditch in front of them. One man aimed steadily at me all the time [his name was Wereta].

"Then I said: '*E hoa ma, whakarongo! Ko te kupu tenei a te Tienara: ka nui tona miharo ki to koutou maia, kati, me mutu te riri, puta mai kia matou, kia ora o koutou tinana.*'

['Friends, listen! This is the word of the General: Great is his admiration of your bravery. Stop! Let the fighting cease; come out to us that your bodies may be saved.']

"I could see the Maoris inclining their heads towards each other in consultation, and in a few minutes came the answer in a clear firm tone:

"'*E hoa, ka whawhai tonu ahau kia koe, ake, ake!*' ['Friend, I will fight against you for ever, for ever!']

"Then I said: '*E pai ana tena mo koutou tangata, engari kahore e tika kia mate nga wahine, me nga tamariki. Tukuna mai era.*' ['That is well for you men, but it is not right that the women and children should die. Let them come out.']

"Some one asked, '*Na te aha koe i mohio he wahine kei konei?*' ['How did you know there were women here?']

"I answered, '*I rongo ahau ki te tangi tupapaku i te po.*' ['I heard the lamentations for the dead in the night.']

"There was a short deliberation, and another voice made answer:

"'*Ki te mate nga tane, me mate ano nga wahine me nga tamariki.*' ['If the men die, the women and children must die also.']

"I knew that it was over, for there was no disposition on the part of the Maoris to parley; so I said, '*E pai ana, kua mutu te kupu*' ['It is well, the word is ended'], and dropped quickly into the sap.

"Wereta, the man who had been aiming at me, was determined to have the last say in the matter, and he fired at me. His bullet just tipped my right shoulder, cutting my revolver strap, and tearing a hole in my tunic. Wereta did not long survive his treachery, for he was killed by a hand-grenade soon after.

"The people in this outwork were Ngati-Te-Kohera, of Taupo, under their chief Te Paerata, whose sons Hone Teri and Hitiri and his daughter Ahumai (wife of Wereta) were with him in the trench. There were also some of the Urewera under the chief Piripi te Heuheu. Very few of them escaped.

"When I dropped back the Maoris renewed the firing, and our people crowded round me to hear the news. I

said, 'They mean to fight you for ever.' The soldiers cheered and the fire on both sides became very hot.

"I went straight back to General Cameron to tell him the result of my mission. He was deeply impressed (he certainly did not like killing them) and Sir Henry Havelock said, in his jerky way, 'Rare plucked 'uns, rare plucked 'uns!' It was not long after this that Captain Hurford and others made a rush from the head of the sap and drove the Maoris out of the double rifle-pit. A connection was soon made with the sap, and the end was approaching."

Major Mair further informs me that Rewi did not to his knowledge connect himself with the famous reply until he came to Auckland, about 1878, at the request of Sir George Grey and Mr. John Sheehan, Native Minister, who introduced him to the public as the "hero of Orakau," it being necessary to make some political capital out of his visit. "I was repeatedly asked to contradict the fiction," Major Mair says, "but I declined to do so while Rewi was alive. I am satisfied that it was Hauraki Tonganui, a chief of Ngati-Parekawa—a *hapu* of Ngati-Tuwharetoa and Ngati-Raukawa (of Taupo)—that spoke to me first, and then Ahumai, Hitiri's sister. No doubt Rewi in the end really believed that he was the speaker in the trenches, just as King George III. believed in his dotage that he commanded the British and their allies at the Battle of Waterloo."*

To this it may be added that one of the real heroes of Orakau was Hitiri te Paerata, who stole out from the *pa* at night, dodging the British soldiers, to fetch water from the adjacent swamp for the wounded Maoris. Nearly all his relatives in the *pa*—his father, uncle, and

*Last year, Major Mair, when holding a sitting of the Native Land Court at Kihikihi, was invited one Sunday by Mr. Andrew Kay, who lives near the historic spot, to meet the Orakau settlers on the site of the *pa* and tell them its story. He did so, and as some of the land had been recently ploughed there was no difficulty in finding relics of the battle. Old Enfield bullets were gathered by the handful, and an unexploded hand-grenade found on the site of the *pa* was given to the Major. He has always regretted that the famous redoubt was levelled and destroyed by the troops.

brothers—were slain; the only one who escaped was his sister Ahumai, who was wounded in four places. She was shot in the right side, the bullet going through her body and coming out on the left; she was shot right through the shoulder, the bullet coming out at her back; she was also shot through the wrist; and her left thumb was shot away. Yet she recovered, and lived at Taupo for forty-four years afterwards. She died in 1908 at the little settlement of Mokai, on the northern shore of Lake Taupo, and her valiant brother, Hitiri te Paerata—a fine old type of the tall, straight, athletic Maori fighting-man—died a few months ago. Theirs is a family story of sadness and glory that our writers of the future may well employ in touching song and thrilling saga.

Memorials have been erected in the little churchyard at Te Awamutu over the graves of the white soldiers who fell at Orakau. But nothing marks the last resting-place of the Maoris who died there, except a few clumps of blue-gums planted by the settlers to denote their burial-trenches. Some day it will be recognised that the brave men and women of the native race are deserving of at least as much honour as the whites, and then perhaps a fitting monument will stand on the site of the Orakau *pa*.

Chapter XXIX.

A WAR-CANOE EXPEDITION.

In the days of the Maori campaigns of 1863-71 Rotorua was lively with all the turmoil of war-time. The Arawa tribe were nearly all "Queenites," supporters of the white Government; those *hapus* who were hostile to the *pakeha* were a section of the Ngati-Pikiao, who lived on the shores of Lake Rotoiti, and some of the Ngati-Rangiwewehi, whose headquarters were Te Awahou and Puhirua, Lake Rotorua. In those times the only craft that floated on the waters of these lakes were Maori canoes; there were great numbers of them, and some were of large size and were fully equipped as war-canoes, with carved figureheads and stern-posts, and other appurtenances of that triumph of savage naval art the *waka-taua*.

Taua Tutanekai Haerehuka, the Arawa *tohunga* and historian, from whose lips have come some of the songs and chants and stories already set down in this book, gives an account full of picturesque detail of one of the war-time canoe expeditions at Rotorua, in which he shared as a boy—a Maori "powder-monkey" in fact—in the early part of the Hauhau wars.

It was towards the end of 1864, just after the Hauhau fanaticism had spread from Taranaki to the tribes of the eastern side of the Island, that news reached Rotorua of a rebel invasion from the Tai-Rawhiti, the "Tide of the Rising Sun," that is to say, the East Coast. A large war-party of the Ngati-Porou and Whakatohea and allied tribes, newly infected with the *Pai-marire* craze and roused to a frenzy of hatred against the whites, had marched round the Coast, and up from Whakatane, and

were approaching Lake Rotoiti, there to meet the rebel section of the Ngati-Pikiao and march thence to the Waikato, join the Maori King and renew the struggle with the Queen's troops. There was a Government officer (Dr. Nesbit) then residing at Maketu, on the Bay of Plenty Coast, and he quickly set to work with the co-operation of the Arawa chiefs to raise a war-party and drive back the Hauhaus. All was excitement and battle fury in Ohinemutu, the big stockaded village by the lake-side. Seven large war canoes were fitted out as the flotilla of the Arawa expedition, to proceed to Tapuaeharuru, at the eastern extremity of Rotoiti, and there await the enemy.

The four principal canoes were manned as follows, by the warriors of the several clans of the Queenite Maoris, including a party of armed men from Lake Taupo:

War-canoe "Te Iroiro," containing seventy men of the Ngati-Uenukukopako section of the Arawa tribe, and Dr. Nesbit, Government Officer.

"Te Arawa," manned by fifty warriors of the Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribe, from Taupo.

"Te Popokorua" ("The Ant"), with fifty men of Ngati-Whakaue.

"Te Ngaungau," thirty-five men of Ngati-Whakaue.

The other three canoes were manned by members of the Ngati-Whakaue tribe, of Ohinemutu and other villages.

Each canoe, as it was launched and manned, was taken charge of by its captain and time-giver, the *kai-hautu* or *kai-tuki-waka,* who stood amidships, chanting canoe-songs and war-songs and giving the time for the strokes of the paddles. The *kai-hautu* of the great canoe "Iroiro" [this canoe, reduced in size, is still in existence, at Mokoia Island] was the young chief Te Waharoa [who died at Utuhina, Rotorua, in 1908]. He was stripped to the waist; his only garment was a *korowai* mat, which was belted around him; in his head-band was a *huia*

feather; in his hand he waved a glistening greenstone *patu* or sharp-edged club. "Te Arawa," paddled by the wild-eyed men from the shores of the great central Lake, was commanded by Rawiri Kahia, a fine-looking young chief with a tattooed face. In his hair was stuck a *huia* plume, and he, like Waharoa, gripped a greenstone *patu*. The *kai-hautu* who balanced himself amidships in "Te Popokorua," and urged on Ngati-Whakaue with shout and song, was Kohai Tarahina, a smart and active young warrior from Ohinemutu, with a reputation as a *toa* or fighting man. He was a noble figure, the ideal of a savage hero, as he stood there, gracefully and easily turning now to this side and now to that, beating the measure for the paddle dips with his weapon of wood, a *paiaka;* the black-and-white tail-feathers of the *huia* and the beautiful snowy plumes of the rare *kotuku*, or white heron, waving in his head-chaplet; a fine woven flax garment of the kind known as the *korohunga*, with an ornamental border in the *taniko* pattern, round his waist; his athletic brown torso bare; fire in his eye and vigour and determination in his every gesture—such was old Kohai in his prime. (Only the other day Kohai showed that he was still

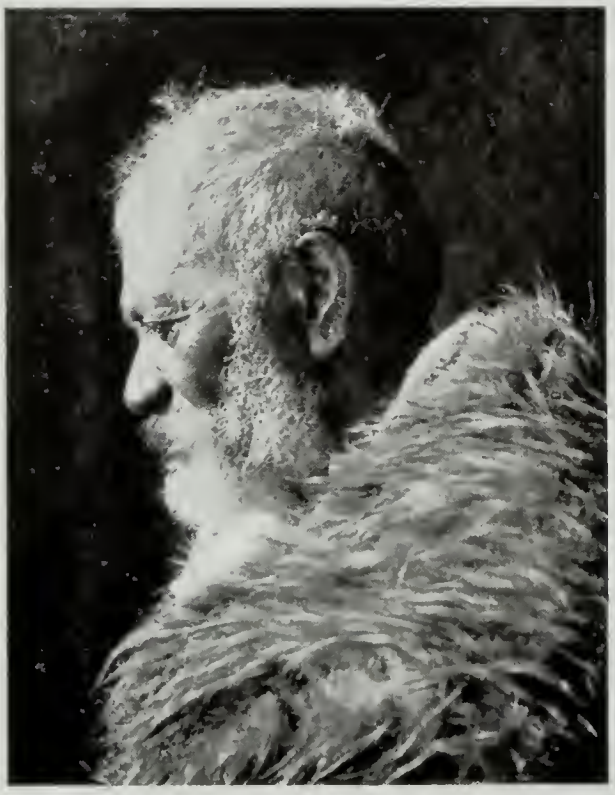


Photo by Capt. T. Ryan, Taupo, 1908.
Rawiri Kahia, of the Ngati-Tuwhareton tribe, Taupo. Died 1909.

animated by something of the olden spirit, for it was he who was one of the *tangata-ware* or spearsmen who gave challenge after the ancient manner to Admiral Sperry and the officers of the American Fleet on their official entry into the Government grounds at Rotorua.) "Te Ngaungu," the fourth large canoe, was captained by a chief named Te Tieke, who brandished a *taiaha*; his only clothing was a *korohunga* waist-mat. "I was in the 'Popokorua,'" says Tutanekai; "there I sat, a boy of twelve or so, on my first war-path. My weapon was a pistol, which my father allowed me to have. The warriors were armed with *tupara*, double-barrelled guns, and other firearms, some given to them by the Government; some had Maori weapons, such as stone hand-clubs [*patu* or *mere*], *taiaha*, and whalebone *hoeroa*; all they wore was a waist-mat or shawl of some kind, fastened round the body and falling to the knees."

Shoving off from the beach at Ohinemutu, the canoes set out across the lake, bound for the mouth of the Ohau River. As soon as they had got well off from the shore, they ranged alongside one another, bows level, in order to advance in true warlike order down the lake. Now for the songs of the *kai-hautu*. Paddles swung and dipped and rose again and fell in time to the chants of the captains, and every paddle took the water as one, for the captains all chanted the same song, young Waharoa giving the word to begin. And this is the wild boat-song of the Arawa that rang far across the lake, as the sharp-pointed *manuka* blades of two hundred and fifty brown paddlers sent the gargoyle-decorated bows of the seven war-canoes hissing through the water:—

Rite, ko te rite!
Te ihu takoto atu,
Waenga kia hinga,
Te kei akina—
Aha-ha!
Tera koia ko Tioriori
E purehurehu ana i runga ra.
E aku kai-kamo e wairutu nei.
Tiaia, a tiaia!
Toki hika toki,
Toki hika toki!

(Translation.)

Together—all together!
Bow-paddles there, all together;
'Midships there, keep time!
Stern-paddles, all together.
Now we're going along!
See yon brightly shining star
Tioriori, flashing in the morning sky.
My eyes are dimmed with the heat of paddling.
Plunge in your paddles!
Dig away, dig away!

(Silence for a while, a breathing space, the *kai-tukis* beating time for the paddles; then they began again.)

E te tahakura
Whakarika rawa mai
I te ahiahi,
Kia tohu au
He tukunga taha mai
No taku hoa e.
Ka hoki au.
  Tiaia, e tiaia!
  Toki hika toki!
Tera koia nga hoa,
Wini a Te Haimona,
I kite ake te pari ki Tuhua.
E kai ongeonge taku tou
Ki te noho;
E tuia ake ana
E puruhi ngau papa,
To runga tapu o taku huha.
E titiro pi au ko Honehone;
Whakamau kau atu te titiro
Ki te wahapu ki Ohau ra.
  Tiaia!
Rite, ko te rite!
Hukere, ka hukere!
Ka rere-e, a ka rere
Te pai huruhuru
Ki te papa o te waka nei.
  Toki hika toki,
  Toki hika toki!

Ah, when evening came
And slumber closed my eyes
The spirit of my love
Did visit me.
My side twitched as I dreamed,
'Twas a sign my love was near.
Ah, let me soon return!
  Paddle away!
Yonder see our leaders
Winiata and Haimona,
Who gazed upon the cliffs of Tuhua.
I'm weary sitting at my paddle;
But soon I'll leap to battle
As if I had been bitten.
Now our eyeballs madly stare!
Steersman, straight for the Ohau
    River mouth—
  Paddle away!
All together, all together!
Quickly plunge your paddle blades.
How bravely fly the feathers
That deck our war canoe!
  Paddle away,
  And away!

So chanting and paddling, all the crews keeping their long narrow craft level with each other, the Queenite warriors swept across the lake. Then in single file they entered the Ohau stream and came abreast again when they reached Rotoiti. Paddling down that lake in the evening they ran their canoes up, as darkness fell, on the sandy beach of Te Ngutu-o-te-koko ("The Beak of the Parson-bird"), at Tapuae-harurn ("Sounding-Footsteps"). Here the path known as "Hongi's Track" emerged from the forest that lay to the east. In that dark forest were camped the men of Ngati-Porou and their Lakeland allies, the Ngati-Pikiao.

The Rotorua war-party sent out scouts to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. One of them, the chief Petera te Pukuatua, saw a light in the bush and cautiously approaching in that direction heard voices and recognised the dialect of Ngati-Porou. He returned and gave the

news, and after discussion amongst the chiefs, it was decided to leave Tapuae-haruru, and give battle to the "Tai-Rawhiti" at Te Komuhumuhu, a short distance up the lake on the southern shore. Re-launching the canoes, the Arawa quietly paddled up to the place selected, and landed there just as daylight was beginning to appear.

Ngati-Porou came on after the apparently retreating Arawa, and marching along the Rotoiti shore found their way blocked at Te Komuhumuhu, which lies between Wai-iti and the pretty bay of Ruato (where the present coach road turns off to Lake Okataina). Here the fight was fought. The men of the Tai-Rawhiti took post behind the fern-grown earthworks of an old *pa* above the track, but the Arawa soldiers charged and drove them out of it. The skirmish went on along the shores of the lake, and much powder was burned, and it was altogether quite a pretty little battle. But the slaughter was not very terrible. The Queenite and Hauhau sections of the Arawa nation, it is said, did not do each other very great damage. Of the Ngati-Porou and other invading tribes twelve were killed and were buried on the lake-side. An Arawa named Te Pia, of the Tuhourangi tribe, was shot through the body and killed, and nine or ten others of the Queenite *ope* were wounded. Young Tutanekai, not being old enough to take a place in the fighting line, was employed in carrying powder to the men of his tribe, the Ngati-Whakaue. The battle of the Komuhumuhu ended in Ngati-Porou being driven back the way they came, and they did not again venture into Lakeland. And the warriors of the Arawa returned in triumph to their homes, and great was their reception as they swept up in their grand canoes to Ruapeka Bay, and danced their *peruperu* of victory on the shining pumice sands of Ohinemutu.

Chapter XXX.

THE HAUHAUS.

The strange fanatic faith of Hauhau-ism or *Pai-marire,* which spread from the foot of Taranaki mountain throughout the North Island in 1864-65, banded together the unfriendly tribes in a bitterly savage confederation against the white man. It was a semi-religious crusade, a kind of "Holy War," and it had its Mad Mullahs, its prophets like Kereopa and Hepanaia, who carried the gospel of blood from tribe to tribe, and bore the fiery cross, or its symbol, a white soldier's severed head, from *kainga* to *kainga*, from the plains of Waimate to the distant forests of Tuhoe-land. It was a crazy cult, but it knit together tribes which otherwise would have stood aloof from each other and sent them into active hostilities against the Government troops, and protracted until 1871 a war which otherwise would have ended probably in 1864.

Te Ua, of Taranaki, the founder of the Hauhau religion, was from all accounts a harmless fellow, who suffered from a mild form of religious mania, but who did not anticipate or realise the extraordinary hold his fantastic faith would have upon the people, or the excesses into which it would lead them. The later prophets and war-leaders, of whom Te Kooti was the greatest, were prototypes of the Egyptian Mahdis, who gave many a British regiment a "cutting-up" in the Soudan. The blind faith which the Hauhaus reposed in their leaders had its counterpart in the Mohammedan religious frenzy. To the chant of "*Matua pai marire* [Father, Good and Gracious]—*rire, rire—hau!*" the Maori warriors rushed into battle, with uplifted right hands making mystic

passes; this incantation ending in the loudly-barked "*Hau!*" [from which came the name "Hauhau"] was accounted a powerful spell, for it was believed to ward off the white man's bullets—and any luckless Maori who fell had but his own want of faith to blame. So said the Hauhau prophets! And to this day, night and morning, in some of the bush *kaingas* of Tuhoe-land the cult of the "Ringa-tu"—the "Uplifted Hand"—is honoured with chant and gesture as of old, though the old fanatic fire has gone.

In every Hauhau village, in some places long after the war had ended, there stood a *Niu*, a sacred flagstaff, rigged with yard and flag-halliards. Round this *niu* were performed the singular ceremonies of the *Pai-marire*. Morning and night, and sometimes several times a day the people would march in procession round the pole, chanting the wild music of the Hauhau ritual.

It was a most curious medley of words and phrases learned from the Europeans, a jargon which Te Ua had originated; his followers, in mouthing the senseless mixture of pidgin-English, imagined they had been given the Biblical gift of tongues. Military words of command heard in soldiers' camps and sailor-phrases learned on coasting craft were mingled with the *karakia*.

A Hauhau who followed the savage old war-chief Titokowaru's fortunes throughout the bush-fighting in Taranaki in the later sixties, has described to me the *karakia* of the *Niu*, and chanted again and again the Hauhau *waiatas*. Let me introduce a typical scene in 1866-7 in the big Maori village Taiporohenui—near where the present town of Hawera stands—the great gathering-place of the Taranaki tribes then in rebellion.

"*Porini, hoia!*" ("Fall in, Soldiers!") shouted the priest, the big black-bearded fighting chief Tito te Hanataua, his blanket girded round him. He stood at the foot of the flagstaff, and all the people, men, women, and children, ran to take their places in a dense ring around the pole.

"*Teihana!*" ("Attention!") and they stood still waiting. Then—"*Piki mauteni, rongo mauteni, piki Niu,*" and so on the leader chanted, and round the praying-pole they went in a ring. This is some of the gibberish the prophet-deluded people intoned as they marched. The translation reads ridiculously, but in the many-vowelled Maori tongue the words were softened and long-drawn out till they sounded like some ancient heathen hymn; the illusion, however, was broken by the shouted "*Teihana!*" at the end of each *rangi* or verse:

Mauteni	Mountain
Piki mauteni	Big Mountain
Rongo mauteni	Long Mountain
Piki Niu	Big Staff
Rongo Niu	Long Staff
Teihana!	Attention!
Nota	North
No te pihi	North by East
No te hihi	N.Nor'-east
Norito mino	N.E. by North
Noriti	North-east
Koroni	Colony
Teihana!	Attention!
Hai	High
Kamu te ti	Come to tea
Oro te mene	All the men
Ranna	Round
Te Niu	The Niu
Teihana!	Attention!
Hema	Shem
Rurawini	Rule the wind.
Tu mate wini	Too much wind
Kamu te ti	Come to tea
Teihana!	Attention!
Kira	Kill
Wana	One
Tu	Two
Tiri	Three
Wha	Four
Teihana!	Attention!
Rewa	River
Piki rewa	Big River
Rongo rewa	Long River
Tone	Stone
Piki tone	Big Stone
Teihana!	Attention!

Rori	Road
Piki rori	Big Road
Rongo rori	Long Road
Puihi	Bush
Piki puihi	Big Bush
Teihana!	Attention!
Rongo puihi	Long Bush
Rongo tone	Long Stone
Hira	Hill
Piki hira	Big Hill
Rongo hira	Long Hill.
Teihana	Attention!

Then the measure of the incantation would change, and take a less staccato and more musical note.

E te Matua pai mārire!
(O Father good and gracious!)

the leader would begin, and all the people would respond

'Rire, 'rire, hau!

Then they would chant in a wild sing-song, sometimes falling softly away and then rising and swelling into a volume that throbbed with fanatic fervour, such words as these, which were used as a part of the ritual of "*Waiata mo te ata*" or "Morning Song":

To mai Niu korōria, mai mērire!
To mai Niu korōria, mai mērire!
To mai Niu korōria, mai mērire!
To rire, rire!
(My glorious Niu, have mercy on me!
My glorious Niu, have mercy on me!
My glorious Niu, have mercy on me!
Have mercy, mercy [or peace, peace])!

Another burst of "Morning Song" would follow:

Atua pai-mārire,
Atua pai-mārire,
Atua pai-mārire,
Rire, rire!

Atua Tamaiti pai-mārire,
Atua Tamaiti pai-mārire,
Atua Tamaiti pai-mārire,
Rire, rire!

Atua Wairua Tapu, pai-mārire,
Atua Wairua Tapu, pai-mārire,
Atua Wairua Tapu, pai-mārire,
Rire, rire!

This chant, rhythmic and haunting in its frequent repetitions, seemed to be taken from the Church of England prayer-book. It called upon God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost to "have mercy upon us—mercy, mercy."

In the evenings, too, there were weird pictures and weirder sounds in the great meeting-house of Taiporohenui. Before the night's speech-making and gossiping began, there were the Hauhau prayers, intoned by many earnest voices, and there was much of wild beauty in the chanting. This is one of the evening chants:

To tangikere Pata, mai merire,
To tangikere Pata, mai merire,
To tangikere Pata, mai merire.

To tangikere Titekoti, mai merire,
To tangikere Titekoti, mai merire,
To tangikere Titekoti, mai merire.

To tangikere Orikoti, mai merire,
To tangikere Orikoti, mai merire,
To tangikere Orikoti, mai merire.
To rire, rire!

Translated, and avoiding the repetitions of the Maori, these lines were:

"O Father, have mercy on me,
Holy Ghost, have mercy on me,
Holy Ghost, have mercy on me,
Mercy, mercy!"

Peace and piety were apparently the special characteristics of the Hauhaus, if one judged them by their hymns and prayers; but all these chants were regarded as so many potent incantations, all designed to exalt the Maori and obtain for him spiritual and material advantage over the hated white man.

These Hauhau chants survived long after the war in Taranaki and elsewhere, and were to be heard amongst the Waikato and Ngati-Maniapoto people up till comparatively recently. King Tawhiao's followers had a somewhat similar ritual in the "eighties," a service

From a photo, 1908.

Tutange Waionui, of Patea, one of Titokowaru's most active scouts and fighting-men in the Taranaki War of 1868-69. Tutange is here shown in war-costume similar to that of 1868.

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called the "Tariao" (the "Morning Star"), a very musical series of chants, all the people joining in the long-drawn responses.

In the Hauhau wars which were waged from 1864 to 1871 much of the savagery of ancient days was revived—the beheading and mutilation of bodies, the cutting out of hearts, and cannibalism. After 1865 the work of fighting the Hauhaus fell wholly upon the Colonial forces—what British regiments remained in New Zealand did garrison duty—and a hard tussle it was for the *pakeha* columns in the Taranaki bush and on the East Coast. Much has appeared in print in narration of that six-years' Hauhau struggle, but a really good history of the war has yet to be written.

Taranaki was the scene of the sharpest fighting. Here, beneath the towering form of his mountain-god, whom the *pakeha* calls Mount Egmont, the war-chief and priest Titokowaru gathered his wild followers and launched them against the whites. He revived many a pagan rite of old, and in his forest-stockades the heart of the first *pakeha* slain in a skirmish was offered in burnt sacrifice to Uenuku, the God of War.

Titokowaru had a sacred *ope* or war-party called the *Tekau-ma-rua* ("The Twelve"), who preceded the main body of fighting-men on the war-path. Says Tutange Waionui, the ex-Hauhau warrior, of Pariroa, Patea:

"I was on many occasions a member of the *tapu* war-party of twelve, all *tino toa*, or tried soldiers, called the *Tekau-ma-rua*. Titokowaru so numbered and named them, because of the mystic force or prestige supposed to attach to the number 12. There were the Twelve Apostles in the Scriptures—Titokowaru and all the Hauhaus were great students of the Bible; there were the twelve sons of Jacob [it was really these that the *Tekau-ma-rua* were named after]; and there were twelve months of the year. Titokowaru would choose the members of the Twelve in his praying-house, divining by means of his sacred *taiaha*, which pointed towards each man,

directed by the breath of his god Uenuku, the war-god, whose breath was the sacred wind called the *Whakarua*. The Twelve would take the war-trail first, and the rest of the warriors would follow us."

Many a wild and savage scene there was on the stockaded *marae* of such forest forts as Te Ngutu-o-te-manu. There was the war ceremony known as the *wero*, the ordeal of the spear. Whenever an engagement was expected or a raid projected, Titokowaru would parade all his men and divide them into two parties or *ope*, which would take up positions facing each other, a hundred yards or so apart, fully armed. The warriors had feathers stuck in their head-bands; they wore nothing but a *maro* or loin-mat, or a dangling *piupiu* round the waist; some of the wild old fellows disdained even that and paraded quite naked. Their cheeks and brows they daubed with red ochre, the war-paint of the Maori, or rubbed with charcoal.

The two *opes* sank to the kneeling position; each man on one knee; in his right hand he held his gun, butt on the ground. Suddenly, from the ranks of one *ope* out darted a young warrior, the fastest runner in the company. In his hand he carried a light spear or a stick; this was the *wero*. He ran towards the opposing *ope* until within a dozen yards or so of them, then cast his *wero* at them in challenge, and instantly turned and raced back to his comrades. Immediately the *wero* had been thrown a runner from the challenged *ope* rushed out in pursuit, leaving his gun on the ground. It was a wild chase, each warrior racing as if for life, breathlessly watched by the two companies and by the assembled crowd of women and other non-combatants. If the pursuing warrior managed to overtake and touch the *tangata-wero*, the spear-thrower, before he reached his comrades, then it was an omen of success in the impending fight for the men of the challenged *ope*; and of misfortune for the spear-thrower and his men. If on the other hand, the *tangata-wero* was fleet enough of foot to reach his

company without being caught, he and his comrades could enter upon the battle with the *pakehas* with a light heart and with assurance of victory. Such was the omen of the *wero*.

Then, the exciting race over, each *ope* leaped to its feet, and each in turn danced with terrible noise and fury of action that wild dance the *tutu-ngarahu,* the dance of battle and death. With feathers waving, eyes glaring, and guns held butt up, now above their heads, now swept low to the ground, the bushmen stamped the earth in far resounding tread, then jumped into the air, facing this way, then the other, all together in exactest time; and, as they danced and leaped and stamped, they chanted in a roaring chorus an awful war-song that rang far through the listening forest. It was an intensely savage, terrifying scene; except for the firearms and cross-belts and cartridge-boxes of the naked brown warriors it might have been a picture of a war-party back in the days of Captain Cook. Every vestige of the white man's civilisation but his weapons had been utterly cast aside.

Then, when the *Tekau-ma-rua* and their comrades had filled their cartouche-boxes and made all ready for the war-path, their sisters and sweethearts and wives took a hand. Attiring themselves in their waist-*piupius* of coloured flax, adorning their hair with white feathers, and dabbing red ochre on their cheeks, they lined up on the *marae* and danced the merry and voluptuous *poi*, to send the warriors off "in good heart" as the Maori has it.

Then, on the other coast of the Island, the *Tai-Rawhiti,* there were the campaigns against Te Kooti, or Turuki te Rikirangi as he was also called. Te Kooti figures in the recorded story of New Zealand as a Maori Nana Sahib. But, ruthless butcher as he was, there were traits in his stern pitiless character that gave an air of heroism to his wonderful fight against the *pakeha* forces. There are all the elements of a thrilling tale of adventure in his almost incredible exploits. From the day he "broke bounds" in the prison-isle of the Chathams, and seized

the three-masted schooner "Rifleman," in which he and his fellow-exiles regained the coast of New Zealand, his was an extraordinary career of bloodshed and barbarous warfare. Sometimes victorious, but more often routed by the Government troops (white and Maori), three times wounded in action, surprised innumerable times, his warrior band decimated, fleeing through hungry forests and stormy wastes, now pillaging and carousing like a pirate, now running for life with rifles cracking all around —from these vicissitudes this master of stratagem and guerilla warfare emerged, a worn and broken man, but free. For more than three years he eluded all the troops that the Colony could put in the field against him, and when he died—pardoned—in 1893 he was revered as a very demi-god by his followers. He had that Napoleonic personal magnetism that grappled his cut-throat followers to him "with hoops of steel." He proclaimed himself a prophet; he founded a fanatical religion of his own; he was as rigid and uncompromising and as severe a disciplinarian as Mahomet.

A Skirmish with Te Kooti.

One of the sharpest encounters Te Kooti and his men ever had with the Government forces was the running fight of Te Kapenga, near Rotorua, on February 7th, 1870, a fight in which Captain Gilbert Mair earned his New Zealand Cross. Te Kooti and a strong force had attacked Ohinemutu, the Arawa lake-side village, but made off when Mair—"Tawa" the Maoris called him—and his native constabulary appeared.

Mair and his men—he had only about twenty-five picked fighting-men with him that day, the rest were old fellows —pursued the retreating Hauhaus up the Hemo Hill, past the geyser-valley of Whakarewarewa, and out across the plains south-eastward; Te Kooti was making for the Urewera Mountains again. Seventy or eighty men, all trained fighters, formed the enemy's rearguard. Some of them were Ureweras; others were East Coast escapees

from the Chatham Islands. Te Kooti and his wife were both mounted. The black-bearded Hauhau chieftain, as picturesque a figure as a Wild West bandit, galloped about the plain, shouting to his followers and waving his revolver. He wore a grey shirt, riding-trousers and high boots, and a wide soft felt hat. His soldiery were a half-naked body of savages, whose brown skins glistened in the warm sunshine as if they had been oiled. They had that morning killed a number of pigs, and had greased their bodies well with pork-fat in anticipation of a running fight through the clinging fern and thick *manuka*. Like Falstaff's ragged army, there was barely a shirt and a half in all the company. Every warrior had stripped to a gantlin'; the clothing worn was in most cases simply a shawl or piece of blanket or a flax mat round the waist. Each man wore cartridge-belts—some had three or four; some were armed with revolvers as well as breech-loading rifles, carbines, or double-barrelled shot-guns, and a sharp tomahawk stuck in the waistbelt completed the Hauhau equipment.

Photo by Pulman, Auckland, about 1883.

Te Rangitahau, of Opepe, Taupo. This Hauhau warrior escaped with Te Kooti from the Chatham Islands in 1868, and fought against the Government troops up to 1871. Died at Rotorua, 1900.

On a little ferny rise above the Puarenga creek—just to the right of where the coach to Waimangu splashes through an intercepting rivulet—the enemy turned and opened a heavy fire. Mair extended his men, panting and

blowing from their sharp run, took cover, and replied with his thirty or thirty-five rifles—the rest of the Arawas had been knocked up by the severe cross-country work. The rearguard fell back, fighting every yard. A mile of this work, then another stand on the summit of a small plateau, where the young white lieutenant, with less than twenty followers, was almost surrounded by about sixty of Te Kooti's picked men. Here Mair shot Timoti te Kaka (one of the Rev. Mr. Volckner's murderers in 1865), smashing the lower part of his face with an expanding bullet. Desperately the Hauhaus charged, clubbing their rifles as they came to close quarters—so close that an Arawa was tomahawked—but Mair's fellows stood firm, shooting five of the rebels dead.

This Timoti te Kaka was one of the most thoroughly barbarous of Te Kooti's desperadoes. His was a remarkable reversion to primal savagery under the influence of a fanatic impulse. He had been one of Mr. Volckner's deacons at Opotiki, and for some time strenuously opposed Hauhauism. But at last he became a convert to the doctrine of fire and sword, and, after sharing in the murder of his old pastor, he plunged into rebellion. Said he to his tribe: "I stood firm in the missionary's faith, but at last I turned. Now you are going to do evil, carry it through—be strong in your wickedness!" No Hauhau exceeded him in ferocity. He was one of Te Kooti's "butchers"; the others were Te Rangitahau (who died at Rotorua, 1900), Horotiu, and Peka Makarini. These were the men told off to execute prisoners and mutilate them with swords and tomahawks.

Now, charging through a swamp away to the right of the present coach-road, after the retreating Hauhaus, "Tawa" suddenly noticed the corner of an embroidered Maori mat showing above the muddy ooze. He stooped and hauled on it, and doing so dragged up a big Hauhau, still gasping for breath. He had fallen mortally wounded in the rushes just a minute or so previously, and his comrades, thinking him dead, had hastily trodden him

down underneath the surface of the swamp, in order to conceal his body from the Arawas.

Fighting stubbornly, as they retired across the Kapenga plains, the Hauhau rearguard made a short stand at every rise, and laid frequent ambuscades in the thickets and fern. All this time their women were kept safely in advance. Men dropped frequently, and the rebel line of retreat was a trail of blood. At last as the sun set over the blue ranges Waikato-wards, the enemy reached the friendly gloom of the Tumunui bush. Here, to the far rear of Pakaraka village, the forested mass of Tumunui mountain rises from the plains, and up its cliffs clambered the Hauhaus, Te Kooti and his own bodyguard striking off around the mountain flank, where they were soon beyond pursuit. Just at the foot of the range, where the undulating ground sweeps away to table-topped Horohoro Mountain, "Tawa" fell into an ambuscade laid by about thirty Hauhaus, and having only three men with him he had a very narrow escape. Firing right and left, as rapidly as he could shove the cartridges into his carbine, he kept the enemy off, well-supported by his all but exhausted soldiers, and here he shot the ruffianly half-caste Peka te Makarimi, who was Te Kooti's bugler, and probably the best fighting man in the Hauhau forces.

Peka te Makarini (Baker McLean) was an athletic young savage, so singularly fair-skinned that he seemed almost a *pakeha*. All his clothing was a pair of tweed trousers, rolled up above the knees. He was barefooted and bareheaded; cartouche-belts were strapped round his waist, a revolver and a bugle hung from crossed belts over his shoulders, a short-handled tomahawk was stuck in his leather girdle. Across his broad chest was tattooed in blue letters in the shape of a half-moon his name, "Peka te Makarimi," and on one arm was the name of his sister, "Huhana" (Susan). Peka rose suddenly in Mair's path and fired at his pursuers. The bullet struck an Arawa just behind Mair. The Hauhau bugler, re-loading as he ran, rushed at Mair, who let him come to within fifteen

paces and then fired. The ball smashed Peka's hip-bone and he pitched on his face in the fern, his carbine falling from his grasp just out of his reach. He died in a few minutes. When their leader dropped, the enemy continued their flight to the Rangitaiki, and "Tawa" and

The late Major Ropata Wahawaha, of Te Aowera *hapu*, Ngati-Porou tribe.

his exhausted Arawas were left with the honours of victory and a tally of about twenty dead Hauhaus.

From the time of that skirmish up to about the end of 1871, Te Kooti and his Hauhaus were chevied persistently through the forests of the Urewera Country by Major Ropata Wahawaha and Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) Porter and their Ngati-Porou soldiers, and many a time

the forests of that wild mountain land rattled with the rifle-fire of skirmish and ambuscade. It was a rough and cruel country to fight over. The expeditionary forces under Major Ropata and his men were very often on starvation rations, and were frequently reduced to eating *tawa* berries and fern-root (*aruhe*), and when in the forest country they could not even get fern-root. The Urewera Hauhaus did not build strong stockades, but relied on ambuscades and on their knowledge of the rugged forest country. Their refuge was the *ngaherehere*, the deep and tangled forest. One of the bush villages captured by Ropata was Toreatai, high up on the shoulders of Maungapohatu, the sacred "Rocky Mountain," close to where the modern prophet of the Ureweras, the long-haired many-wived Ruatapu, has built his "New Jerusalem."

The bush-fighting costume of the Government Constabulary in those later Maori wars, 1868-71, was picturesquely simple, not to say brigand-like. Colonial soldiers who had to do much bush-marching and campaigning discarded the trousers of civilisation and took to the "garb of old Gaul," the kilt, worn alike by the Scottish Highlander and the Maori. This kilt was usually a coloured shawl, strapped round the waist and falling to the knees. Colonel Porter, in his expeditions with the Ngati-Porou and Arawa Maoris on the East and West Coasts and in the Urewera Country, used to take the war-path thus equipped: *rapaki* or shawl-kilt; grey woollen shirt and uniform coat; boots with eyelets cut in the toes to give free passage to the water when on the march (a very necessary thing when so much marching had to be done up and down creek-beds and across rivers); long stockings; leather pads for the knees (a great protection when penetrating thick scrub, etc.); a Colt's six-shot revolver, slung round the neck by a lanyard; a short Terry carbine with gun-stock, slung over the shoulders; and a prismatic compass for use in the bush and in foggy weather and night-marching.

As for the Maoris, whether friendlies or hostiles, they liked to take the war-trail with as little clothing as possible. When a fight was imminent, they used to "clear for action" by stripping to the waist-mat or shawl. In many a bush fight those brown Hauhau figures flitting from tree to tree in the half-gloom of the woods with Indian-like celerity, and slipping away like eels when the combat went against them, seemed true forest-demons to many a white soldier, and their yells and battle-cries gave them an added savagery. Often, as in the last Taranaki campaign, they streaked their faces and bodies with red and black ochre or paint. Their firearms were at first mostly muzzle-loading smoothbores; later they captured many breech-loading rifles and carbines. In their girdles they carried short-handled tomahawks, for work at close quarters and for despatching the wounded who fell into their hands; and round their waists, or buckled across their shoulders, they wore their cartouche-belts, sometimes military belts and pouches captured from the white soldiers, sometimes home-made wooden cartridge-holders.

The Prophets.

For long after the war, and in fact up to the time of his death, Te Kooti was regarded as the high-priest of the Waikato, East Coast, and Urewera Hauhaus. He was certainly a clever man, and knew well how to work upon the superstitious minds of the people.

I will give an instance, told me by one of his own ex-Hauhaus as a clever bit of "business":—For a number of years, during the eighties, the big meeting-house at Te Kuiti (described in one of the chapters in this book) was used by Te Kooti as his praying-house and hall of exhortation. Here, years before any Europeans settled at Te Kuiti, the adherents of the Hauhau chief gathered for nightly worship after the "Ringa-tu" ritual. Where the house stood on its original site at Tokanga-mutu, Te Kooti had a hidden door cunningly contrived in the *raupo* wall at the extreme rear of the *whare*, an

entrance just big enough to admit a man, which would close again after him. This secret "stage-door" he turned to account. He would prophesy before his people in the carved house,—the only light perhaps the smoky fire in the centre of the hall, faintly illuminating the forms of the squatting silent Hauhaus and the grinning wooden statues round the walls—just the sort of dim half-light

A. Gungall, Hawera, photo.

Wharcaitu, of Ngahau, Taranaki, costumed as one of the leaders of the Parihaka *poi*-girls, at Te Whiti's monthly meetings.

appropriate to ghost-tales and oracular deliverances. The prophet, his sermon over, would walk through the midst of the people to the front of the house and disappear outside, and all hands would breathe more freely when their *tohunga* had made his exit. But, in a few moments there right before them at the rear end of the house, suddenly stood Te Kooti again—his grey beard falling

over his blanketed breast, his Hauhau book of ritual in his hand—gazing grimly at his flock. "*Anana!* A miracle!" his confidential acolytes would exclaim. They had so disposed themselves as to hide from the common view their chief's second coming, through the secret back-door, and now, when he so unexpectedly revealed himself, his appearance was set down to supernatural means. "How could he come in? We saw him leave, but no eye beheld his return! *He atua ra!* He is a god!"

In Taranaki after the war, the Hauhaus who had followed Titokowaru on many a war-path gathered at the feet of Te Whiti and Tohu in the large native town of Parihaka, and there until the recent death of those two prophets the faithful of the tribes congregated to listen to their oracular deliverances. Te Whiti I believe to have been a much misunderstood man. He suffered imprisonment for his people, and he was at one time the most abused and most hated of all men by the *pakeha* settlers; but his influence was always for peace, and had it not been for him there would have been war again in 1881, when Mr. John Bryce, then Native Minister, marched his troops on Parihaka. Tohu, the rival prophet, was a dour old fighting man, very different in character from Te Whiti. He was a big, strong, thick-set man. He fought all through the wars in Taranaki, and had been one of Titokowaru's best warriors. In the fighting with the British troops at Pukerangiora in 1861 he lost the sight of his left eye by a splinter from a palisade post struck by a bullet. He and Titokowaru were both one-eyed.

Tohu was always anxious for war, and, had it not been for Te Whiti, he would have attacked the Government forces at Parihaka in 1881. Tohu, I have heard, was furious with Te Whiti for forbidding his people to renew the war. The Ngati-Ruanui in Parihaka were all bush-fighters, and skilled in ambuscades. Tohu's proposal was to take a force of his young men out by night and lay an ambuscade at a suitable place along the road between

Rahotu and Parihaka by which Mr. Bryce and his troops were to come. Had this been agreed to by Te Whiti, the course of Taranaki history would have been altered, and the disastrous war which ceased in 1869 would have been renewed. There were between three and four hundred armed men in Parihaka. But a large number of guns were quietly taken out of the *kainga* just before the invasion. Those remaining, about a hundred and twenty stand of arms, were in the large *wharepuni*, where Major Tuke afterwards found them and seized them. Te Whiti was very anxious that he should take them, and so ensure peace.

From a photo, 1908.

Ruatapu, the Prophet of Maungapohatu, Urewera Country, and some of his wives and daughters.

Chapter XXXI.

A DAY AT A "HUI."

We are seated amidships in his Maori majesty's state canoe "Taheretikitiki," flying down the broad-bosomed willow-fringed Waikato River. A score of paddles are dipping and flashing in the morning sun, and perched in front of us is old Paki, kilted with a tartan shawl, a red handkerchief round his head, his whalebone club in his hand, swaying this way and that and beating time, and now and again yelping—no other word seems to suit so well—at his crew. "*A-a-a! Tiaia! Hoea, Hoea!*" he yells, and they dig away as if in a race. There is a big *hui*, a gathering of the clans, at Waahi, "King" Mahuta's settlement, to discuss the interminable land question, and most of the tribes in the Island are represented, and we are bound thither from Hmtly, in company with certain political notables, to whom Mahuta is doing honour by ferrying them down-river in his war-canoe.

Old Paki balances himself precariously on a thwart, and barks out an ancient Waikato river-song; all the paddlers join in the chorus. We flatter ourselves we are making a brave show. Presently the sound of music comes down the river after us. It is a "*pakeha*-Maori" blending of ancient and modern—a brass band in a canoe. The musicians are Maori youths, in smart blue uniforms, white-braided; the gentleman with the big drum squats confidently amidships and secures the instrument firmly with one hand while he pounds it with the other. The trombone player is behind him, imprisoned Laocoon-like in the glittering coils of his brazen music-weapon. The cornet player and a solemn youth with the triangles stand to their work, and in the bow a belltoppered and

spectacled old chief kneels holding the gay flag of his "Tantoko" village band. The canoe, a light swift one, shoots down close under our stern, and so we paddle on, our water-serenaders banging away vigorously at "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Pull for the Shore." They have the latest coon songs, too, these brown musicians, but good rousing hymn tunes are their favourites.

"*Haere-mai, haere-mai, hae-e-re-mai! Nau-mai, nau-mai!*" This is the Maori welcome we get in high and musical chorus as we sheer in through the softly sucking eddies of the river to the further bank where the weeping-willows trail their fingers in the water. The shore is lined with brightly-garbed, great-eyed buxom women and girls, shawls and mats and green boughs in their hands. They wave their garments and their leafy branches to and fro, swaying from one side to the other in a semi-dance, and as we jump ashore there comes the ancient song of greeting:

"Haere mai, haere mai!
E te manuhiri tua-rangi!
Na taku potiki koe i tiki atu
I te taha atu o te rangi.
Kukume mai-ai!
Haere mai, haere mai, haere mai!"

("Welcome, welcome!
Strangers from the far horizon,
From the dim and distant sky-line,
'Twas our dearest child that brought ye,
Brought ye to our home and people.
Welcome ye! Oh come, oh come!")

The Maori's warm-hearted "*Haere-mai*" to visitors has nothing of our stiff and formal *pakeha* address of welcome about it. It is a Maoriland "Cead Mille Failte." So we fall in on the river bank for the parade up to the village *marae,* where the *korero* is to take place. More brass bands are waiting for us, and headed by the Ngeangea Band (Mahuta's own) we march along, in couples, trying to look very serious and dignified *rangatiras,* along the winding path to the royal *kainga*—a procession irresistibly bringing up to the mind the darkey-minstrel song of the animals and the Ark.

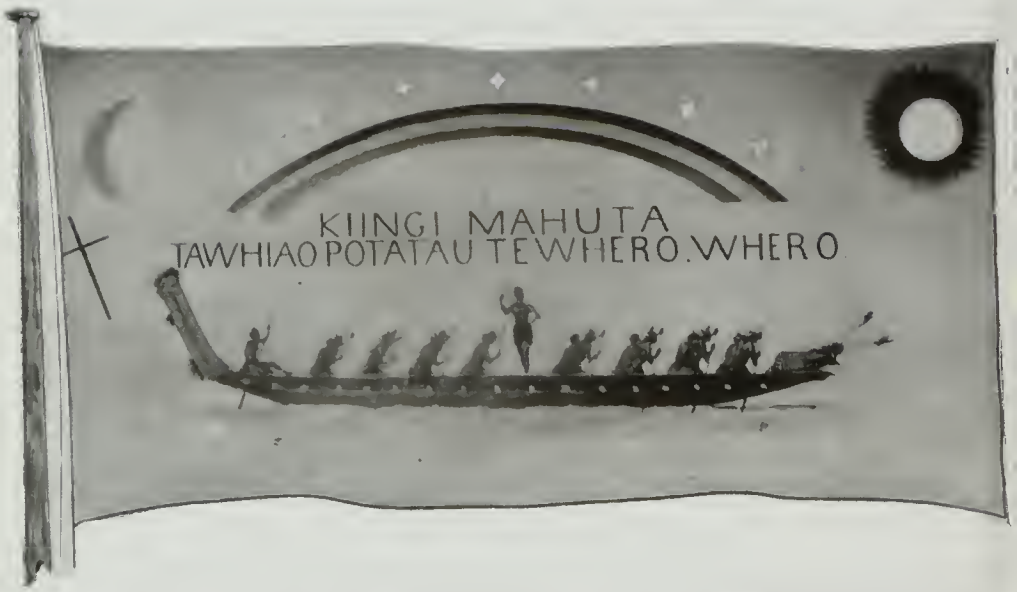
Music in front and more behind—bands to the right and bands to the left of us, "volleyed and thundered," one playing the *pakeha's* National Anthem, while the other, heedless of its rival's proximity, blew away cheerily at its one and only melody, "Oh, You Must Be a Lover of the Lord, or You Won't go to Heaven When you Die." The half-stripped crew of "Taheretikitiki" meanwhile came dancing in the rear, flourishing their paddles in high glee and pirouetting to and fro as they sang lusty *haka*-songs —"*Kumea mai te waka*" ("Haul up the canoe") and the rousing old chorus "*Ka mate, ka mate—ka ora, ka ora*" ("'Tis death, 'tis death! No—'tis life, 'tis life").

So, all very merry and delightfully noisy, we passed into the village square, the bands, halting, opening out into a guard of honour when we reached the green *marae*, and giving us a parting blow as we marched through the double line of brazen artillery.

Now we have time to look round us on the Waahi *marae*. A bright and varied mass of colour is this assemblage of the tribes, a great half-moon shaped body of people squatting on the ground facing us. There are fine-looking full-blown Maori women with tattooed lips and a haughty tilt to their plump chins; strapping handsome girls, many of them half-castes. The womenfolks' rainbow-coloured raiment is just the sort of thing that is needed to set off their flowing black hair, their dark liquid eyes, their full lips, and their rich warm colour that eludes the artist's brush. In contrast is that little knot of "old hands," deeply tattooed veterans of the war, greenstones and shark's-teeth hanging from their ears. Would you know them? Then that sage with the straggling white beard is Tu-ata, a relative of the first Maori King, his years verging on ninety; the clean-shaven, sharp-eyed old man beside him, sphinx-like and grim of feature, and wrapped in a red blanket, is Piripi te Whanatangi; another is the celebrated Patara te Tuhi, benevolent-looking, with a shrewdly humorous twinkle in his eye; another is the grim old war-hawk and famous canoe architect Te

Aho-o-te-Rangi—all true types of the old order. European garments are the rule, though here and there the people air their much-prized carefully-worked flaxen mats and shawls; and some wear rough flax kilts (*piupiu*) which rustle loudly at every movement, coloured in bands of black and white with a dye from the bark of a forest-tree.

Facing the square, beneath the folds of the Kingite banners, stands King Mahuta's guest-house, a large low-eaved house, roofed with *raupo* reeds and supported by



One of the Waikato Kingite Flags at Waahi. The canoe represents the Tainui; the rainbow is the symbol of the god Uenuku, and the seven stars above the rainbow are the Pleiades (Matariki).

carved wooden posts. Mahuta himself occupies a carved and decorated house at the other end of the settlement, surrounded by a neat fence, near the residence of the "Tumuaki" or Maori Premier, for the "Kingdom" boasts a Premier and two Houses of Councillors. The other native houses are arranged round an open square space, sloping very gently towards the centre and forming a grassy amphitheatre. This is the *marae*, a Maori Tynwald Hill, where the speeches are made and the laws discussed in the bright light of day. In addition to the houses, there are scores of tents and temporary reed huts

for the accommodation of the guests, and in the rear are the cooking-places and stores of provisions, from dried shark to potatoes and live pigs and bullocks, to feed the hungry mouths inseparable from a Maori "*hui.*"

The royal town is gay with flags. A tall flagstaff stands near us, flaunting to the wind four or five brightly coloured banners of curious design. The topmost flag, a long white one, is lettered "Ko Mahuta te Kingi" ("Mahuta is the King"), with an over-arching rainbow, which is to the Maoris the personification and outward and visible sign of their ancient god Uenuku. On the second flag, a very large one, is painted a war-canoe, with paddlers and *hau-tu,* representative of the historic Tainui, the craft in which the ancestors of Mahutu and the Waikato people crossed the Pacific Ocean. Tainui is surmounted by a rainbow, as in the case of the other flag, and there are various other devices such as stars (the Pleiades constellation) and crosses, all of which bear meanings familiar to the Kingites. The rainbow-god Uenuku, say the Waikatos, guided the Tainui across the lonely ocean to this country. On the topmost flag there are worked two large stars. One of these represents Tāwera, the morning star, and the other Meremere, the evening star (Venus). Tradition states that when Tainui was crossing the great sea from Hawaiiki, the ancient fatherland, to the shores of New Zealand, these bright Shining-Ones cheered the brave hearts of those Vikings of the Southern Seas, whose descendants now manifest their gratitude by placing the starry emblems on their flags.

For Uenuku, the Rainbow-God, and for the sacred cluster of the Pleiades the heaven-gazing Maoris have a deep veneration. Matariki is the Maori name of the Pleiades. The Waikatos regard Matariki—whose advent marks the beginning of the planting season—as in a sense their celestial palladium. "Te Paki o Matariki" —"The Halcyon Sign of the Pleiades"—is the title of the Kingite newspaper or gazette, a sheet printed at erratic

intervals by the Waikatos on their own press; above the quaint wood-cut on the front page are the seven lustrous stars, the beloved of the old Greek navigators, the constellation whose annual rising was the occasion of feasting and worship amongst South American as well as Polynesian savages. The benign rays of Matariki are to the Maori verily the same as those which prompted the voice "out of the whirlwind" in the Book of Job—"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" The Rainbow-god Uenuku and the seven of Matariki are as sacred omens to the old school of Waikatos. King Tawhiao, shortly before his death in 1894, farewelling his followers in the village *marae* at Parawera, chanted these oracular words:

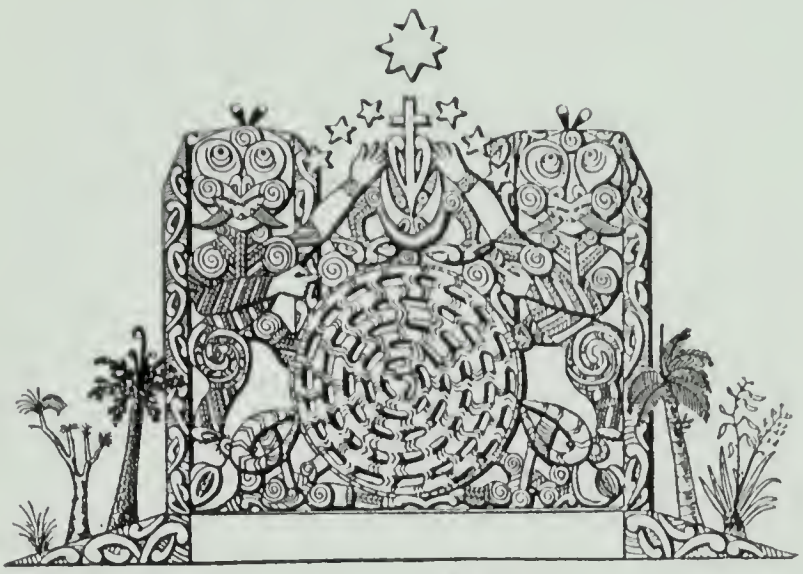
"Papa te whatitiri,
Ka puta Uenuku,
Ka puta Matariki—
Ko Mahuta te Kingi."
("The thunder peals,
The Rainbow-god appears,
The Pleiades shine forth—
Mahuta is the King.")

It was in this poetic way, in the figurative language of his race, that the dying chieftain announced his eldest son as his successor, the last of the Maori Kings.

But we have gotten up amongst the stars, and the King is coming. Stray dogs are kicked out of the *marae,* and "down the valley came again the music on the wind." The Ngeangea band, preceded by an old white-moustached chief carrying a Union Jack, marches into the square, playing a rather pretty melody, an English popular air Maorified. This is Mahuta's royal anthem. The band plays a verse and then a band of men and women sing the words of the hymn. It begins:—

"Ko Mahuta te Kingi,
Hei Kingi hou,
Hei Kingi tua-toru
Mo te ao-katoa"—

that is to say, "Mahuta is the King, the new King, the third King in the whole of this land." The Maori version



Te Paki o Matariki

NO. 51 MAUNGAKAWA, CMBRIDGE, WAIKATO, NEW ZEALAND, TIHEMA 16, 1895.

Te Paki o Matariki.

KA TAKOTO TENEI PUKI MO TE ARE ANA T-NU ATU

MAUNGAKAWA, TIHEMA 16, 1895

ETORU HERENI I TE TAU.

HE kupu ano tuhi e taimaha ana ki roto i te Hinengaro o ia Tangata atu, me ia Tangata rahi, ara, nga kupu e whakahekea nei ki roto i nga Tariinga rima ko te Ngakau.

Tera pea nga Hoa ka titiro iho, me te korero ano ki era atu o ana hoa korero Nupepa, :—Penei atu " E Hoa ma he haero noa mai ia nei te Pepa ki ahau. Ka rere te putai e nga Hoa. I kohi Tawa ano ha pea koe, hei Poapoa atu ne.? Katahi tera ka mea atu, ae, i mua ra ano, Ka patai ano nga Hoa, I nawhea rawa.? E i te Tau ano e Iwa tekau marua ra. Ka tahi nga Hoa ka mea atu, "koia ano" Ka mutu koa ka tatari ano i te Putanga mai kia koe a muri ake nei :— Ara —rere tena hanga. E ki ana te Whakatauki a o taua Pakeke. " Komaru kai atu, " Komaru kai mai, ka ngohe-ngohe, e hara te kai a te tangata he kai Titongi (Patoi) ka-ki, Hua atu mahia e tena ringa, tino kai, tino makona.

TE HAERE A TE KIINGI.

KI TE HAUAURU

No te 6 o nga ra o Hepetema, ka haere atu Te Kiingi i Hanatere; ka tika te hunarahi i te Puia Waingaro, Ohautira, ka puta ki te hunarahi o Waitetinua, tae tonu atu ki Matahahara I mau atu a te Whenewhero tona Tetpa ki reira, Haere tonu atu ratou, i tika ma te Makaka, tukuwawa atu, kua rupeke nga tangata o reira Ki Raorankauere, haere tonu atu ratou ki reira, i tae pea ratou ki te 80, i rupeke katoa nga Iwi o Aotea ki Raurnokauere, ki te tatari mai i te Kiingi, ratou ko ona Teina,

No te 9 o nga ra i tae atu ai ki reira, ko nga korero o tenei ra, mo nga Mate anake

I te aonga ake o te ra, ka tu mai ko te Whareroa Rakena, mo nga Mate anoo te tikanga o nga kupu, ko etehi enei o ana kupu — Haere atu, haere atu :— Haere atu nga tangata kuare, rorerore tahi mai i mua i takn arowro E ki ana tenei hanga te tangata, ki a tutuki i a ia tana mauka kore noa ake, e ki ana ka oti i a ia, hori noa ake ko tenei —Haere mai o te Whanau.

" Waiata " Tera te Komaru e ata hara mai, ka ate hangaia ta aku nei titiro
Tera atu ta roanga

Haere mai e Tama ma, tukua atu ki a haere nga tangata Whakaaro kore — Haere nga tangata Whakaaro kore, "te ai noa ako he ponongatanga" Haere mai ki Aotea, hei aha maku a Kawhia

Haere mai, ki nga tangata i wera i te ahi, Haere mai nga tangata o Wai-mahuru Haere mai te Kiingi o te aroha o te Rangimarie.

ROTA KAKEHA — Haere mai te Kiingi o te Rangimarie, haria mai te aroha.

" Tawhiwhi-Tu ki te Rangi E Rongo Tena to Purutanga to Tawhanga to Tauma uri ko te Motu nei, ko nga Tangata

Haere mai ki a kite atu, Tena koutou, tena kouton.

TUAWHENUA TAUIRA — Haere mai te Kiingi, haere mai Waikato, haere mai nga tangata o Wai-mahuru. haere mai ki Tuwhiti-apawa

" Waiata
E Ua a ta Ua-a. Rongo ki a ou-i, E Ao-ho ana au-u, Te koko ki Kaipara.
Tera atu to roanga

Haero mai te Kiingi o te Rangimarie.

Rita te-Putonga a Ihpte ki te putanga Ra a Whiti-whiti-ora te ngakau taogi nawa a-a

Haere mai ki Aotea, Haere mai ki Kawhia

RIUA KOPUERA — Haere mai te Kiingi o te aroha, te Kiingi o te Rangimarie

Haere mai kia kite i nga Morehu nei, i nga Mokai nei, Te take i Tu ake ai ahau ki runga, he kitenga atu noku i te Hekeretari o te Koroni, i nga Minita boki, he whakutu naku i oku mamae ki te Hekeretari i oku mate boki, i ahau e noho nei.

Ki a rongo mai koe, ko ahau e noho nei kei rote i nga ringaringa o te Pakeha, taku kainga ko te Whare herehere, ko te Putake o tenei Mate i pa ai ki ahau, he huna no nga Minita i nga Ture o te Whare ki ahau, ki a kite ahau i nga Ture mokn, tae noa ki te Whenua, tae noa hoki ki aku Kararehe, E hopingia ana ahau e te Pakeha, mo aku Kuri tae noa ki nga Reita a te Kawanata nga i runga i tenei Whenua.

E tono ana ahau ki a koe inaiaia, ki a ia kua mai e koe nga Ture o te Whare ki matou, ko tona-ahua tenei e noho ana [illegible] te mate, mehemea pea e kite ahau [illegible] nga Ture, e noho marama ana te ngakau, mo te hae mai o te Pakeha e mare-mai ana to hoatu o nga kupu o runga i nga tikanga o te Ture, ka rongo mai nei koe ki te ahua o nga mihi, no Waimahuru koutou, no te Mate enei, kei nei tona ahua, he tiki noa mai na te Pakeha he hari noa atu ki te Whare herehere. [illegible]

Front page of the Waikato Kingite newspaper, "Te Paki-o-Matariki."

of "God Save the King" disposed of, the Kingites salute their sovereign chief, the descendant of the mighty Te Wherowhero.

As Mahuta walked slowly into the *marae* the people rose as one, and uncovered their heads. Big Te Rawhiti, the suave and smiling secretary, advanced and cried with a loud voice the mandate "*Whakahonare ki te Kingi!*" ("Make obeisance to the King"). The assemblage bowed low, with the exception of some of the visitors from other tribes, who were not all enamoured of Kingism. "*Kei runga!*" ("Up!") and the people stood upright again. Once more the order, "*Whakahonare ki te Kingi*" was cried, and once more the brown-skinned subjects bowed deeply and reverently and uprose at "*Kei runga!*" For the third and last time the command was repeated; and after the final "*Kei runga*" the people sat down, and the speeches began. They were long-winded, those speeches, both on the *pakeha* side and on the Maori, but they breathed throughout the warmest friendship. Chief after chief arose from the crescent of natives, chanted the melancholy-sounding *waiata* which is the usual preface to a Maori oration, some performing the *taki* (a little run or hop-step-and-jump up and down the *marae*), by way of punctuation marks between the sentences. Full of poetic metaphor and apt simile were the addresses of the Kingite leaders—dignified, self possessed orators, weighing their sentences well, but at no loss for words.

But now comes the call to *kai*. We are taken to a large dining-hall, where food is spread in European style. Maori waiters, deft and eager to serve, place before us the best fare of the *kainga*. Mahuta's chiefs even take a hand and show that they have pleasure in serving their *pakeha* friends. Mahuta believes in the good old Maori principle of generosity to visitors; we are open-handedly hospitised here in a fashion to which the close-fisted paleface is generally a stranger.

"Now then! Fall in te froot ban'!" is the cry when lunch is over, and we walk out on to the *marae*. It is a musical interlude before the speeches begin again.

The "flute band" falls in. It is a bevy of a dozen good-looking girls and young women, all playing long fife-like tin whistles, augmented by the necessary male in the way of a drummer-boy. The effect, with the addition of the drum, is just that of a drum and fife band. The feminine musicians play really well, and as they pipe away, with modestly downcast eyes, at "Beulah Land," or "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" (this air is a great favourite with the melody-loving Maoris), or some romping dance tune, garbed in their brightest yellow and pink and red and blue "round-abouts" and their equally gay gowns, they make a picture besides which the ordinary masculine band is prosaic in the extreme. Their hair is prettily coiffured and ribboned; one handsome plump girl is remarkable because of her peculiar golden-reddish head of hair. She is a pure-blooded Maori, an *urukehu*, a survival of the ancient golden-haired strain in the race.

To lend an artistic accompaniment to the fair bands-women's performances, out come the dancers. First, a couple of uncomely tattooed old dames sidle out, rolling their eyes and wriggling their bodies in the movements of the "*whatiwhati-hope.*" Then one after another of the young lady musicians takes her whistle from her full round lips, empties it of its accumulated moisture quite in masculine fashion, gives her flaxen kilt a swing with the swagger of a Highland piper, and glides into the measure of the native dance. She *pukanas* with her eyes, now set and glassy, now wildly rolling, throws her shapely head back, and gives herself up to the elemental passion of the *kanikani,* of "woven paces and of waving hands." All the muscles of her trunk and lower limbs seem to be at work; the lascivious spirit of the untamed sex-instinct shines out in her.

The lookers-on gaze greedily and breathlessly: they have before them the priestess of the most ancient world-cult, the devotee of the Hebrew Ashtaroth, the Phœnician Astarte, the dancing-girl of Egypt, the *hula-hula* damsel of Hawaii. The dancer's body swings and quivers, faster and faster; it is the *danse du ventre,* the consummation of the act of Venus-worship. Her eyes are widely staring but seeing nothing in their intense self-concentration.

Then the audacious climax comes, and the dansense stops dead, her hands on her well-curved hips. If she be young and not yet case-hardened she actually looks as if she could blush: and glowing all over with her self-evolved emotions and sensations, she glides to her place and takes up her tin flute once more. And throughout the dance the band-girls, their eyes fixed on the ground, are piping away at a Moody and Sankey hymn-tune, to which, indeed, through all her Dædalian performances the dancing-girl keeps exactest time.

More speeches, that lasted till after dark. The stars were out; over the black shadows of the western hills hung glittering Meremere, and to the north the faint silver swarm of Matariki, "shedding sweet influence," with the keen eye of Rehua blazing earthwards from the high east —the stars were out, and our sharp bow cut through the glistening star-lit waters as we made our return trip to Huntly in the "Taheretikitiki," after a long and merry day in the home of the Waikatos' lord paramount. A courteous laughing crowd escorted us to the river-side, and cried us loud farewells of "*Haere ra, haere ra*!"

The brawny-shouldered crew dipped their paddles, the fugleman amidships raised his wild canoe-song. "*Hoea te waka*" ("Urge on the canoe") was the word, and the Kingite crew put their shoulders into it. Quicker and quicker came the strokes—"*Hūkere, hūkere, hūkere!*" Presently, "*Taringa whakarongo*!" ("Ears, listen!") shouted the captain; this by way of caution, or call to attention. Then—"*Hikitia*!" ("Lift up!") and at the

sharp command every paddle was lifted clear above the canoe-side, missing one stroke. "*Pakia!*" and with a deft movement one hand, the inboard one, was slapped on the wet blade and clapped on the handle again, all in perfect unison. Then once more every man plunged deep his dripping *hoe,* and the captain began again his slow and measured time-song, "*Rite, ko te rite, rite, ko te rite!*" gradually quickening it as before; and the royal canoe swept on over the old waterway of the war-parties, leaving the King and his people to seclusion untroubled of the white man. And as we climbed the bank to the hotel at Huntly we could still hear, faint and sweet in the quiet night, the silver piping of the King's "froot ban'."

Chapter XXXII.

THE TANGI.

"I saw the lightning's glare
Upon the peak of Taupiri;
There the thousands of thy people sleep
Their last long sleep;
They rest forever on the
Plains of Tangirau."

—*A Waikato Lament.*

When sorrow smites the people, when loved ones are seized by the hand of the Unseen and hurried away in the *Waka o Aitua,* the Canoe of Death, then the soul of the Maori is bared, and the primal grief-note, the coronach of the *tangi,* sounds through the stricken *kainga.* It is at a *tangihanga,* a funeral gathering, that one sees something of the real Maori. Old customs are revived, brown nose is pressed to nose, and the orations over the dead are rich in song, in proverb, and in touching symbol and imagery.

Much that is *pakeha* and incongruous nowadays often creeps into the *tangihanga,* but in some of the purely Maori districts the funeral observances to a large extent follow the fashions of old, with the exception that the dead are now generally interred in a graveyard, often within the fern-grown walls of some ancient hill-fort, instead of being hidden in caves or lowered into abysses, as was the case in former days when the preservation of the bones of the dead from the sacrilegious hands of enemies was a holy duty.

The most remarkable *tangihanga* I have ever seen was the great funeral gathering of tribes held at Taupiri, on the Waikato River, in October, 1894, over the remains of King Tawhiao, the son of the famous Potatau te Wherowhero. Here were witnessed, probably for the last time on such a scale, some thrilling pictures of old

Maoridom. The *tangihanga* carried to some of us more than a lamentation over the dead chief; it was the crying for the final passing away of the restless ancient order, for with the tattooed grim old King there died too the futile forty-year-old dream of an independent Maori kingdom.

Taupiri was a fitting spot for the great *tangihanga*; it is the famous burial-place of Waikato chieftains. Above the Waikato River rises the beautiful wooded peak of Taupiri, creased with many a deep green gully rich in fern-trees. The great hills close in on each side of the broad Waikato, which has in this place in ages past cut out a channel for itself through the mountain range. Looking across the Waikato, is a noble picture. The river, as it takes a splendid sweeping bend on its passage through its self-hewn gorge, is here a quarter of a mile wide, swift, strong, but glassy-smooth. Over on the western shore the bank is a soft and tender green, a tangled forest of acacia. The time-stained buildings of the old mission station gleam greyly through the thickets. Then the wrinkled shoulders of the further hills rise up, blue-hazed mountain ramparts, fern-covered to the summits, treeless but grand. Away in the distance bush shows again; the high range begins to clothe itself in forest-trees against the sky-line. Weeping-willows dip their soft trailers in the stream on either side and as far as one can see up and down the shining river. Immediately above the rail-line is the green foothill of the Taupiri range, its sides trenched in the lines of an ancient fort, its summit crowned with a white-painted enclosure. This is the sacred burying ground, the aristocratic Waikato *urahi-tapu*. "In death the tribe are one." Taupiri Mountain is famous in Maori song and story. It is spoken of as a "*maunga-hikonga-uira*," a "lightning-mountain." That is to say, it is a peak of solemn omen. If lightning flashed downwards repeatedly immediately over Taupiri's sacred peak, it was regarded as a portent of the death of some notable person of the Waikato people, or of some impending misfortune.

At this great *tangi* over the remains of Tawhiao, the crying of the dead monarch to the Maori Spirit-land, there were at least three thousand Maoris present, belonging to some thirty tribes from all parts of the "Fish of Maui." Long thatched *nikau* and *raupo whares* were built by the hosts—the Waikato tribes proper—for the accommodation of the army of visitors; there were hundreds of tents pitched, and immense quantities of food —pork and beef, potatoes, fish, dried eels, shellfish, and *pakeha* bread—were provided to feed the hungry multitude. The smoke from scores of *hāngi,* the primitive earth-ovens, rose into the air night and morning. There was to be daily seen the pretty ceremonial of the *Tuku-kai,* the formal presentation of cooked food in little round flax baskets to the guests, with the accompaniment of dance and song; there were almost continual performances of the *haka* and *powhiri* of greeting; and the wild military parades of the past were revived in honour of the sacred dead.

One thrilling scene stands out before all the others in the many-coloured panorama that passes before the mind's eye as I recall the stirring week at Tawhiao's *tangi.* This was the reception of the old King's body as it was borne into the Waikato camp from distant Pararawera, on the King Country border-line, after a long and weary pilgrimage through the Upper Waikato, a journey prolonged by wailing *tangis* and funeral feasts at each settlement. Close on a thousand people of the Ngati-Maniapoto, Ngati-Raukawa, Ngati-Haua, and other up-country tribes reverently escorted the remains; more than two thousand Waikatos, swayed by the intensest feeling, awaited them here on the Tanpiri river-side.

The people wore the universal sign of mourning—sprays of green willow or of *koromiko,* or the beautiful trailing creepers of the lycopodium fern—wreathed round their heads and over their shoulders. Guns and Maori weapons of wood and stone were in every hand, and here and there a sword—a trophy of the war. Flags

of bright colour and curious design flapped at half-mast in the centre of the *marae,* the campus. Some hundreds of Waikato men, under their chiefs, were drawn up in soldierly formation just inside the fence of the *marae* enclosure; the ranks ten or twelve deep, all stripped to a waist-garment—shawl, blanket, or mat; feathers in hair—the lordly *huia* plume and the feathers of the albatross, the pigeon or the wild goose; all were armed with rifles or double-barrelled guns and had cartridge pouches strapped round them. The chiefs carried their treasured weapons, ancestral emblems of rank, greenstone *meres* and whalebone *patus,* and carved and plumed spear-headed *taiahas.*

The long cortege of Upper Waikato men wound in sight round a turn in the road, with a Maori band at their head playing the "Dead March"—an innovation borrowed from the military funerals of the *pakeha.* Behind the band came the coffin enclosing Tawhiao's body, borne by sixteen half-naked brown figures. Beside his father's remains walked Mahuta. Then marched the armed men of the King Country, in fighting costume, a splendid savage battalion three to four hundred strong, their only garments a shawl or sheet round ther loins, their black hair dressed with feathers, cartridge-belts round their bare shoulders, and ammunition-pouches at their waists. All carried guns, and, as they slowly advanced, they fired their rifles and fowling-pieces loaded with blank. Eight deep came the wild soldiery, led on by Arakatare Rongowhitiao, a big black-bearded Ngati-Raukawa chief, stripped to a waist-sheet, quivering a glistening whalebone *mere* in his hand. Then came the rest of the singular procession, hundreds of natives with their heads and bodies profusely wreathed and entwined with green leaves and nodding branchlets; it seemed to us almost a "moving grove," like Birnam Wood which came to doomed Macbeth in Dunsinane.

Volleys of musketry, then single and irregular shots, were fired, continually, both by the oncoming host and the

waiting Waikatos; a hum of lamentation rose on the heavy air; the gunpowder smoke hung around the wailing throngs; and all the time on the "green hill knowe" under the dark shoulder of Taupiri puffs of smoke were seen and reports like cannon were heard, waking the mountain echoes. It was the Maoris at the burial-place exploding dynamite round the sepulchre destined for the King.

The sorrowful procession, every man and woman marching with head bowed in grief, slowly approached the entrance to the camp. The hundreds of Waikato, silent now as death, were massed some eighty yards inside the enclosure, the armed men in front with their guns at the "port," behind them the general body of the people including the women. As the coffin was borne through the gate, the Waikatos bowed their heads low three times and at the same time the colours on the tall flagstaff were dipped. On trod with measured step, painful and slow, the visiting host, crying in the inexpressibly sad monotone of the *tangi*. Waikato slowly retired a few paces and once more bowed to the ground. Then they raised their three hundred guns and fired a thundering volley of blank cartridge in honour of the mighty dead.

Now came Waikato's great song and dance of greeting and of grief. Led by a furiously gesticulating wild captain, they roared out with one voice their song of lamentation, their chant for the home-bringing of the King. To the song they kept splendid time with their war-dance, bending to the ground as one man until the muzzles of the guns nearly touched the earth, holding their firearms near the breech, and then giving a sudden spring upright with their weapons raised at arms'-length above their heads. To the right they faced, then to the left, then up and down, like a marvellous machine.

The lament they sang was a *tangi* poem specially composed and rehearsed for the great occasion. It was "*Te Taniwha o te Rua*" ("The Dragon of the Cave"), likening the departed chief's spirit to a great *taniwha* or god-like monster of the depths. They chanted, as they

leaped in the terrifying war-dance, six hundred bare feet slapping the hard ground as one, guns flashing and eyes rolling, this stentorian dirge for their dead *Ariki*:

Ka ahua ahau ki te whatitiri
E whakatupuru nei
Runga te rangi;
Kaore ko te nuuhanga
O te Taniwha i te rua.
Aue! Aue! Aue!
Te mamae i au!

Ka ngaue Mokau.
Ka ngaue Tamaki;
Ka ru te whenua;
Ka mate te marama;
Ka taka te whetu o te rangi;
Ka ara Waikato i te rua.
Aue! Aue! Aue! Taukiri ē!

(Translation.)

I hear the thunder crashing,
Rumbling o'er me in the sky,
Heaven's sign for the mighty dead;
The Taniwha leaps forth from his cave.
Alas! Alas! Alas! My grief!

From Mokau unto Tamaki
The earthquake shakes the land;
The moon has disappeared;
The stars fall from the heavens.
'Tis Waikato rising from the deep.
Alas! Alas! Alas! My woe!

Then the wild *waiata* changed and they chanted all together:

Waikato's waters
Lie lonely before me;
Waikato tribesmen
Weep long for the lost one.
Ah me, Ah me!

Alas, O Tupu!
Where is your *Ariki?*
Lo, he stands there above you.
At the shrine of our fathers.
But below we wail sadly;
Like rain our tears fall fast,
We weep for the Chieftain.
Ah me, Ah me!

But no words can convey the full and thrilling effect of this mighty dirge for the dead. The chorus, chanted by hundreds of voices, "*Aue! Aue! Aue! Te mamae i au,*" was sung with a terrible heart-piercing intensity of expression, the very soul of grief.

The death of a great chief was associated in Maori ideas, as indicated in this chant, with convulsions of nature, portentous phenomena that accompanied the dissolution of the *wairua's* earthly frame, the quaking of the solid land, the lightning flashing above the tribal burial hills, and the thunder rolling along the mountain peaks.

The roaring chorus rang out far across the wide river and was sent back by the listening hills, and before the echoes had time to die away they were roused again by volleys of musketry. Both the armies joined in the general fusillade, the men reloading with blank as fast as they could push the cartridges in and blaze away into the air.

The coffin was borne to the foot of the flagstaff, and there it was at last at rest, enshrouded in soft feather cloaks and fine flax mats. The Upper Waikato men, when the Lower Waikato soldiers fell back on the main body, replied with rifle firing and with a song of their own, raising a thunderous chorus that might have been heard for miles around, and with an earth-shaking simultaneous stamp of hundreds of feet on the soil of the *marae*.

Pegler, photo, 1894.

One of the Waikato war-dances at Tawhiao's *Tangihanga*.

Then came the general *tangi*, the "keening" for the dead chieftain. The Waikato people now for the first time had the opportunity of crying over their King. The visiting tribes, who had brought in the body from the south, maintained their position thirty or forty yards away, allowing Waikato proper to gather round the coffin. The Waikatos formed a large and dense half-moon close under the colours, with the armed men on the right and the green-garlanded women on the left. Some of the women had bared themselves to the waist, and wore weeping-willows and ferns entwined about their shoulders and bosoms. In former times they would have scarified their faces and arms and breasts with sharp shells or

flakes of obsidian. Men and women, young and old, joined in the *tangi*, and the air was full of the low inarticulate hum of grief. The people all sat with their heads bowed, some of them with their blankets or mats over their faces. Through the dull moan of grief that came from the bowed tribespeople like the noise of distant surf on the seashore there rose now and then a more piercing note, a woman's ecstasy of sorrow. Tears streamed down many faces. At intervals a body of the mourners raised a song, a mournful funeral *waiata*, and for a while the general lamentations ceased while the tattooed and grey old warrior Whitiora te Kumete, Tawhiao's first cousin, who had been a leading spirit in the Waikato War of 1863-64, rose and welcomed the visiting tribes, pacing quickly to and fro, spear-tongued *taiaha* in hand, as he cried his greetings.

This ceremonious salutation over, the whole of Waikato leaped into the grand action of the war-dance, and again shouted with one voice their great *tangi* song, "*Te Taniwha o te Rua*," sweeping their firearms to right and left, up above their heads and low to the ground, and all treading the resounding earth as one. When they had ended, the visiting Maoris—Ngati-Maniapoto, Ngati-Haua, and the other Upper Waikato clans—fired several volleys of blank cartridge, their soldierly salute to the dead King; and again the white puffs of smoke were seen on the funeral hill, and the boom as of cannon came down the wind; it was the explosion of salvoes of dynamite around the open grave.

Then came more rousing songs and funeral dirges from the mournfully excited multitude, punctuated by rifle cracks; and the "greeting of the bones" was closed by the chanting by all Waikato of the grand old song of welcome, "Kumea mai te Waka" ("Haul up the Canoe"), with its long-drawn far-echoing refrain:

Toia mai te waka ki te urunga.
Ki te moenga—te waka ē."
("Haul up the canoe to its pillow,
To its sleeping place—the canoe.")

And so came the dead King to his home pillow, to his last bed in the midst of his tribe.

But it is now known that Tawhiao's remains were never laid on the summit of that burial hill. The body was secretly removed from the camp at midnight by a party of Ngati-Mahuta and Ngati-Haua chiefs and taken away in a vehicle to a distant part of Waikato, where it was interred in a well-hidden cave, an ancestral necropolis. This was no doubt an arrangement with Tawhiao's family, but it would have been strongly opposed by the Waikato tribe had it been generally known at the time. This secret removal is quite in accordance with ancient Maori custom; the object is to ensure perfect security for the sacred bones of the dead. There is no longer the olden dread of a hostile Maori tribe disinterring the remains, but I am sorry to say the Maori fears the desecrating search of unscrupulous white men, who have no reverence for the graves of native people. Indeed there were rumours amongst the Maoris that the *pakehas* desired the tattooed head of the old King as a museum curiosity, and so angry were some of the Kingites that I believe any prying white man would have received the contents of a shot-gun had he been found exploring the burial hill. But the heavy coffin which the procession of *tangi*-ing people bore with them as they wound up the *tapu*'d mountain a few days after the events I have described, led on by a venerable wizard-like *tohunga*, whatever else it contained, did not enclose Tawhiao's remains; and less than half-a-dozen men know the actual burying-place of the Maori King.

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